F O R U M

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

THE ASSEMBLY of the League of Nations recently recommended that its member states agree "not to increase their protective tariffs above the present level for a period of from two to three years, or to impose new protective duties or create new impediments to trade." About the same time the Premier of France evoked the dream of a United States of Europe. While other nations are trying to lower their economic barriers, the American Congress has for months devoted its major energies to erecting one of the highest tariff walls in our history. Are we out of step with the rest of the world?

OUR TARIFF is our own national problem, it is true, but it is at the same time of international concern. A tariff bill is not an internal affair like an income tax measure. Now that the nations of the world have become like nerves of a planetary system, even our tariff is a thing too sensitive, too intricate to be the plaything of Pennsylvania's Mr. Grundy or of farmers' representatives from the alleged "backward" states. The time will come when its regulation must pass out of the toils of political caprice and into the councils of expert commissions as permanent as the State Department.

IN RECOGNITION of the non-political aspects of the tariff, the Wilson Administration bequeathed to posterity, along with the Federal Reserve Board, a United States Tariff Commission. This body functions regardless of election-day changes, amassing information about costs of production from the four quarters of the globe. The facts which it assembles yearly grow more valuable in the fixing of rates. It is said that the framers of the Hawley-Smoot Tariff Bill listened more respectfully to experts called in from the Tariff Commission than to the testimony of lobbyists. The flexible provisions of current tariff legislation enable the President to change rates up to fifty per cent each way on representation from the

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FORUM

Next Month

MOBILIZING DEFLATION

John T. Flynn

A far-sighted analysis of what President Hoover's timely and dramatic relief work, undertaken to restore confidence and stability in American industry after the stock market crash, will mean for the future of business and government — by one of the keenest observers in Wall Street.

MATA HARI, SEDUCTRESS OF THE ALLIES

Major Thomas Coulson

An account of the most dangerous and successful exploit accomplished by Germany's greatest woman spy during the World War. Major Coulson, who was a British Army Intelligence Officer, tells the story with the skill of a master raconteur and with all the knowledge of one familiar with the inner workings of the cold-blooded German secret service. It has been estimated that this most daring of Mata Hari's betrayals, described in the February FORUM, cost the lives of 50,000 Allied soldiers.

SHOULD WE BAN ROMANCE FROM MARRIAGE?

Robert C. Binkley vs. Frances Williams Binkley

A novel debate in which husband and wife dispute the permanence of romantic love.

WHAT I BELIEVE

Irving Babbitt

America's leading exponent of Humanism expounds his creed, with special reference to religion and Rousseau's doctrine of man's natural goodness.

FREEDOM IN THE NEW SCHOOLS

Edna Yost

Within the last decade a number of new schools have come into existence calling themselves "progressive" — all committed to the idea that external discipline over children should be abolished so that each little potential Leonardo may develop his genius spontaneously. Miss Yost, in the rôle of an unbiased observer, has visited a number of these experimental schools and has recorded in this article her grave doubts concerning the usefulness of such education as a preparation for life.

AMERICA'S PLACE IN HISTORY

James Stephens and Dr. James Murphy

A second Irish Dialogue in which James Stephens, with the vision of a mystic poet, tells why he believes America is destined to be the Rome of the modern world.

ALSO

"The End of Byron's Youth," by André Maurois; "America's Stake in Europe's Recovery," by Salvador de Madariaga; "Tinned Food for Tin Gods," by Marcia Clarke; "Let's Work in the Country," by Stuart Chase; "Chabichou's Example," a story by Henri Duvernois.

FOREWORD

Continued

Commission, and several readjustments of this sort have been made in the last few years by Presidential proclamation without resort to Congress and prolonged debate. Now the Hawley-Smoot Bill proposes that the Tariff Commission study ways and means of simplifying the entire basis of rate-fixing. For a century our *ad valorem* rates have been based on foreign valuation. The new plan is to base rates on the cost of producing equivalent articles in the United States.

OUR TARIFF of course provokes perpetual anger in foreign countries, and one of the chief breeders of hate is the recent practice whereby our representatives abroad pry into the manufacturing plants of foreign exporters in order to determine accurately their costs of production. These agents awake in some quarters the same bitterness as spies in time of war. The new method would eliminate this unpleasantness and save us a lot of trouble in other directions.

IN THIS connection a proposal is being put forth through unofficial channels that we base our comparison of foreign and domestic costs not on the total costs of production but on the difference in wages alone. The prices of raw commodities fluctuate more violently than do wages. A thunder storm may suddenly increase the supply of sugar in Cuba, while the wages of men employed in the sugar fields remain the same. American shoe machinery may speed up the production of shoes in Czecho-Slovakia, whereas Bohemian factory hands remain meekly content with the same low wages. At present the tariff places a premium on low wages abroad. The country which can get away with the lowest wage-scale pays the lowest *ad valorem* duty on its exports in the port of New York. If the new system charged high-wage countries less than low-wage countries, foreign workingmen might insist on keeping some of the difference at home in the form of better wages instead of contributing it to the American Treasury.

WE HAVE already begun to export our capital, our machinery, even our engineers to foreign countries. Who knows that the time may not come when we shall also jack up wages in economically backward countries and export our higher standards of living to the world? In that day we will no longer hide behind a protective tariff. Those American industries will prosper, in competition with the world market, that prove more efficient and offer superior products. We will then say as did the brave people of little Denmark threatened by the World War: "Our culture will protect us."

— HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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An INTERESTING BIT of NEWS

Six distinguished foreign authors now serve as an International Advisory Committee for the Book-of-the-Month Club. The function the individuals in this foreign group perform is to keep our judges advised about what they consider the significant new books published abroad, each in his own country. The Committee consists of: FOR ENGLAND: H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett. FOR FRANCE: André Maurois. FOR GERMANY AND AUSTRIA: Thomas Mann and Arthur Schnitzler. FOR SCANDINAVIA: Sigrid Undset.

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

IRWIN EDMAN
RICHARD HUGHES
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I am Sir Oracle

AMERICA SET FREE, by Count Hermann Keyserling; Harper, $5.00.
Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN.

IT MAY BE as well right here and now to break all rules and confess that the reviewer skipped a page here and there of this incredible opus. He would give a good deal to meet somebody, even in the office of the publisher, who read every single word, cross my heart! For the Wise Man of Darmstadt has here let loose such a flood of dogmatic and often unintelligible verbiage that even a professor of philosophy, long inured to German thought, could not quite make the grade.

The amazing thing is that in a book chiefly made up of the most involved nonsense and the most conceited absurdity, come hints now and then of a few good ideas or at least good guesses. But how on earth a man, dismissed in Germany as a *Batlischer Quatchkopf*, a Baltic gossip, could possibly have attained a reputation in this country as a philosopher remains to this reviewer one of the mysteries of that credulous crazy quilt called American culture. This book seems to indicate that given a title of nobility, sufficiently daring dogmatism, a portentous vocabulary, and bumptious ignorance, a foreigner may cut quite a swathe in this country. Especially if, as is the case with Keyserling, he refers to practically no other books except his own, treats himself as a prophet and his critics as malign idiots, and writes as if the Logos himself were dictating his pages.

Count Keyserling says about his knowledge of America:

> I took great care accordingly to read as little as possible about that Continent before I went. During my travels about the country, I guarded myself with almost old-maidish precaution against information. I looked at none of the obvious sights if I could help it. I asked few questions. I succeeded in meeting none of those men who are called great because they happen to be, as they say in America, on the map. I went out little; I read hardly any papers; I did everything in my power to protect my conscience clear from accidental impressions. I persevered as much as possible in that same purely receptive and inward-bent attitude which in times past resulted in the creation of the Travel Diary; I kept in contact almost exclusively with the subconscious side of American life. And as far as I was mentally alive, I used exclusively the faculty of intuition, the one faculty which establishes an immediate contact with the wholeness of life. But all the same I am far from sure I have hit the truth all the time. First of all I

COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

> stayed in the United States too long — fully four months.

Well! What the noble philosopher does not know about America would fill even more than the five hundred and ninety-five pages which he takes to tell it. This book is the weirdest amalgam of random insights and idiocies ever blurbed into importance by a publisher. Take at random this from page 529: "I wish some one who really knows would write the history and psychology of the cocktail. It certainly is one of the most extraordinary inventions ever made. Not only that it numbs instead of stimulating. Its essence is the mixture of the incongruous and the incompatible. I think there is a very profound intention underlying this: the cocktail is *intended* to do harm and not to please the taste. It is in a word a somewhat eccentric expression of Puritanism."

The one underlying idea of the book is a good one. America will become civilized when, and only when, all its material instruments and resources are made the basis of a truly individual and creative life, when matter ceases to be our master and becomes the root out of which our spiritual life grows. But really one did not have to write, one does not have to read such a silly mass of verbology to discover that. But *who* reads this book? For whom was this book published?

But This is Poetry

DEAR JUDAS, by Robinson Jeffers; Liveright, $2.50.
Reviewed by RICHARD HUGHES.

UNDER THE emotional stimulus of the war, the general public developed an unnatural avidity for poetry. But this avidity was of course only comparative, and the depression which followed was out of all proportion to the meagre crest. To-day it is as if Mankind, after this faint flicker of interest, had taken solemn oath: "Never again! So help me God, not another word!"

It is this almost malignant lethargy, and this only, which prevents Robinson Jeffers from being one of the most widely read authors in the country. If his magnificent narratives (for instance, *Cawdor*) were written in prose, his place among our foremost novelists would be indisputable. For he has in his writing those qualities of narrative imagination, of passionate drama, and of deep insight into character that go to make the great novelist.

Yet one need hardly add that were these narratives written in prose they would lose, apart from everything else, in intrinsic readability: it is there the irony of the situation lies! If you open any book of Jeffers almost anywhere, the first thing

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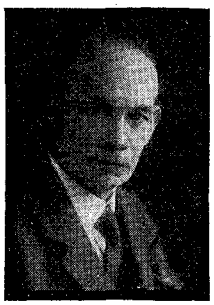

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that you will be struck by is his beautiful sense of sound. By that I do not mean the dum-ti-dum wish-wash that usually usurps the title of "music" in verse. Many of his most lovely and balanced passages are almost ametrical. I mean his superb power of handling the most complicated rhythms without the aid of a yard-stick: of adjusting them to the tempo of his narrative, weaving from them the first dimension of that living, organic *form* which (while of the very essence of poetry) is incidentally a highly important factor of readability. It is a quality found also in the best prose, of course, but it can never, in the nature of things, be found there to so high a degree as in poetry. Adjusted to the content, it carries the reader's mind smoothly and without effort through what he is reading. His mind floats, where otherwise it would have to propel itself.

His language is never obscure (and that, if not a very positive virtue, is at least a convenience). On the contrary, it is extraordinarily adroit — too adroit, indeed, for prose: too much meaning compressed into a short space. Its most characteristic quality is his outstanding power of terrific, declamatory, tragic speech. In that he has no rival among his contemporaries: to parallel it one must return to the Elizabethans. As with a glass he can focus so much passion into the space of a few words that they burst into white flames, whether the most fantastic hyperbole, or a few simple, childish syllables. Nor are these moments rare — the fertility of his mind is no niggard — and it is from their cumulative effect that he builds up that sense of enormous power which he inevitably inspires in the reader. If by nothing else, he would have won his pre-eminent place among American poets by sheer heroism of speech.

Purposely I have attempted to describe Jeffers' work in general rather than this new book in particular. Those who are familiar with him will not need a review to direct them to anything new he publishes. I am speaking rather to the unconverted — and for them perhaps it is not quite the best book in which to get a first taste of his quality. I would recommend them rather to read first *The Women at Point Sur* or *Cawdor*. Or, if they must read the newest book first because it is the newest, to begin with "The Loving Shepherdess" rather than the title-piece. This, the second of the two longer poems that the book contains, is another tragic and lovely story of that reach of the California coast which he has set in the literary atlas almost as vividly as Ithaca. "*Dear Judas*" itself is a kind of masque, set in the Garden of Gethsemane, where the ghosts of Judas, of Jesus, of Mary, and of Lazarus still linger to play out the now frayed and fading memories of their two-thousand-

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year-old passions. But, powerful and moving as it is, I would hesitate to say that I thought it the most successful of Mr. Jeffers' poems.

A Study in Power

HANNA, by Thomas Beer; Knopf, $4.00. Reviewed by GILBERT SELDES.

I SUPPOSE it is a writer's prejudice that makes me want to dismiss the politics of Thomas Beer's *Hanna* and even the shrewd and fresh study it contains of America changing after the Civil War — to dismiss them so that I can concentrate on the beautiful clarity of the book, the movement not only within each sentence, but from page to page, the placing of mass in relation to mass — the intelligence of the artist preferred to the intelligence of the student.

I would be justified because, as Mr. Beer says, his book is not a biography. It will not be much used by those who want a chronological study of the life of a great

THOMAS BEER*

boss and it will not even be cherished by those who want to make melodrama of bossism in American politics. For one thing, it lacks indignation. When the Hanna legend becomes too absurd, Mr. Beer says, "Oh, come!" When a senator, named Pettigrew or even Lodge, or a President, even one named Roosevelt, is silly or forgetful or a little regardless of the truth, Mr. Beer is deadly, but in a quiet way.

The great interest in Hanna, as a person, is his realistic mind, which gave him honesty. It was not permissible, in Hanna's time, to admit that one spent money and publicity in making Presidents; Hanna did both and refused to pretend that he did neither. And that suggests his point of interest as a national figure. Mr. Beer quotes Spengler: "Democracy is the completed equating of money with political power," and notes that Hanna said the same thing twenty years earlier.

It happens that Hanna's own money came from railroads and inland waterways, from the powers of wheat and coal and steel and oil that lie in the middle American states, not from the powers of transatlantic commerce and financial manipulation which center on the Atlantic coast. Hanna, then, is your figure for the turn of America, away from Europe, away from the coastline, turning upon itself to exploit its own resources. Mr. Beer introduces Hawthorne, the man of Salem and the Customs House, to show us direction. The book is inscribed to the biographer of Herman Melville.

It is also a study in power, of Hanna's "bloodless adventure in Caesarism." Hanna appears not as McKinley's master; he appears as the man who tried to prevent the war with Spain and found the pressure of women and ministers of religion so strong that he was moved to say, "By God, Christians are remarkable." He appears as a man who understood sound money and got McKinley nominated and elected, but was somehow tricked out of position by Theodore Roosevelt. Hanna simply refuses to be the boss of fiction.

"To people who did not confuse intellect with an appreciation of paper roses his mind was an interesting thing enough." It does not dismay Mr. Beer that the man he admires mispronounced the name of Rodin; it pleases him to recall that when Hanna declared the invention of double entry bookkeeping "a grand feat of the intellect," everyone giggled, but Henry Adams murmured, "Goethe thought it was, too." Gently Mr. Beer suggests that Hanna's æsthetic sense, which rejected the Library of Congress and preferred a well-built motor launch to a bad statue, was not too faulty. He has naturally chosen to record many of Hanna's ideas which were justified by events: a canal across the Isthmus, irrigation of the Southwest, sterilization of criminals: "sometime or other there would be no more strikes. Business would be too finely adjusted to permit such waste" — judgment on men, on morals, on the direction of events.

What it comes to is that Hanna appears, at first, as one of us, a contemporary man. It is only on careful reconsideration that we discover him to be something more, since few public figures seem to us as intelligent, as aware of our problems, as he was. It is the quality of his mind which, we like to think, makes him contemporaneous; but we ought to remember that if he was disabused in his own time, and refused to be taken in by buncombe, he would be the same now. And we cannot be sure that we are without illusions; we are only aware of the discarded illusions of the past.

And that, perhaps, is the clue to the last quality in Mr. Beer's book — it carries on into the present. It is neither a violent book nor a mannered one; it is only clear and witty and intelligent. Nothing

**Drawing by Eva Hermann; courtesy of Coward-McCann.*

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New Book Club Cuts Price of Month's Leading Books to 42c

by **ARTHUR K. WHITLEY**

NEVER before in the history of book publishing has there been so wide and varied a deluge of important — really significant — books. A recent list of best-sellers includes such names as Julian Green, Susan Ertz, John Galsworthy, Hugh Walpole. There is no doubt that American readers want good literature, and are willing to read any amount of good books — if they are within reach.

But so many books are published each year that it is almost impossible for the average reader to buy every volume he would like to own. As a result, hundreds of worthwhile volumes are overlooked — due to the "high cost of literature."

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frightens Mr. Beer. Nothing frightens any writer who is master of his material and of his medium.

What is Truth?

THE MAURIZIUS CASE, by Jacob Wassermann; Liveright, $3.00.
Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN.

IT BECOMES increasingly apparent that the work of Jacob Wassermann submits to no ordinary literary appraisal. Form? Style? Realism? These are critical catchwords that fall hollow and meaningless upon the ear still throbbing with the profound, passionate music of Wassermann's prose. There is no catching such a book as *The Maurizius Case* within the confines of any easy classification. In no customary sense is it a novel, although it does contain a nuclear plot. For this semblance of plot is Wassermann's one concession to the literary necessities, a limb from which he may spin his web of social investigation, expanding from this center outward until he touches upon all mankind and every word seems pregnant with prophecy.

This is only to say that for Wassermann there is no such thing as a disconnected incident, or a remote detail. Everything that happens, all that is thought, said, sensed, is a relevant thread in the general fabric upon which he bends his gaze. It may almost be concluded, then, that it matters very little just which thread is chosen, along which we may trace our labyrinthine course, for we very soon lose sight of our beginnings, plunging deep and deeper into the least traveled regions of human complexity.

As in *Casper Hauser*, a book to which this one is very clearly related both in method and in emotional content, the immediate source of interest is simply stated. A man, Maurizius, has been incarcerated for nineteen years, convicted of murder. There are certain features about this case which keep it from oblivion: the man's obstinate silence from the day he was arraigned, the disappearance of the chief witness immediately after the trial, and the tremendously involved state of affairs which preceded the murder. There has been a constant undercurrent of doubt and activity, counterbalanced by the rigid determination of the State to consider the matter no further. The affair finally casts its shadow upon the consciousness of a boy, the sixteen-year-old son of the Attorney-General. (The locale is, of course, Germany.) The boy, as yet untouched by the corroding influences of maturity, burns still brightly with the flames of honesty without compromise, truth unalloyed. "Surely," he cries, "there is only one thing I must de-

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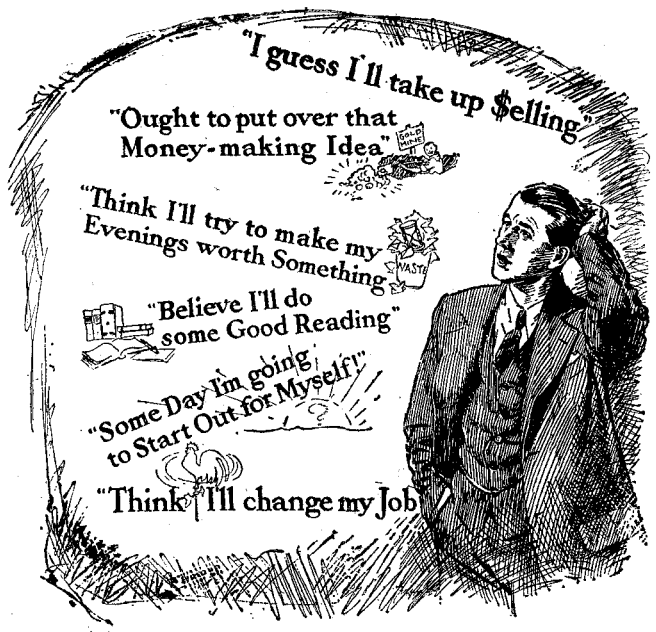
The Man with the "Grasshopper Mind"


"I guess I'll take up $elling"
"Ought to put over that Money-making Idea"
"Think I'll try to make my Evenings worth Something"
"Believe I'll do some Good Reading"
"Some Day I'm going to Start Out for Myself!"
"Think I'll change my Job"

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At home in the evening he tunes in the radio—gets tired of it—then glances through a **MAGAZINE**—can't get interested. Finally, unable to **CONCENTRATE** on anything, he either goes to the **MOVIES** or **FALLS ASLEEP** in his chair.

At the **OFFICE** he always takes up the **EASIEST** thing first, puts it down when it gets **HARD**, and starts something else. **JUMPS** from **ONE THING TO ANOTHER** all the time!

There are thousands of these **PEOPLE WITH GRASSHOPPER MINDS** in the world. In fact they are the very people who do the world's **MOST TIRESOME TASKS**—and get but a **PITTANCE** for their work.

They do the world's **CLERICAL WORK**, and routine drudgery. Day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year—**ENDLESSLY**—they **HANG ON** to the jobs that are smallest-salaried, longest-houred, least interesting, and poorest-futured!

If **YOU** have a "grasshopper mind" you know that this is **TRUE**. And you know **WHY** it is true. Even the **BLAZING SUN** can't burn a hole in a little piece of **TISSUE PAPER** unless its rays are focussed and concentrated **ON ONE SPOT!**

A BRAIN THAT BALKS at sticking to **ONE THING FOR MORE THAN A FEW MINUTES** surely cannot be depended upon to get you anywhere in your **YEARS** of life!

The **TRAGEDY** of it all is this: you know that **RIGHT NOW** you are merely jumping **HERE AND THERE**. Yet you also know that you have **WITHIN YOU** the intelligence, the earnestness, and the ability that can take you right to the high place you want to reach in life!

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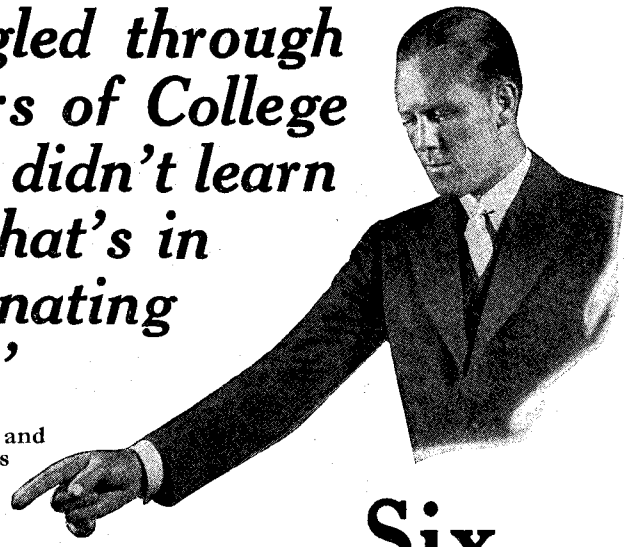

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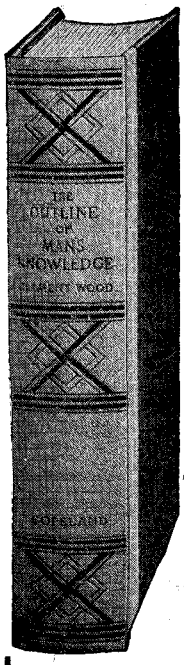

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mand: right and justice! Shall I leave him in torment? Shall I forget him? Shall I say, how does that concern me? What then is justice if I do not see it through, I, myself, I, Etzel Andergast?"

And here, with only the briefest statement of a theme, we leave unexplored the realm of legal history, and start off at one of the many tangents which finally give to the affair a universal significance. The case continues to hang over us, shadowy and motivating, but our explorations range far and wide, and our search for the truth about the Maurizius Case resolves itself inevitably into a search for truth — truth about justice and truth about man's capacity to judge. The simple and accepted concepts of crime and punishment, innocence and guilt, society and the individual, undergo, here, the searching process of analysis and restatement, until they no longer seem quite as simple nor quite as acceptable as heretofore.

I have mentioned emotional content. This seems to me to be the supreme quality of this writing, lifting it above mere social probing to the very highest level of inspired pleading. We might say that Wassermann is a man possessed, possessed of the demands and the questionings native to such a youth as Etzel Andergast, or such an incorrigible as Socrates. His heart is indignant with the wrongs of all men. What, then, he seems to say, is justice if he does not see it through, he, himself, he, Jacob Wassermann? And we must substitute our own names, for there can be no denial.

Key to Knowledge

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, Fourteenth Edition, edited by J. L. Garvin and Franklin H. Hooper; The Encyclopædia Britannica Co., 24 vols.
Reviewed by EDITH H. WALTON.

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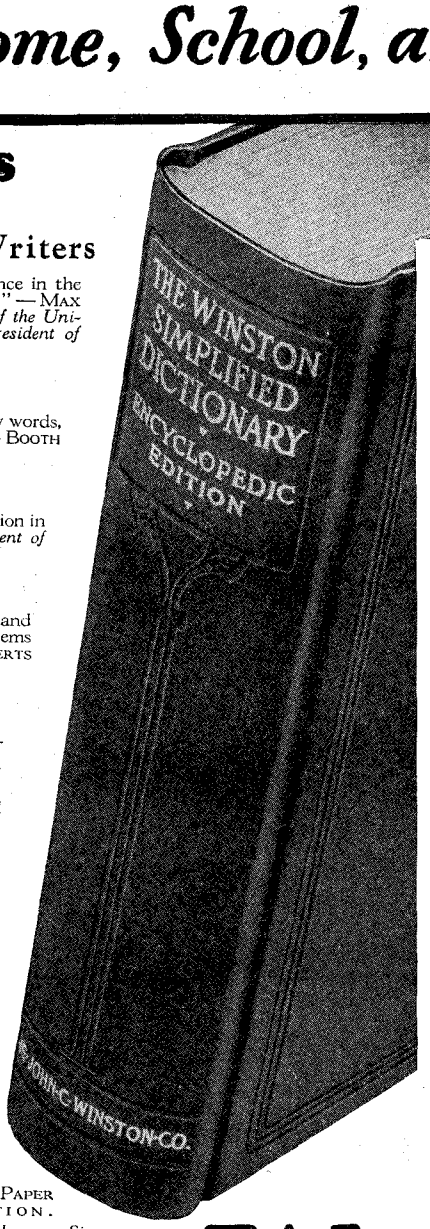

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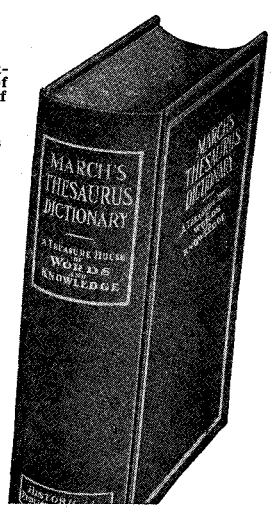

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Nevertheless — and it is one of the particular virtues of this Fourteenth Edition — the *Encyclopædia Britannica* was by no means written with the specialist only in mind. Probably it is the plain citizen who will benefit most by it. Consequently he is entitled to an opinion, however humble. There are certain arresting features which he can take in at a glance, and to appreciate them he needs no scholarly preparation. For example, the new edition makes concessions to the pictorial mind. Its 15,000 illustrations brighten and illuminate the text, definitely enrich the value of the *Encyclopædia* as a whole.

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Finally, the plain citizen will doubtless discover, to his gratification, that the new *Encyclopædia* frequently makes delightful reading. It will repay purely literary exploration as well as the sterner quest for knowledge. G. K. Chesterton's articles on humor, romance, and Charles Dickens; Henry Seidel Canby's analysis of modern American literature; Lion Feuchtwanger's paper on modern developments in the novel — all these belong to the best tradition of *belles lettres*. Were it not for the obstacle of bulk, one could safely recommend the *Encyclopædia* as a perfect candidate for desert island literature.

Russian Comedy

THE EMBEZZLERS, by Valentine Kataev; Dial, $2.50.
Reviewed by FRANK C. NORRIS.

COREY FORD once said that the thin line of demarcation between comedy and tragedy might be illustrated by the spectacle of a puffy old gentleman falling down a flight of stairs. On the top step he trips, his short little arms flap ludicrously about, his face is twisted into a grotesque medley of surprise and alarm, and we

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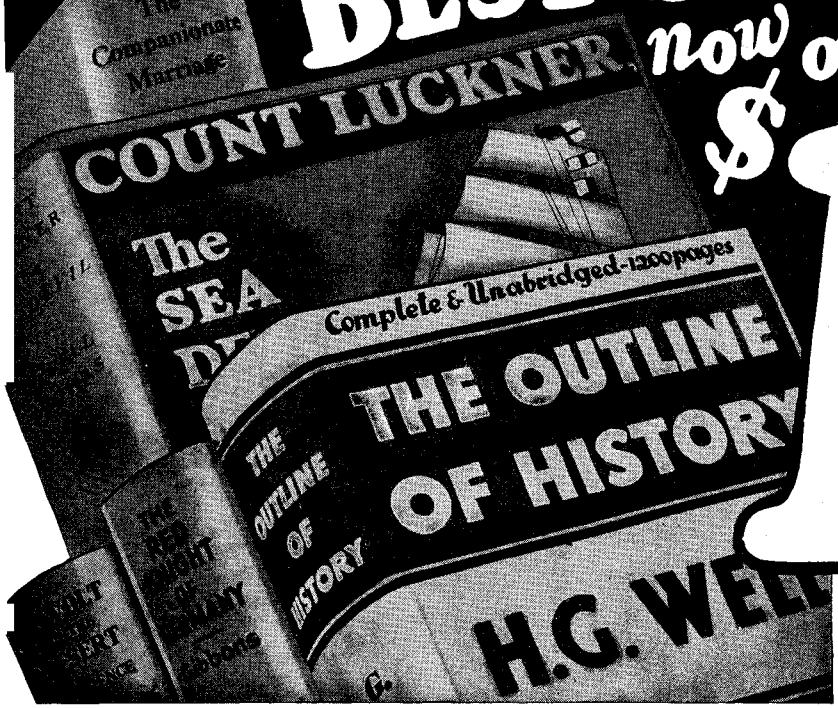

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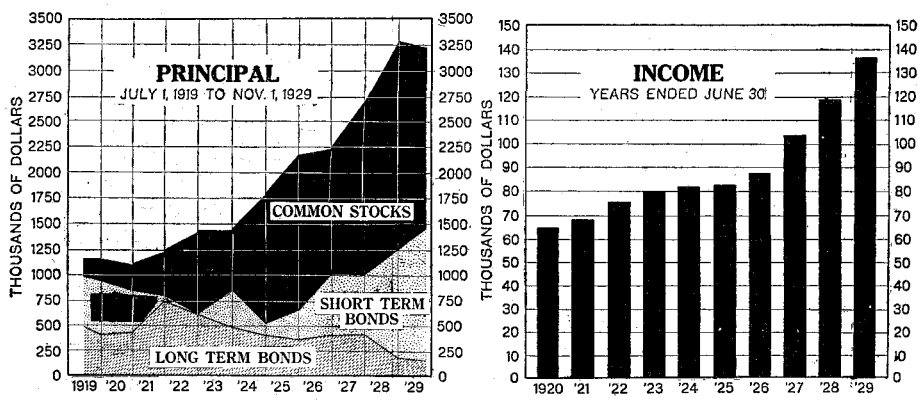
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laugh. Then his pudgy body helplessly plunges down the steps. An arm catches in the banisters, his head is flung against the wall. He clumps in a formless heap onto the floor below and lies very still, while his hat and stick clatter after him. The old gentleman's head is twisted, from his mouth comes a thin trickle of blood, and we do not laugh.

Somewhere, between the top step and the bottom step, the sheerest comedy has been changed into the coldest tragedy. In *The Embezzlers*, like the fall of the old man, somewhere between the first hilarious scene in which Young Ivan, the cashier, and his superior, Philip Stephanovitch, the chief accountant, become stupidly drunk, unconsciously absconding with their firm's money, and the pitiful final scene, the comedy changes to tragedy.

Perhaps it is difficult for Westerners fully to comprehend Slavic comedy. It is usually more elaborate, driven more hell-for-leather than even American comedy. A recent Socialist satire on Communism, Zamiatin's *We*, surpasses in audacity of imagination the wildest Biercean dream. And the gentlest comedy of Chekov inevitably has a grim turn. It is safe to say, however, that the root of Russian, as well as American comedy is in laughing at someone's else expense.

In *The Embezzlers* the comedy is at the expense of stupid Young Ivan and the pompous Moscow official, Philip Stephanovitch, with Philip's wife Yaninochka, his son Nikolai, and his adopted daughter Nikita bearing a large part of the burden of debt. The scene of the story is laid in contemporary Soviet Russia. Owing to abnormal, turbulent social conditions, we are told that many employees of firms — now Soviet trusts — are embezzling company funds. It is government money, nobody's money; why shouldn't they take it? The chief accountant and the cashier wake up one morning, after having gone for the pay roll and a glass of beer the night before, to find themselves in a sleeping car on the way to Leningrad. Somewhere, during the previous evening, they have acquired Isabella, a fat and uncomely prostitute. Miserable, "waiting in vain for friends who have forgotten to bring half a vodka and a cucumber" to revive them, the colleagues take the simplest way out of their difficulty and proceed with the train.

Arriving at Leningrad, they are flung into an unceasing delirium of "Ukranian dancers," "port wine No. 11 — the only drink for ladies," cabarets, potted palms, vodka, brandy, baccarat, noise. They are eternally pursued by Philip Stephanovitch's girl and one she had introduced to Young Ivan. When they are finally washed ashore at Kharkov, from whence they wish to go to the Caucasus, their twelve thousand rubles have disappeared.

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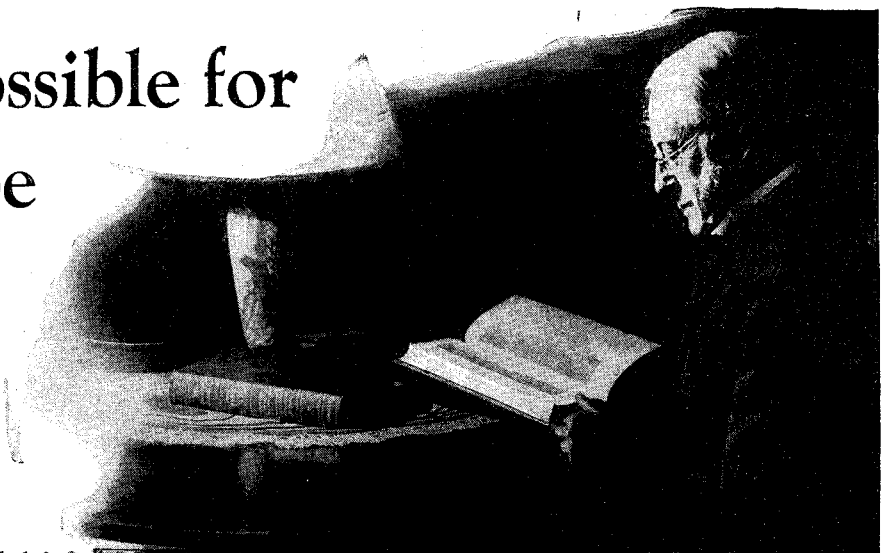

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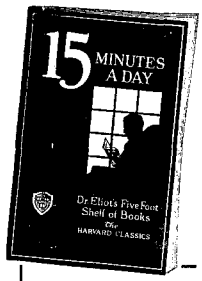

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Books in Brief

"THIS BOOK contains no invitation to the life of adventure" — so says William Bolitho in a wise preface to his TWELVE AGAINST THE GODS (Simon and Schuster, $4.00). It does not glorify the footloose and the fancy free — it merely presents them; and since an appalling percentage of these gallants ended their lives in dank prisons, the total effect is not alluring. Alexander, Casanova, Columbus, Mahomet, Lola Montez, Cagliostro, Charles XII of Sweden, Napoleon I, Cataline, Napoleon III, Isadora Duncan, and Woodrow Wilson — these twelve, each in his own way running counter to the Fates, led picturesque but not particularly happy existences. The moral, if there is one, appears to be that the sensible person will select a comfortable armchair, a fireplace, and take his adventure vicariously. With this in mind, the most conservative may safely admire this collection of wantons. The author has been more fortunate with some than with others (Columbus is admirably done, as are Lola and Isadora; the Casanova piece, on the other hand, is obscure and over-pretentious). Perceptive to an unusual degree, never obvious, usually meaty, and always virile, Bolitho's work is not for the many. Walter Lippmann is quoted as having said that "he writes like a man from Mars," which might mean that he writes unintelligibly, or that he writes superbly (which he does, at times). At any rate, he writes differently from all other newspaper men, and that in itself is an achievement.

THE DEAR, dead ladies to whom Joseph Auslander addresses his LETTERS TO WOMEN (Harper, $2.00) are variously culled from the centuries. Lot's wife and Fanny Brawne; Sappho, Duse, Emily Dickinson; Elinor Wylie, Amy Lowell, and Poe's young bride. His tone is intimate; his verse lyrical and delicately tempered. He essays interpretation, and at times his rapier pricks the mark. The letters to Elinor Wylie and Emily Dickinson might serve as excellent epitaphs. In manner they are successfully reminiscent of the poets whose tyranny over his imagination Mr. Auslander acknowledges. His portrait of Amy Lowell is penetrating but poetically less fine. For all its insight and its grace, however, this is eclectic verse. It is too self-conscious and literary to be anything but charmingly minor.

OBVIOUSLY, Katharine Anthony did not even attempt to write a history of Elizabeth's reign. Portraiture was her mark, and she paints very shrewdly and fairly the lineaments of the enigmatic Queen. At the same time, it is doubtful whether historical portraits can be created in a vacuum. They need background —

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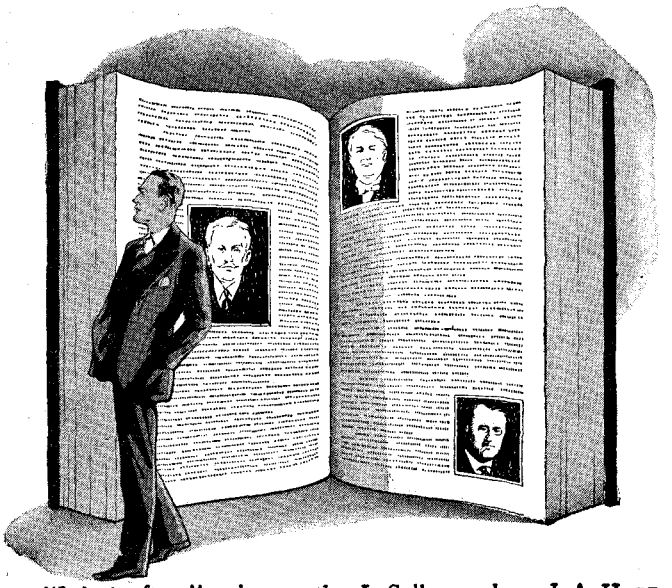

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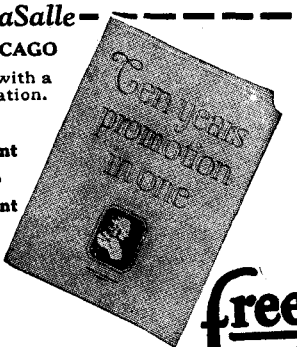

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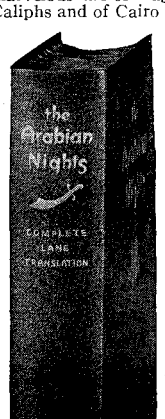

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Books in Brief

and plenty of it. QUEEN ELIZABETH (Knopf, $4.00) suffers somewhat because one is told too little of the economic and social conditions which prevailed at the time. It suffers even from a lack of those frequent aids to dullness — dates. There are whole chapters when one requires a little more solid meat to chew. Although her style is smooth and pleasant, Miss Anthony does not share the verbal brilliance of Lytton Strachey. She does not indulge, moreover, in Mr. Strachey's fits of partially inspired guessing. There may be fewer inaccuracies to her version of Elizabeth, but it is a version with less warmth and color. She never quite succeeds in convincing one that she has found the key to Elizabeth's strange character — and in a portrait that failure is cardinal.

IN WRITING so ably and so understandingly about Iowa Ruth Suckow has created a difficulty for herself, which is that whenever she shifts her scene to another locale, as she does in CORA (Knopf, $2.50), her readers are likely to feel (unjustly, incidentally) that she is on foreign ground and is accordingly comparatively unfamiliar with her subject. A large part of *Cora*, it is true, is laid in Iowa. And this part is as good or better than the earlier Suckow novels; certainly the author's technical equipment — her style, her ability to tell a story — has developed broadly and firmly. The Yellowstone interlude, however, and the sequences in Colorado fail to sustain an equal interest. One reads them with the subconscious wish that the action would return to the corn belt. If *Cora* is ranked below the other Suckow novels, it will probably be due to this very fact — that the extra-Iowa scenes are too long. Nevertheless, the book should be read — as all her other books should be read — and the reader should be thankful that America has produced one writer who does the midlands justice, who sees with a native eye, and who is neither betrayed by narrow provincialism nor by an equally narrow sophistication.

THE FLUID quality of Virginia Woolf's work has never appeared to better advantage than in A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00), which is an essay (the gist of which the author incorporated into her recent FORUM article, "Women and Fiction") on ladies and literature. Starting with a satirical comparison between the elegance of a man's university — "Oxbridge" — and the bleakness of a woman's, the author proceeds in a pleasingly chaotic fashion to a survey of novels written by Englishwomen. Her argument is that if women have not equaled either the quantity or quality of male novelists it is because they

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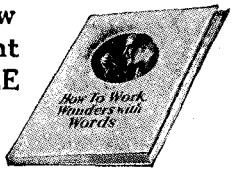

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Books in Brief

have not been blessed with equal liberty — in short, because they have not had the privilege of rooms of their own. As usual, Mrs. Woolf has done a brilliant job and has accomplished exactly what she set out to do. Along with Willa Cather, she is one of the two most gifted women writers of to-day. And in returning to the vein of *The Common Reader* after such a feat as *Orlando* she has once more proved her versatility.

SOME of us prefer our Indians war-pathing through dime novels, clothed chiefly in tomahawks. Those who live in the Southwest can, however, scout about where the "dying race" is not quite won nor yet quite dead and can, if they are gifted, succeed in winning the actual red man's confidence. Such a one is Frank G. Applegate. INDIAN STORIES FROM THE PUEBLOS (Lippincott, $3.50) is a more desirable "souvenir" of the Southwest than the customary weavings or potteries. Aside from its charm and its humor, it should appeal strongly to those who are eager to know how two races can exist side by side under such curious circumstances. On the one hand is the red man, living by courtesy on a land once all his own. On the other is a dominant white civilization — not to mention the ocean-to-ocean sightseer, thirsting for his money's worth, who thrusts himself and his inevitable lens upon reservation life. Mr. Applegate has completely avoided the spirit of that sightseer, and has written of the Pueblo Indians with rare sympathy and understanding.

ALTHOUGH the general problems of the advertising profession have been loudly and frequently discussed in print, there is a certain novelty in the publication of a specialized work such as SELLING INSURANCE BY COÖPERATIVE ADVERTISING (Crofts, $2.50). J. W. Longnecker, its author, points out rather sadly that the insurance business is improperly appreciated by a wary public. He ascribes this to a lack of coördination, on the part of insurance men, in explaining their actual contribution to American life. Considering the increasing number of bids for the consumer's dollar, insurance must board the band wagon and meet competition in the same way as any other industry. It must attract wide and favorable attention, and the best way of accomplishing this end is through coöperative advertising. Mr. Longnecker explains in detail how the plan can be made effective, and offers excellent samples of high pressure copy. Most business men will find his book genuinely interesting — while to the general public it serves as fair warning of an approaching assault upon their sales resistance.

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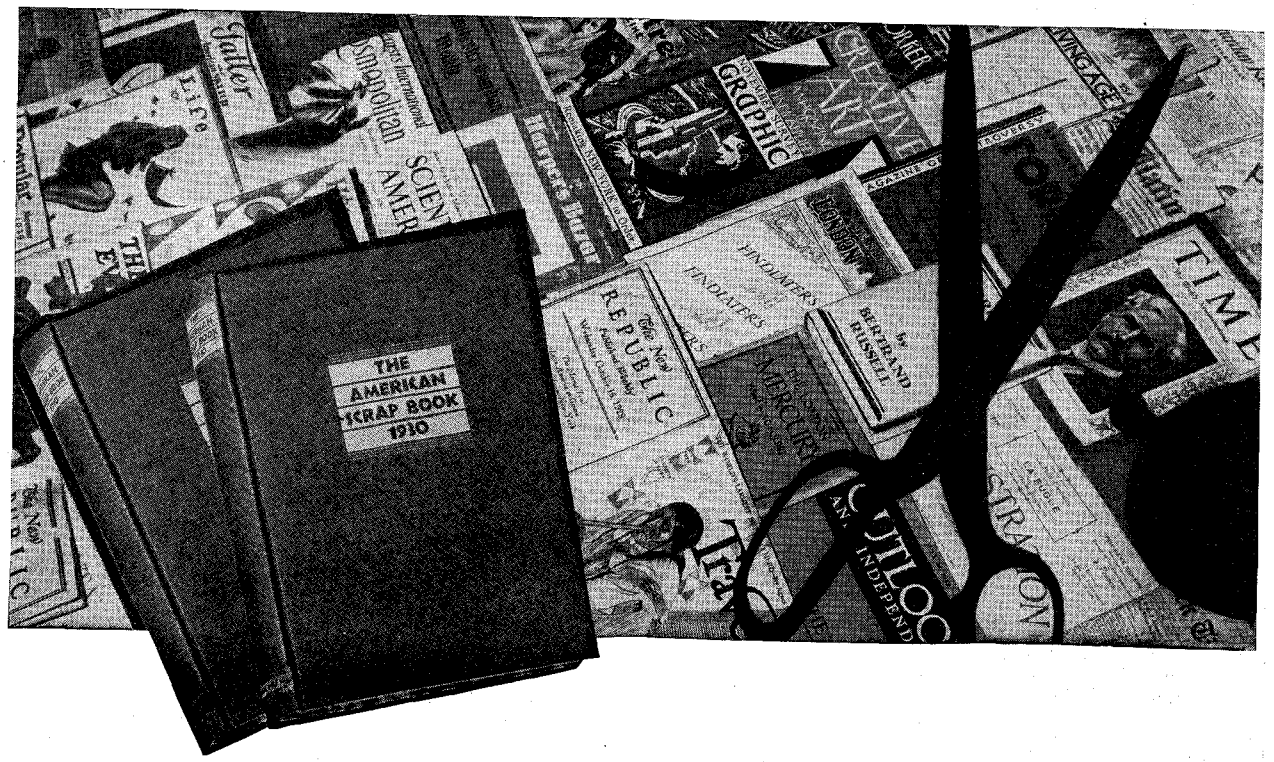

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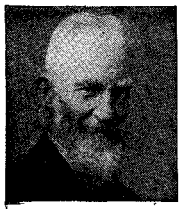
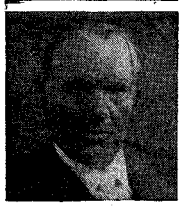

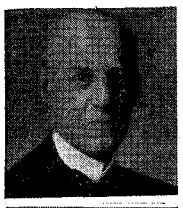

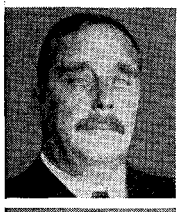
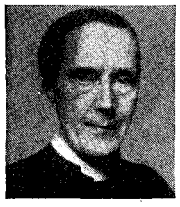

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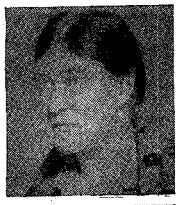
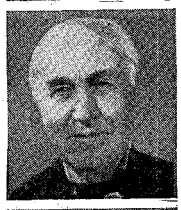
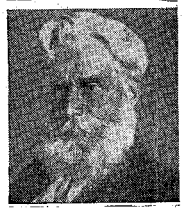
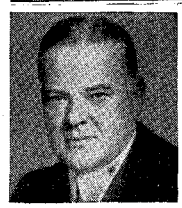

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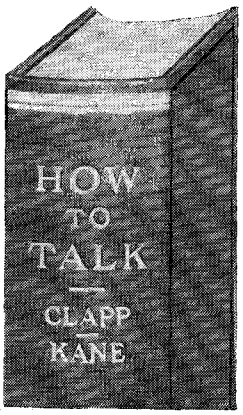

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Forum Definitions

What is Heresy?

ORIGINALLY heresy applied only to the defiance of religious dogma by those who were subject to it, but with the growth of freedom of thought it has come to take on a broader application, thus avoiding extinction. As several readers pointed out, approved usage has broadened the scope of the word to the extent that it now covers any rebellion by a minority against the religious, social, intellectual, business, or artistic edicts of the group of which that minority is a part.

Theodore W. Darnell defines it as "a word used some time ago to designate the person who rejects orthodoxy, particularly in religion, but now almost obsolete because it describes so great a number of people. It is, therefore, appropriated almost exclusively by those who wish to parade their differences."

Francis Hackett, in his biography of Henry the Eighth, says, "Heresy is but the bridge between two orthodoxies." This is a better epigram than definition, perhaps, but it emphasizes the fleeting nature of any heresy, for a heresy may be said to exist only so long as the dogma which it defies remains in force. For example, the preachings of Martin Luther, attacked as heretical in his time, would hardly be considered so if repeated to-day.

The following definitions have been awarded prizes:

1. Heresy is the holding or dissemination of opinions at variance with those held by some established hierarchy and believed by its members to be inimical to the perpetuation and spread of their doctrines. (*James Bond, Tarentum, Pa.*)

2. Heresy is an opinion or doctrine that is not in accord with the old accepted standards and teaching of any school of thought or system and is rejected and condemned by it. In theology it is any doctrine or belief contrary to the dogmas or tenets of a church or its interpretation of the Bible by the constituted authorities. (*Mary I. Stanton, El Paso, Texas*)

3. Heresy is a departure in expressed thought or action from the beliefs or course of conduct held essential by the group (usually a religious one) to which the person thus expressing himself belongs. (*Elizabeth Fowler, Corvallis, Oregon*)

4. Heresy is the spoken or enacted thought contrary to the general social, business, or religious code. (*Evelyn L. Alderdyce, San Antonio, Texas*)

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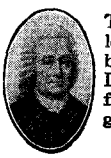

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WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. May we suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i.e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

I. With the growing tendency toward the international, rather than the national point of view, discussion of a possible United States of Europe is prevalent. Señor Madariaga, in this issue of THE FORUM, questions the practicality of M. Briand's proposals. In connection with this subject, papers on the Permanent Court of International Justice and the proposed Bank for International Settlements are apropos.

A. PAN-EUROPA, OR THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

The United States of Europe (Our Muddling World) — By Salvador de Madariaga — FORUM, January 1930

Briand's United States of Europe — *Literary Digest*, September 21, 1929

Europe and America — By Norman Angell — *Living Age*, September 1, 1929

League Revives — By H. N. Brailsford — *New Republic*, October 2, 1929

United States of America Versus United States of Europe — By T. R. Ybarra — *Outlook*, September 25, 1929

United States of Europe — *Nation*, September 25, 1929

B. PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE

Optional Clause — *World Tomorrow*, October 1929

Story of the World Court — By Carrie Chapman Catt — *Woman's Journal*, August, 1929

Court to Gain Power — *Outlook*, July 10, 1929

Great Instruments of Peace — By F. P. Keyes — *Delineator*, February 1929

Proposed Changes in the Statute of the World Court — *Foreign Affairs*, July 1929

Mr. Root, the Senate, and the World Court — By P. C. Jessup — *Foreign Affairs*, July 1929

Renewing World Court Discussion — *Review of Reviews*, May 1929

C. PROPOSED BANK FOR INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENTS

International Bank — *Commonweal*, September 4, 1929

Proposed International Bank — *Saturday Evening Post*, September 28, 1929

Should An International Bank Be Established? — *Congressional Digest*, August 1929

What the International Bank Means — By T. W. Lamont — *Review of Reviews*, August 1929

Why An International Bank? — By L. T. McFadden — *Saturday Evening Post*, July 20, 1929

II. Are we as a nation addicted to canned culture? Do we insist on sugar coated pills of knowledge? This is a subject which lends itself well to debate, and an excellent allied paper deals with the problem of the book clubs.

A. RESOLVED: THAT CANNED CULTURE IS SOFTENING OUR BRAINS

Affirmative

The Cult of Short-Cut Culture — By Howard Mumford Jones — FORUM, January 1930

Doctor Looks at Culture — By J. Collins — *World's Work*, March 1929

Art, Science, and the Good Life — By W. L. Sperry — *Yale Review*, December 1928

Making Culture Hum — By D. Bush — *Bookman*, August 1929

Negative

In Defense of Outlines — By Will Durant — FORUM, January 1930

America and Culture — By Booth Tarkington — *Saturday Evening Post*, March 2, 1929

History and Culture — By Charles A. Beard and Mary Beard — *Saturday Review of Literature*, September 7, 1929

B. THE BATTLE OF THE BOOK CLUBS

Books on the Belt — By L. Whipple — *Nation*, February 13, 1929

Books on the Belt (Reply) — By F. Scherman — *Nation*, March 20, 1929

Book Clubs and Publishers — By H. Salpeter — *Outlook*, April 17, 1929

Battle of the Books — *Nation*, May 29, 1929

Battle Over Books — *Outlook*, May 29, 1929

Literary Racketeers — *New Republic*, June 5, 1929

Publisher Discusses Book Clubs — By S. A. Everitt — *Publishers' Weekly*, August 10, 1929

III. To what extent has the servant problem affected modern life? Is it responsible for the increasing use of machinery in the home and the small house in modern architecture? Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the Governor of New York State, introduces a program of home economics with her article in this issue of THE FORUM.

A. WHO WILL WASH OUR DISHES?

A New View of the Servant Question — By Eleanor Roosevelt — FORUM, January 1930

Employer–Employee Relationships in the Home — *Good Housekeeping*, February 1929

Help Wanted: Female; Tragedy of the Middle-Aged — By B. Amidon — *New Republic*, June 19, 1929

Who'll Wash the Dishes? — By S. J. Wardell — *Outlook*, January 30, 1929

Organization and Purpose — *Journal of Home Economics*, February 1929

Housemaid's Knee — By D. Hansen — *Collier's*, August 24, 1929

How We Share Sarah — By D. W. Harrington — *Pictorial Review*, November 1929

B. FASCINATION OF GADGETS

Fascination of Gadgets—By R. Wright — *House and Garden*, August 1929

Creative Housekeeping — By E. E. Calkins — *Woman's Home Companion*, May 1929

Intelligence Test for Household Implements — *Atlantic Monthly*, April 1929

Keeping Posted — By N. B. Nichols — *Woman's Home Companion*, May 1929

Little Things That Matter — *Delineator*, February 1929

Selecting Equipment Wisely — By M. W. Wood — *Pictorial Review*, May 1929

C. THE EMANCIPATION OF THE HOUSEWIFE

Is the Modern Housewife a Lady of Leisure? — By H. Keneland — *Survey*, June 1, 1929

Estimate of the Number of Women Engaged in Homemaking — *Journal of Home Economics*, June 1929

Woman's Economic Contribution in the Home — By H. Keneland — *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, May 1929

It Seems to Them: Gentlemen of the Press and Household Questions — *Journal of Home Economics*, April 1929

New Era in Housework — By G. Hambridge — *Ladies Home Journal*, June 1929

Twenty Million Women Must Be Wrong — By T. S. Harding — *North American Review*, February 1929

Keeper of the Health Speaks; Reply to T. S. Harding — By J. Veere — *North American Review*, April 1929

New Values in Homemaking — By L. Bane — *Ladies Home Journal*, October 1929

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FORUM

JANUARY, 1930 VOL. LXXXIII, NO. 1

Mata Hari—the "Red Dancer"

by **MAJOR THOMAS COULSON**
A British Army Intelligence Officer during the World War

THE FIRST TIME I heard the name of Mata Hari was in the fall of 1916. The association of her name with the inexplicable leakage of highly confidential information will best reveal how the woman's sinister activities reacted upon men far removed from her physical existence. It will help to show why a spy incurs such deadly hatred among men not disinclined to face death when the danger may be boldly grasped, but who shudder with apprehension when some nameless and invisible enemy tries to compass their destruction under the veil of assumed friendship.

Picture, then, a group of English soldiers straining their eyes into the abyss of night, waiting for the firing of a Verey light which will illumine a phenomenon just come within their knowledge. A patrol has just returned with the information that something mysterious has appeared in No Man's Land that demands investigation. Scarcity of numbers in this sector had made increased watchfulness imperative, and there was not a man among them who did not know No Man's Land as intimately as he knew the details of his own back yard. But night plays fantastic tricks with the imagination and the eyes, so that when this newly returned patrol made its report, there was no little uneasiness about the mysterious object set before their trench. Complete investigation, however, proved that this was no more than a crude notice-board bearing the scrawled inquiry, "Why wait for the 29th?"

Thus it came about that the bursting indiscretion of a mischievous Saxon soldier undid the work of a cunning spy. But we, who were the victims of the joke, were completely bewildered by this singular message which had come out of the night. Nor could our staff offer any enlightenment when we applied to them for an explanation. They were too busy with statistical computations of the consumption of plum and apple jam to gratify the misplaced curiosity of an enemy whose sense of humor usually had a more macabre touch. The incident would have been overlooked among more pressing anxieties and a tragedy would have resulted but for my chance visit the following day to some men who were training in the strictest seclusion for a special minor offensive.

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These men were of my own company, and at my suggestion were being trained in full daylight for a night raid. Night training is usually rendered farcical by the impossibility of adequate supervision, but with darkness simulated by the use of dark glasses we hoped to achieve a greater degree of efficiency. The work of these men was conducted in the utmost secrecy. No one other than about six officers had any idea of either the purpose, the locale, or the time of the raid. Living in such isolation, the raiders were always delighted to receive their rare visitors and listened with delight to the most trifling details of our battalion activities. As most people whose lives are anything but a joke are usually entertained by the feeblest jests, I was tempted to tell them of the enemy's enigmatic inquiry, "Why wait for the 29th?"

The recital of this incident caused as much consternation as would have arisen in paradise had the devil dropped in for a social visit. Except, of course, for the blasphemy. It appeared that the 29th was the date chosen for the secret raid and that our sector was to be the scene of the outburst. It was then the 26th. In spite of this unexpected betrayal after such elaborate precautions to maintain secrecy, the raid was carried out according to program in all its details except for the date. On the night of the 27th these men crept quietly out of the trenches, over No Man's Land, and fell on an enemy taken completely by surprise. It would have been an unqualified success but for the unfortunate death of the young officer in command.

On the return from the raid he was shot in the thigh, and I was carrying him back to our trenches when a bullet whipped through the night, penetrated his throat, and embedded itself in my shoulder. Just at the moment this happened he was about to tell me some secret of his last leave in Paris, and his lips had just framed the words, "If we could only find that damned Red Dancer . . ." when they were closed by the great silence.

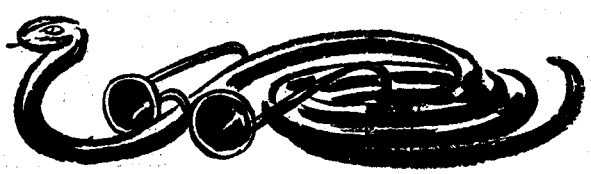
Tracking the Spy

During a convalescence spent in France, I investigated the circumstances of young Hogg's last leave and its association with a "Red Dancer," never for one moment imagining that it would lead to a definite result, since dancers are as numerous as thieves in the City of Light. What I did discover had no meaning at the time, but its significance was too great to be forgotten.

In order to obtain the dark glasses which I had recommended for the training of his men, Hogg and a companion had gone to Paris, that being the only place within reach likely to furnish this extraordinary need. The pair of youngsters had little or no knowledge of the city, and their ignorance of the language made the simplest purchase as laborious as a complicated commercial transaction. They therefore addressed themselves to any chance acquaintance for information concerning spectacle makers, but their request was received as something of a pleasantry by everyone they encountered. Their mission was soon being passed from one malicious little tongue to another along café terraces until their appearance was hailed with delight in the more popular rendezvous.

At last when they were becoming desperate, and therefore more amusing, one amiable lady volunteered her assistance. After a brief interview Hogg consented to accompany her on the quest for dark glasses. There were, I found, certain hectic celebrations attending the successful execution of the commission, about which neither of the young officers retained clear recollections. They returned to their posts satisfied that the amiable and kind lady would collect and forward the required glasses as soon as they were ready.

It was possible, at a later date, and with more evidence available, to ascertain how the terrible Mata Hari did her work. In order to learn where and when this raid was to take place, she had to delay the dispatch of the dark glasses



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Drawings by Edw. A. Wilson

until after the two young officers had finished their short leave, and to accept the responsibility of forwarding them when they were delivered by the optician. In this way she was furnished with the correct address of the unit to which they were to be sent, and the enemy was thus able to identify the exact locale of the raid.

The correct date she ascertained by feigning a great interest in the exploit and a desire to read of its successful accomplishment in the *communiqué* issued the following day. Those of us who were amazed at her ability to obtain such confidential information ceased to wonder at Mata Hari's skill in this case when we became familiar with her major activities, which were exercised against more capable protagonists than two young subalterns.

The words spoken in the presentiment of death are often prophetic. Months later, when Mata Hari was under trial for espionage, the writer heard her spoken of as the "Red Dancer," and the mystery of "Why wait for the 29th?" became a fragment of an infinitely greater quest which led to the revelation of the entire life of the woman who was registered in the German secret service as H21, and who sent thousands like this young colleague to their death.

The amazing story of the spy H21 is incomprehensible without a knowledge of the "Red Dancer." Unless one understands the extraordinary power of fascination she exercised, it is not possible to believe that she could reduce the Second Bureau — the nerve center of the French army — to temporary impotence; could correspond with her espionage chief on paper that bore the heading of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; could have conducted an intimate intrigue with the head of the War Department; and, when an outraged army finally brought her to trial and condemnation, could yet invoke the aid of princes, ambassadors, and scholars. It is only by a knowledge of what she called her artistic life that one can realize the nature and extent of her fatal sorcery.

Spy H21 — Seducer of Men

To understand how she accomplished these astonishing feats, one has to have a picture of her in one of her favorite séances. These occasions laid the foundation of her amazing power over men of position and influence. In the voluptuous abandon of semi-privacy, before a group of selected guests, reclining in luxurious ease after copious sacramental libations, and surrounded by her worshipers, Mata Hari would invoke the image of her youth.

"I was born," she would say in a soft, languorous tone which the listeners immediately associated with the mysterious East, "in the south of India on the coast of Malabar, in

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the holy city of Jaffnapatam, the child of a family within the sacred caste of Brahma. By reason of his piety and pureness of heart my father was called *Assirvadam*, which means 'The Blessing of God.' My mother was a glorious *bayadère** in the temple of Kanda Swany. She died when she was fourteen, on the same day I was born. The priests of the temple, having cremated my mother, adopted me under the baptismal name of Mata Hari, which means 'Eye of the Dawn.' From the time when I took my first uncertain steps, I was shut up in the great subterranean hall of the pagoda of Siva, where I was to be trained to follow in my mother's footsteps through the holy rites of the dance. Of these early years my mind retains only vague recollections of a monotonous existence in which, during the long morning hours, I was taught to imitate automatically the movements of the *bayadères*, and in the afternoons was allowed to walk in the gardens while weaving garlands of jasmine for decorating the altars. When I reached the threshold of womanhood, my foster-mother saw in me a predestined soul and resolved to dedicate me to Siva and to reveal to me the mystery of love and faith on the night of Sakty-pudja, in the coming spring. . . ."

The soft, caressing voice trails off into silence, and at the recollection of this blissful moment a tremor of religious ecstasy passes over the exquisitely molded, amber-tinted body, daringly revealed for these nocturnal invocations of her sacred youth. Then suddenly she awakens from her reverie to ask:

"Have any of you an idea of the Sakty-pudja of the Kanda Swany?"

Oriental Hocus-pocus

The hypnotized audience, which on occasion included well-known Orientalists, are compelled to reply that they possess no intimate knowledge of this festivity of license and religious revelry; so she proceeds to enlighten them.

"It was on the purple granite altar of the Kanda Swany that, at the age of thirteen, I danced for the first time, completely nude."

Then, in the midst of the superb luxury of her wealthy patron's home, inspired by the rich food, by the wines, by the seductive lights, by the sensuous perfumes (all prearranged), she begins to explain the mysteries of the Supreme Night on which the holy men of the temple savor in life the cruel but divine ecstasies of Siva's paradise — that terrible god Siva who is the god of all sin, of all misunderstanding, of all cruelty. This recital is illustrated by poses and gestures more provocative than plain speech.

The earlier stages of this fantastic orgy which she describes are devoted to meditation in an atmosphere of subtle drugs and Oriental languors. As the awaited moment approaches, when the wise men will announce the appearance in the heavens of the sign of the Three Goddesses, the melodious notes of a concealed orchestra begin to breathe haunting, dreamy harmonies.

From the mysterious recesses of the waving jungle a soft voice warns of the awakening of the sacred serpents, who, tempted by the seductive murmur of the instruments, writhe their long, slow length to the temple where Siva awaits their homage. And there they dance! Among them whirl the curving, undulating bodies of the dainty little *bayadères*, as clammily chill and as naked as the serpents. The remainder of this festivity is indescribable; it eclipses the bacchanalian fêtes of decadent Rome.

This is the beginning of the legend which has grown up about the modern high-priestess of the dance as a religious rite. In conversation with her many admirers she outlines the story of her life as she would have wished it to be. Having had no hand in its origin, the next best thing is to prepare the origin which is best adapted to the rôle she has assumed. The rest followed naturally in a romantic sequence which satisfied her love of the dramatic. Mata Hari told how she followed her profession in the temple until one day a handsome English officer saw her performance and, struck by the sadness of her eyes, ventured to violate the sacred rules of her caste by speaking to her. In accordance with the requirements of romance, they fell in love with each other and the adventurous officer by a display of cunning, courage, and resource rescued the little Mata Hari from the prospect of a life devoted to the adoration of the god Siva, and married her.

(*Continued on page 60*)

*The *bayadères* must not be confused with the *nautch* dancers. The former are ministrants in the temples and enjoy the respect of the worshipers. *Nautch* dancers, on the other hand, are merely professional dancers engaged solely to furnish entertainment.

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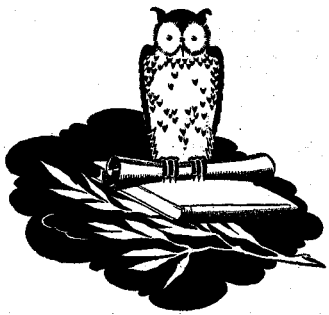
Are the Cultural ABC's Softening our Brains?

A DEBATE



Drawings by John Melching

I — The Cult of Short-cut Culture

***by* HOWARD MUMFORD JONES**

EVEN AS LATE as the Renaissance knowledge was the possession of the few who made a cult of its obscurity. But in the last few hundred years the desire to extend the fruits of enlightenment has resulted in the multiplication of encyclopedias, libraries of useful information, and popular handbooks. Thus in the nineteenth century leaders like Huxley and Simon Newcomb wrote clear and simple manuals of their specialties, at once authoritative and engaging.

The tradition is still with us, as the excellent *Home University Library* attests, but it is a fading tradition. Huxley, the supreme example of the expository scientist who is at once lucid and authoritative, was a product of the conditions of his time. In his day scientists had to crusade to secure authority. Moreover, the grand outlines of modern theory were still being laid, so that the knowledge to be popularized was less technical, less complex than it is to-day. In the third place, democratic doctrine meant a battle for general education (based on rationalism), into the formulæ of which such books easily fitted. And lastly, but perhaps most importantly, publishing was not yet a business of enormous sales and quick returns.

If knowledge were confined to the favored few, political democracy would be unthinkable; and however theorists may toy with the ideal of a samurai class leading the vulgar many, their program has not seemed satisfactory either to the many or to the few. Under the American system an attempt must somehow be made to enlighten the multitude, but unfortunately the conditions for popularizing knowledge have vastly changed since Huxley's time.

Knowledge has become immensely complex and correspondingly more difficult to communicate in simple terms to simple minds. Technological processes of enormous subtlety have appeared; history has been tremendously extended; and new sciences have arisen at the same time that the increase of population, the complexity of a civilization founded on power controls, and theories of irrationalistic psychology have rendered obsolete the educational program of the Victorians.

The Renaissance ideal of the educated man, as one who moves easily in every field of knowledge, is no longer feasible; yet, disgruntled at the failure of our educational systems, and believing in an enlightened democracy, numerous prophets have arisen to make everything simple. Mr. Wells puts the history of the universe into a thousand passionate pages. Mr. Van Loon reduces even this to the level of a child of ten. The outline of all science is available in four volumes; the outline of all art in four more; and the outline of literature in still another set. Philosophy has become

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a "story;" the religions of the world, another; and latterly there has appeared the outline of man's knowledge — in a single book!

Men ought to know what is going on in the world of thought; the question is whether this method is the best way to find out. Let us examine a typical treatise — Mr. Durant's *Story of Philosophy*. Mr. Durant's purpose is honest and sincere. Because the need of the world is the need of a right synthesis, he felt that people ought to have a chance at philosophical thought. He writes in an engaging journalistic style and is not averse to jokes, for the unpracticed reader must be lured along. And lest some great philosopher shall seem *pulvis et umbra*, a large portion of each chapter gives biographical details, pleasant stories, and general history. Indeed, the book is not so much the story of philosophy as pleasant chat about the philosophers.

ONE of the most curious literary developments in recent years has been the appearance of what we have termed "the Cultural ABC's." Mr. H. G. Wells started it with his "Outline of History," which was followed in quick and steady succession by a flood of "outlines" and "stories" covering the entire range of human knowledge, from art and astronomy to philosophy and religion. Some regard this tendency to popularize knowledge as the mental equivalent of the quick lunch counter — at once the expression and partial cause of our cultural indigestion. Others view it as a healthy sign that learning is emerging from its cloisters to do battle with ignorance in the dust of the market place. In this debate, Mr. Howard Mumford Jones takes the first position, while the second is championed by Dr. Will Durant, who is "guilty" of having written one of the most popular of these "stories" ever published.

"THE STORY OF PHILOSOPHY"

PHILOSOPHY, he tells us impressively, includes logic, æsthetics, ethics, politics, metaphysics; but the distinction is soon obliterated, for his book mainly omits epistemology and stresses ethics and politics. We begin bravely with Plato and Aristotle, and then, in ten pages, cover twelve hundred years of human thought! Thomas Aquinas, profoundest of medieval thinkers, is dismissed in a sentence; Scholasticism in a single passage; and though Voltaire, important neither as a logician, æsthetician, moralist, politician, nor metaphysician, occupies fifty-seven pages, Catholic thought is forgotten. A thinker like Hobbes is ignored; the thorny Hegel receives eight pages; the whole movement of thought from Descartes through Hume receives a few unsatisfactory paragraphs. Kant is discussed in thirty-two pages. Mr. Durant is privileged to select, but he is presenting "the story of philosophy," and cursory examination shows how inadequate his volume is, even as an elementary survey.

Are the discussions sound? No, they are misleadingly facile. He speaks rightly of the "clarity and order" of Schopenhauer. Let the reader go from Mr. Durant's chapter to the luminous masterpiece of Schopenhauer. A single page of the first part of *The World as Will and Idea* tests his mind as the whole *Story of Philosophy* does not, and the reader suddenly discovers that philosophical thinking is lucid and exact, not journalistically denatured and superficial. Or, if the comparison seems too severe, let him, having read Mr. Durant's chapter on Kant, turn to the article on "Kantian Philosophy" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* — an elementary exposition which Mr. Durant has done nothing to prepare him for. After a third perusal our reader is scarcely able to comprehend this exact and honest writing.

In one sense it does not matter. If curiosity has been pleasantly titillated, no great harm is done — the book is soon forgotten. But it is hardly credible that such works are intended to bring to anybody knowledge of the painful world of metaphysics, much less lead him to forge a philosophy adequate for modern life. And since such were the objects of the undertaking, it seems to me to fail; and not only to fail, but to do harm by leading naïve readers to suppose that this is the way to unlock the gates of wisdom. Here it all is — so simple, so clear, so predigested. Why go further? And so the habit of mental laziness grows by what it feeds on; and in place of strong, intelligent minds, we have vague and lazy ones. Mr. Durant of course had no desire to corrupt mankind. He was merely trying to make philosophy engaging.

But though making technical knowledge "interesting" in this fashion may appeal to some, it gives little knowledge; and anyone who has attempted to move easily and accurately in even a small area of human thought must smile a little bitterly at philosophy so cheaply won.

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Appeal to Laziness

The difficulty lies in the fact that in our desire to promote the spread of knowledge we are encouraging mental laziness. This is fundamentally bad; but in the present condition of the publishing world, ballyhoo and snob advertising have increased the error. An outline is published. It is immediately advertised as a short cut to knowledge — brilliant, authoritative, and easy. But there is no royal road to learning; there is not even a short road to a competent general intelligence.

The outline of everything accomplishes something — it creates a sort of glaze of culture, like the prepared polish applied to finger nails to obviate the necessity of a buffer. It is produced by our wish to buy things neatly done up in packages because they look easy to use — soap already in flakes, dishwashing preparations that foam instantaneously, coffee to be made in a cup of hot water. It represents the effort to avoid work. In a country where work has been glorified and leisure condemned, where men who do not go to business are social parasites, it is somehow felt that information comes without labor, and intelligence is formed without thought.

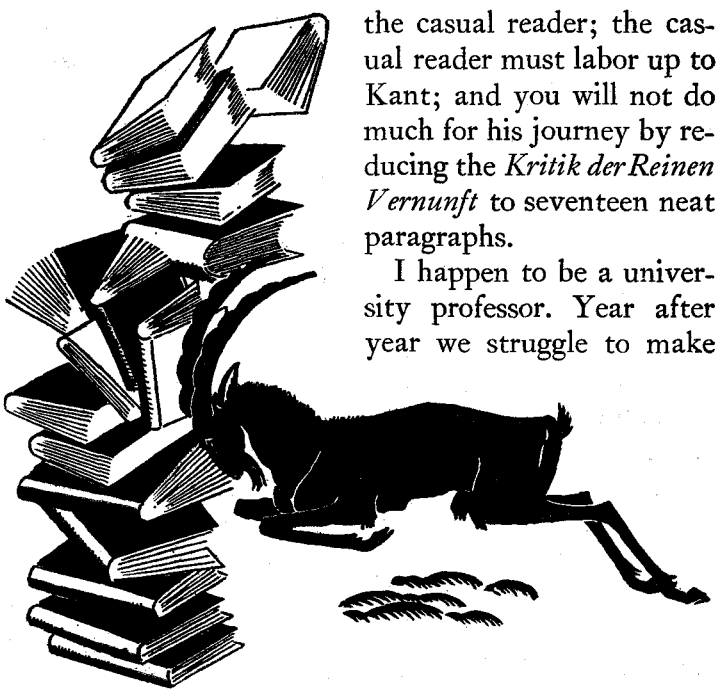
There are no short cuts in business. Young men "begin at the bottom" — even presidents' sons. We do not expect them to escape drudgery; it will form their characters and train their judgments. Yet in the more exacting world of the intelligence we expect conditions to be reversed; we Americans, who despise mollycoddles, expect mental coddling. Specialists must "humanize" — that is, make a nursery tale of science, and pretend a glib acquaintance with knowledge which would be presumptuous in a Darwin and unthinkable in an Einstein.

Humility and Wisdom

I feel," said Newton, "like a small child on the shore of the ocean who has picked up a pebble or a pretty shell." Humility is the beginning of wisdom. But the mental pap in these books fosters the contempt which the Americans have for the serious student and the earnest investigator. They respect big business executives because "they have come through the grind," but they do not apply the same principle to the realm of thought. If knowledge is so simple that it can be put in an outline, so easy that it can be stated in the language of the street, the reader feels no call to mental labor. He can acquire results painlessly, and having read up philosophy one season, turn cheerily to history or sexology another time.

Moreover, such books create a distaste for introductory manuals that are really sound. Miss Calkins' *Persistent Problems of Philosophy* is elementary, but Miss Calkins assists the readers to scale the crags; she does not install an elevator and serve lunch. The *History of English Literature* by Legouis and Cazamian is lucid and orderly; it does not, like a book I recently received, present 125 classics in 125 predigested paragraphs. A reader of James's *Variety of Religious Experience* will not find the book difficult, except as his attention is challenged, his thought awakened in every chapter; and he will, I believe, learn more about religion from that volume than he can ever learn from a superficial "outline" of the prophets from Moses to Aimee Semple McPherson. But these books are not popular; we prefer that someone else shall think for us in a snappy volume, though it bring neither knowledge nor understanding.

The only way to master a subject is to dig out its elements; to build on them; and from information you have made your own, to observe, reflect, and judge. You cannot bring Kant down to the level of the casual reader; the casual reader must labor up to Kant; and you will not do much for his journey by reducing the *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft* to seventeen neat paragraphs.



I happen to be a university professor. Year after year we struggle to make

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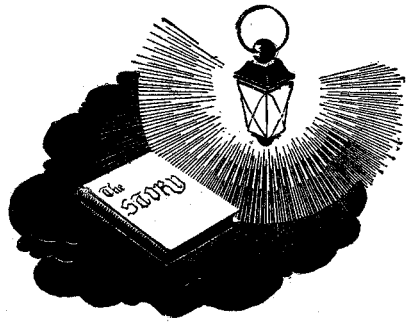
freshmen realize that thought is not their own until they have made it so. Year after year they crib material from elementary "outlines," from magazines, from anywhere and everywhere, and, accused of plagiarism, virtuously deny the charge.

Year after year we fight to make the elements of writing bone and sinew of their minds, not rules to be looked up in a book. But they see their mothers cribbing material for club papers; they hear their fathers demanding that learning shall produce "results." They read magazines describing inventions — short-cut science; and feed on motion-picture plots — short-cut literature. Advertisements shriek at them to learn French in easy lessons, avoiding irregular verbs, and to master the "main facts" in any given field by reading a popular book. Is it any wonder that instruction seems to fail in a nation "sold" on short cuts?

The majority who buy the "outline books" do not want to learn, and they rationalize their aversion into attacks on formal education. They do not want to think; they want thinking done for them.

The "outline" appeases a faint nostalgia without awakening real desire. It is unpopular to praise German methods, but no one who examines the elementary handbooks available to any German reader — books which, though simple and well-organized, make no concessions — and who then compares them with their unsubstantial American equivalents, can help wondering why a people, quick and intelligent in practical affairs, is so gullible in the world of thought.



II — In Defense of Outlines

Apologia pro Libro Suo

by WILL DURANT

THE FORUM is kind to invite a reply to Professor Jones's very able and enthusiastic attack upon *The Story of Philosophy*. It is not usually permitted to an author to answer his critics. Even when allowed, the defense can never be quite as interesting as the assault: assault has the wild flavor of a crusade, while defense slips easily into immodest self-consideration and display; palpable hits bring an ancient delight, and darts turned aside leave a certain dissatisfaction in the soul of the gentle reader. If, in what follows, the expression becomes at times a trifle vigorous, it will not be because these matters deserve to be taken very much to heart, but because it is ungracious, in a debate, to disappoint spectators who have come to see hard blows and dripping blood. On with the fray, then; let us fight for our children!

The "outlines" came because a million voices called for them. Human knowledge had become unmanageably vast; every science had begot a dozen more, each subtler than the rest. The telescope revealed stars and systems beyond the mind of man to number or to name. Geology spoke in terms of millions of years, where men before had thought in terms of thousands. Physics found a universe in the atom, and biology found a microcosm in the cell. Physiology discovered inexhaustible mystery in every organ, and psychology in every dream. Anthropology reconstructed the unsuspected antiquity of man. Archæology un-

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earthed buried cities and forgotten states. History proved all history false, and painted a canvas which only a Spengler or an Eduard Meyer could vision as a whole. Theology crumbled, and political theory cracked. Invention complicated life and war, and economic creeds overturned governments and inflamed the world. Philosophy itself, which had once summoned all sciences to its aid in making a coherent image of the world and an alluring picture of the good, found its task of coördination too stupendous for its courage, ran away from all these battle-fronts of truth, and hid itself in recondite and narrow lanes, timidly secure from the issues and responsibilities of life. Human knowledge had become too great for the human mind.

All that remained was the specialist, who knew "more and more about less and less," and the man in the street, who knew less and less about more and more. The specialist put on blinders in order to shut out from his vision all the world but one little spot, to which he glued his nose. Perspective was lost. "Facts" replaced understanding; and knowledge, split into a thousand isolated fragments, no longer generated wisdom. Every science, and every branch of philosophy, developed a technical terminology intelligible only to its exclusive devotees; as men learned more about the world, they found themselves ever less capable of expressing their new knowledge to their educated fellow men. The gap between life and knowledge grew wider and wider: those who governed could not understand those who thought, and those who wanted to know could not understand those who knew. In the midst of unprecedented learning, popular ignorance flourished, and chose its exemplars to rule the great cities of the world. In the midst of sciences endowed and enthroned as never before, new religions were born every day, and old superstitions recaptured the ground they had lost. The common man found himself forced to choose between a scientific priesthood mumbling unintelligible pessimism, and a theological priesthood mumbling unintelligible hope.

In this situation the function of the professional teacher was clear. It should have been to mediate between the specialist and the nation; to learn the specialist's language, as the specialist had learned nature's, in order to overcome that language, break down the barriers between knowledge and need, and find for new truths old terms that all literate people might understand. For if knowledge became too great for communication, it would degenerate into scholasticism and the weak acceptance of authority; mankind would slip into a new age of faith, worshiping at a respectful distance its new priests; and civilization, which had hoped to raise itself upon knowledge disseminated far and wide, would be left precariously based on a technical erudition that had become the monopoly of an esoteric class monastically isolated from the world by its exclusive terminology. No wonder that all the world applauded when James Harvey Robinson sounded the call for the removal of these barriers, and the humanization of modern knowledge.

But instead of the teachers' conquering the terminology, the terminology conquered them. Having learned a special language, many of them — especially the younger ones — exaggerated its universal value and necessity, and were loath to confess that their knowledge and their wisdom could be presented without their hieratic phraseology. (Even these sentences, by the very contagion of thought, are falling into learned academese.) Having surmounted many difficulties, these younger teachers did not care to see those difficulties removed. Having been forced to read dull textbooks, they were as pleased as sophomores at the sight of other students struggling over them in their turn. Having climbed by a dark and labyrinthine stairway, they were resolved that there should be no lifts. Instead of realizing the vital and human interest of their subjects, they puritanically divested them of all vivacity and pleasure, and became as technical and dull as they could be, secretly convinced that in this way they would give evidence of their respectability, their scholarship, and their depth.

The historians among them wrote exhaustive monographs that would have bored Herodotus or Gibbon to flight, or they amassed gigantic pyramids of historical ashes like the *Cambridge Modern History*. The chemists prepared to poison and blow up the world, and resented Slosson's attempt to let the population know something about it in advance. The physicists discovered that everything they had been teaching for a generation was wrong, but they were unable to express themselves (so they assured us) in terms that more than twelve

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persons could understand. The teachers of philosophy ignored human and intelligible men like Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, and clung conventionally to Hegel and Kant, or punished these pundits with refutations more unintelligible than themselves; they wrote — and sometimes they read — technical family periodicals that beat forever around the same bush, that lost all touch with life and became every year more sterile and inane; they slept through their own lectures while philosophy grew for the most part outside their classrooms, in the goading presence of the changing world. No wonder the honest Spengler denounced them without stint: "The dramatists are the real philosophers; compared with them, not one of the lecture-room philosophers and systematists counts at all. All that these unimportant pedants have done for us is to write and rewrite the history of philosophy (and what history! — collections of dates and 'results') so that no one to-day knows what the history of philosophy is, or what it might be."

It was into this world that the outlines came.

The Public and the Outlines

The first outline, the first effort at the humanization of knowledge, was Plato's *Dialogues*. The professors possibly know, and probably have forgotten, that the Master wrote two sets of works — one in technical language for his students at the Academy, the other a group of popular dialogues designed to lure the average, literate Athenian into philosophy's "dear delight." It did not seem to him any insult to philosophy that it should be transformed into literature, realized as drama, and beautified with style; nor any derogation to its dignity that it should apply itself, even intelligibly, to living problems of morality and the state. By the humor of history his technical works were lost, and his popular works remain. Now the professors scorn popular works, and worship the *Dialogues*.

For us, however, the career of the outline begins with H. G. Wells. The historians did not quite know what to do with *The Outline of History*. Professor Schapiro described it as full of errors, and a liberal education. It *was* full of errors, as any book of large scope is bound to be; but it was an astonishing and stimulating performance for one mind. The journalistic genius of Mr. Wells had tied the volumes up with the move toward international peace, and had entered them as an important team in the "race between education and catastrophe." No one wanted catastrophe, so everyone purchased the book. History became popular, and the historians became alarmed; now it would be necessary for them to write as interestingly as H. G. Wells.

Strange to say, two of them did. Professor Breasted, of Chicago and Egypt, revised and improved an old textbook, and Professor Robinson did the same; an enterprising publishing firm gathered their work into two handsome volumes, gave them a captivating title — *The Human Adventure* — and issued the best outline of all, a masterpiece of exposition as authoritative as a German and as clear as a Gaul. Nothing in their field has equaled those volumes to date.

Meanwhile Hendrik Willem Van Loon had romped over the same ground with a pen in one hand, a pencil in the other, and a twinkle in his eye. He cared nothing for dignity, and loved a joke surpassing well; he went laughing down the centuries, and pointed his moral with drawings and smiles. Adults bought *The Story of Mankind* for their children, and surreptitiously read it themselves. The world was becoming scandalously informed about history.

The appetite of the layman grew by what it fed on. There were in America millions of men and women who had been unable to go to college, and who thirsted for the findings of history and science; even those who had gone through college showed a moderate hunger for knowledge. When John Macy published *The Story of the World's Literature*, thousands welcomed it as a genial and illuminating survey of a fascinating field. And when *The Story of Philosophy* appeared, it had the good fortune to catch this wave of curiosity on the rise, and to be lifted to an undreamed-of popularity. Readers were astonished to discover that philosophy need not be as mortally dry as they had found it in classrooms. They passed along the word to their friends, and soon it became the fashion to praise, even to buy, this book that had been written for a few. All in all, it was such a success as no author who has known it once can ever hope to know again.

Then came the flood. Outline followed outline, "story" followed "story;" science and art, religion and law had their storiographers,

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and Bekker's slight essay was avidly transformed into *The Story of Religion*. One author produced in one volume an outline of all knowledge, thereby making Wells, Van Loon, Macy, Slosson, Breasted, and the rest superfluous. The public appetite was quickly satiated; critics and professors complained of superficiality and haste; and an undertow of resentment set in which reached every outline from the last to the first. As quickly as it had come, the fashion changed. No one dared any longer say a word for the humanization of knowledge. The denunciation of outlines became the easy road to repute. It became the style to speak with a delicate superiority of any nonfiction book that could be understood. The snob movement in literature set in.

The Crimes of the "Story"

All this was according to the law of fashion — that every mode tends to be followed by an equal and opposite mode. It must be accepted like other phenomena of crowd psychology; and an author who basked so gratefully in the praise of 1926 must bear with equanimity the squalls of 1929. Even if the labor of many years is judged and ruined by a young man's quarter of an hour, there is no remedy known for it but patience and hard work. One whose last book attacked the professors heartily must not complain if he is waylaid in turn. And perhaps it is well that those who have been fortunate should be lowered a bit for the good of their souls.

Therefore, at whatever risk of spoiling this debate, let it be admitted that *The Story of Philosophy* was shot through with defects. First of all, it was incomplete. The total omission of Scholastic philosophy was an outrage, forgivable only in one who had suffered much from it in college, and abominated it thereafter as savoring more of dishonest theology than of honest philosophy. It is true that in some instances (Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Spencer, and Voltaire) the exposition of doctrine was more complete than in most histories of philosophy, regardless of their length. And it is also true that the very first page frankly announced:

> This book is not a complete history of philosophy. It is an attempt to humanize knowledge by centering the story of speculative thought around certain dominant personalities. Lesser figures have been omitted in order that those selected might have the space required to make them live.

Nevertheless the incompleteness remained. Perhaps, in a year or two, those absent chapters on Chinese and Hindu philosophy, on Zeno and Epicurus, Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, Abelard and Aquinas, Machiavelli and Bruno, Hobbes and Leibnitz, Hume and Hegel and Comte will be inserted, and *The Story of Philosophy* will better deserve the friends it has made. As for the word *Story*, which has been so abused with use, it was chosen partly to indicate that the record would not be complete, and partly to convey the sense that the development of thought was a romance as stirring as any in history. As the French translation entitles it, it offered *le roman de la philosophie* — the romance of philosophy.

No apology is tendered for the shameful neglect of epistemology. That dismal science received its due in the chapter on Kant, where for forty pages the reader was invited to consider the puzzles of perception. This chapter should have pleased the young instructors, for it came very near to obscurity. (However, one professor of philosophy in a Mid-West university sent in the information that he had been teaching Kant for fifteen years, and had never understood his meaning until he read this chapter.) For the rest, the book suggested unamiably that the nature of the knowledge process was but one of the many problems of philosophy; that it was unfit to absorb the attention which the professors and the Germans had lavished upon it; and that its weary exploitation was largely responsible for the decadence of philosophy.

The French have never yielded to this craze for epistemology to the exclusion of moral and political, historical and religious philosophy; and to-day even the Germans are recovering from it. Hear Keyserling: "Philosophy is essentially the completion of science in the synthesis of wisdom. . . . Epistemology, phenomenology, logic, etc., certainly are important

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branches of science." (Precisely, they are branches of *science* just as much as chemistry or anatomy.) "But it was an unmitigated evil that as a result of this the sense for the living synthesis should have disappeared." This from a German — a Daniel come to judgment. And Spengler describes the earlier Chinese philosophers, down to Confucius, as "statesmen, regents, lawgivers, like Pythagoras and Parmenides, like Hobbes and Leibnitz. . . . They were sturdy philosophers for whom epistemology meant the knowledge of the important relations of actual life." Doubtless, now that epistemology has died in Germany, it will be exported to America as a fit return for the gift of democracy.

The Chinese philosophers (whose omission was the real sin of the *Story*) were not only averse to epistemology, they had an almost Gallic disdain for prolonged metaphysics. No young professor could admit that Confucius is a philosopher, for Confucius says nothing about metaphysics, and less about epistemology; he is as positivistic as Spencer or Comte; his concern is always with morals and the state. Worse than that, he is disreputably intelligible; nothing could be so damaging to a philosopher.

The classroom hugs metaphysics, and avoids the living problems of morality and government, because it has insulated itself from the world, and life passes by it unfelt and unheard. Esoteric puzzles are welcomed, because there is less dynamite in them, and more dignity. The *Story* presumed that the function of philosophy is to clarify to a people its actual character and its ideal possibilities, while the function of statesmanship is to utilize that character to realize those possibilities. Philosophy and statesmanship were conceived as being like thought and action — coöperating halves of a science of the whole. Which was worse — to stress social philosophy as against metaphysics, to put philosophy's best foot forward in order to lure readers to her delights, or to present, not the whole, but other parts, of philosophy in language and forms so dull and technical that thousands of students turned in disgust from it to other fields?

Indeed, this conception of philosophy as primarily a matter of coördinating character, life, and society (a conception defended at length in *Philosophy and the Social Problem*) was only a return to that larger view of philosophy which prevailed among the Greeks. In Plato and Aristotle, epistemology and metaphysics are kept severely subordinate to the study of morals and government. "As I read Plato," says Professor Dewey, "philosophy began with some sense of its essentially political basis and mission — a recognition that its problems were those of the organization of a just social order. But it soon got lost in dreams of another world."

It was Professor Dewey who spoke of the *Story* as not a popularization but a humanization of philosophy. The book had never for a moment tried to be popular; indeed, neither the author nor the publisher had dreamed of its becoming popular. Was its style "journalistic"? It would be a bitter truth if it were so, for the book aimed at form and structure in every chapter, and at careful expression in every line; nothing could be more alien to its aim than journalistic slovenliness of speech. Humanization need not be vulgarization; to struggle over every sentence, that it may have some beauty in it, is better than to drag a subject into the mud of staccato sentences, baby paragraphs, and slang.

If the biographical sketches in the book were made an important part of the narrative, it was with the same justification that warrants the literary historian in describing the foibles of his heroes; it seemed excusable to make these old thinkers live in the vision of the reader, so that he might feel at home with them, and be glad to have them for his friends. Each chapter, too, contained a background of "general history," because every philosophy was felt as a natural product of a man's time as well as of his character. To see it in this full perspective seemed no offense against true history, but rather a warranted innovation in the treatment of philosophy. And yet these biographical and historical introductions were always brief in comparison with the exposition: in the treatment of Plato they occupied four pages out of fifty-seven; in Aristotle, six out of forty-eight;

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in Kant, four out of fifty; in Schopenhauer, nine out of fifty-five.

The *Story* tried to salt itself with a seasoning of humor, not only because wisdom is not wise if it scares away merriness, but because a sense of humor, being born of perspective, bears a kinship to philosophy; each is the soul of the other. This, however, displeased the pundits; nothing so hurt the book with them as its smiles. A reputation for humor is disastrous to statesmen and philosophers: Germany could not forgive Schopenhauer his story of Unzelmann, and only France has recognized the depth behind the wit and brilliance of Voltaire.

The ten years of research and three years of writing that went into the *Story* would have won more acclaim from the pedagogues had the book been couched in a little more obscurity. Being clear, the thing could not possibly be philosophy; dullness is by sacred tradition the necessary mark of the scholar; and if a man cannot make himself understood, he must be profound. But "the whole end of speech," says Confucius, "is to be understood." Obscurity is laziness; clarity is a task. Doubtless a page of the *Story* does not test the mind like a (metaphysical) page of Schopenhauer; but the aim of the book was not to test the mind, but to illuminate it; not to create obscurity, but to dispel it. We have become so accustomed to windy verbiage in philosophy that without the verbiage the professors cannot recognize it as philosophy. One must pay a penalty for having a Frenchman's prejudice in favor of clarity. Oh, for the obscurity of a German!

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An Invitation to Philosophy

The final charge, and the worst, is that the book misled its readers into supposing that by studying it they would become philosophers; that now they were saved the trouble of reading the philosophers themselves. If this is so, send for the executioner and let him burn the book. God knows there is no short cut to knowledge. After forty years of seeking it, one finds truth still veiled, and what she shows of herself most disconcerting. Instead of aiming to be a substitute for philosophers, the *Story* explicitly offered itself as an introduction and an invitation. It quoted the philosophers lavishly, so that the taste for them might linger when the book was closed. Time and again it prodded the reader to the original texts (for instance, on pages 22, 67, 121, 289, 331, 425, 438); and warning was given that one reading of them would hardly be enough. Thus —

> Spinoza is not to be read, he is to be studied; you must approach him as you would approach Euclid, recognizing that in these brief two hundred pages a man has written down his lifetime's thought with stoic sculptury of everything superfluous. Do not think to find its core by running over it rapidly. . . . Read the book not all at once, but in small portions at many sittings. And having finished it, consider that you have but begun to understand it. Read then some commentary, like Pollock's *Spinoza*, or Martineau's *Study of Spinoza*; or, better, both. Finally, read the *Ethics* again; it will be a new book to you. When you have finished it a second time you will remain forever a lover of philosophy.

Presumably the best test of the matter is the report of many booksellers that the sales of the philosophical classics increased some two hundred per cent after the publication of the *Story*. Many publishers have issued new editions, particularly of Plato, Spinoza, Voltaire, Schopenhauer, and Nietzsche. In many colleges the registration for courses in philosophy has almost doubled in the last three years. A high official of the New York Public Library, who asks to be left unnamed, reports that

> ever since the publication of *The Story of Philosophy* we have had a wide and increasing demand from the public for the philosophical classics, and our stock of them in the branch libraries has been gradually increased. Formerly, current books about philosophy were purchased in small quantities for the system; but in the last two or three years a readable new book about philosophy is purchased very generally at the outset in anticipation of a demand which evidently does develop, and quickly at that.

Perhaps, then, we may dismiss the executioner, and the crime of writing the *Story of Philosophy* may be forgiven — even the crime of this lengthy defense of it from criticisms that hardly stand the test of investigation. Yes, it was full of blemishes, but it achieved its pur-

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pose: not to offer the reader "a philosophy adequate for modern life," but to open an avenue of light and friendship between him and at least a few of the profoundest minds of our race.

Let us not be ashamed of teaching the people. These jealous ones who would guard their knowledge from the world have only themselves to blame if their exclusiveness, their barbarous terminology, and their dull incompetence as teachers have led the world to seek in books, in lectures, and in adult education, the instruction which they themselves have failed to give. Let them be grateful that their halting efforts are aided by "rank outsiders" who love life enough to let it humanize their teaching. Perhaps each kind of teacher can be of aid to the other: the cautious scholar to check our enthusiasm with accuracy, and the enthusiast to pour warmth and blood into the fruits of scholarship. Between us we might build up in America an audience fit to listen to geniuses, and therefore ready to produce them. We are all imperfect teachers, but we may be pardoned if we have advanced the matter a little, and have done our best. We announce the prologue, and retire; after us, better players will come.

III — Rebuttal

by HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

MR. DURANT has so gracefully admitted the defects which make his *Story of Philosophy* an unreliable guide that it is well-nigh discourteous to find fault with him again. His essay presents an appealing picture of hungry sheep who look up and are not fed. It seems odd, however, if "a million voices" called for the outlines, that hundreds of thousands of dollars had to be spent in high-pressure advertising to get the books sold.

On the other hand, the enormous increase in college enrollments during the last decades seems to me to indicate the real drift of the matter. And since Mr. Durant gives us an adroitly colored picture of professional teachers conquered by terminology, mere lecture-room philosophers and unimportant pedants puritanically divesting their subjects of "vital and human interest," I am forced to wonder whether there is something wrong with his picture, or whether there is some insane mania among the hungry sheep for more of the same dull fodder. Remembering, however, that John Dewey, John Livingston Lowes, John R. Commons, William E. Dodd, James Westfall Thompson, Dana C. Munro, Robert Morss Lovett, Morris Cohen, T. V. Smith, Edwin Greenlaw, R. A. Millikan, and a host of others are all university professors, and remembering more of my colleagues who appear to be a very human lot, I am impressed by the vitality of their instruction, and the eagerness with which it is received.

Many are they, said Aristotle, who love learning, but few are they who are willing to undertake the labor of it. Mr. Durant has confused the vague desire to know and the fallacy of learning without labor. Between specialized knowledge and the naïve outline books there is a middle ground in which the trained specialist can, and does, intervene; and, outside the colleges, there are a dozen manuals in every field of thought which clearly and authoritatively introduce the student to the intricacies of their subjects. Such books are not ballyhooed by publishers, they are not sold on emotionally stirring terms; but they are attractive and admirably serve the purpose for which they were written. Such a series is the *Hogarth Lecture Series;* such another is the *Home University Library*. Are not such introductions, read quietly in the study by thoughtful people, to be preferred as a democratic instrument of culture to books which promise everything in one volume and are pushed in the market (like a real estate development) to the accompaniment of gorgeous advertising as noisy as a brass band?

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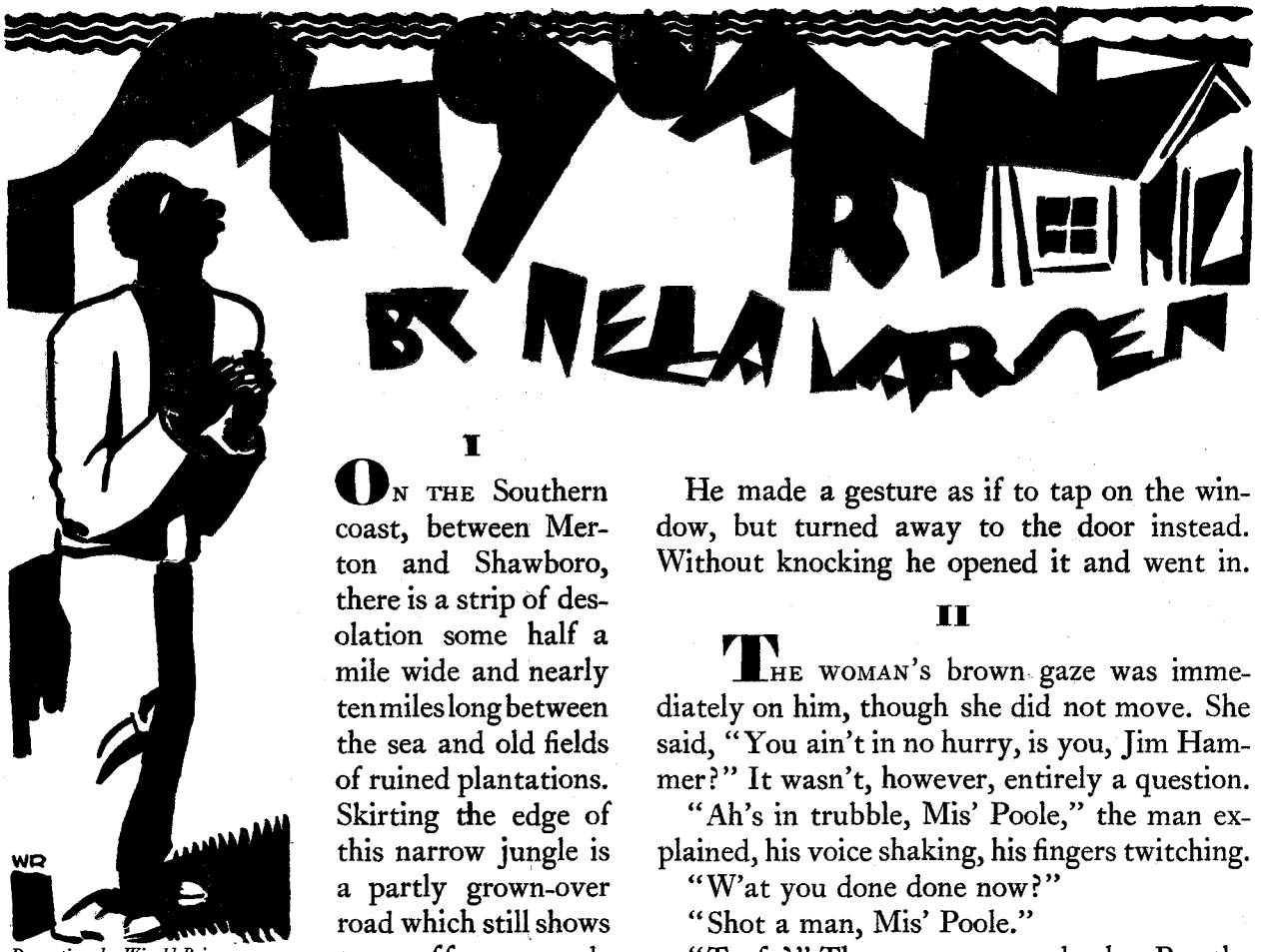

Decorations by Winold Reiss

I

On the Southern coast, between Merton and Shawboro, there is a strip of desolation some half a mile wide and nearly ten miles long between the sea and old fields of ruined plantations. Skirting the edge of this narrow jungle is a partly grown-over road which still shows traces of furrows made by the wheels of wagons that have long since rotted away or been cut into firewood. This road is little used, now that the state has built its new highway a bit to the west and wagons are less numerous than automobiles.

In the forsaken road a man was walking swiftly. But in spite of his hurry, at every step he set down his feet with infinite care for the night was windless and the heavy silence intensified each sound; even the breaking of a twig could be plainly heard. And the man had need of caution as well as haste.

Before a lonely cottage that shrank timidly back from the road the man hesitated a moment, then struck out across the patch of green in front of it. Stepping behind a clump of bushes close to the house, he looked in through the lighted window at Annie Poole, standing at her kitchen table mixing the supper biscuits.

He was a big, black man with pale brown eyes in which there was an odd mixture of fear and amazement. The light showed streaks of gray soil on his heavy, sweating face and great hands, and on his torn clothes. In his woolly hair clung bits of dried leaves and dead grass.

He made a gesture as if to tap on the window, but turned away to the door instead. Without knocking he opened it and went in.

II

The woman's brown gaze was immediately on him, though she did not move. She said, "You ain't in no hurry, is you, Jim Hammer?" It wasn't, however, entirely a question.

"Ah's in trubble, Mis' Poole," the man explained, his voice shaking, his fingers twitching.

"W'at you done done now?"

"Shot a man, Mis' Poole."

"Trufe?" The woman seemed calm. But the word was spat out.

"Yas'm. Shot 'im." In the man's tone was something of wonder, as if he himself could not quite believe that he had really done this thing which he affirmed.

"Daid?"

"Dunno, Mis' Poole. Dunno."

"White man o' niggah?"

"Cain't say, Mis' Poole. White man, Ah reckons."

Annie Poole looked at him with cold contempt. She was a tiny, withered woman — fifty perhaps — with a wrinkled face the color of old copper, framed by a crinkly mass of white hair. But about her small figure was some quality of hardness that belied her appearance of frailty. At last she spoke, boring her sharp little eyes into those of the anxious creature before her.

"An' w'at am you lookin' foh me to do 'bout et?"

"Jes' lemme stop till dey's gone by. Hide me till dey passes. Reckon dey ain't fur off now." His begging voice changed to a frightened whimper. "Foh de Lawd's sake, Mis' Poole, lemme stop."

And why, the woman inquired caustically,

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should she run the dangerous risk of hiding him?

"Obadiah, he'd lemme stop ef he was to home," the man whined.

Annie Poole sighed. "Yas," she admitted, slowly, reluctantly, "Ah spec' he would. Obadiah, he's too good to youall no 'count trash." Her slight shoulders lifted in a hopeless shrug. "Yas, Ah reckon he'd do et. Emspecial' seein how he allus set such a heap o' store by you. Cain't see w'at foh, mahse'f. Ah shuah don' see nuffin' in you but a heap o' dirt."

But a look of irony, of cunning, of complicity passed over her face. She went on, "Still, 'siderin' all an' all, how Obadiah's right fon' o' you, an' how white folks is white folks, Ah'm a-gwine hide you dis one time."

Crossing the kitchen, she opened a door leading into a small bedroom, saying, "Git yo'se'f in dat dere feather baid an' Ah'm a-gwine put de clo's on de top. Don' reckon dey'll fin' you ef dey does look foh you in mah house. An Ah don' spec' dey'll go foh to do dat. Not lessen you been keerless an' let 'em smell you out gittin' hyah." She turned on him a withering look. "But you allus been triflin'. Cain't do nuffin propah. An' Ah'm a-tellin' you ef dey warn't white folks an' you a po' niggah, Ah shuah wouldn't be lettin' you mess up mah feather baid dis ebenin', 'cose Ah jes' plain don' want you hyah. Ah done kep' mahse'f outen trubble all mah life. So's Obadiah."

"Ah's powahful 'bliged to you, Mis' Poole. You shuah am one good 'oman. De Lawd'll mos' suttinly —"

Annie Poole cut him off. "Dis ain't no time foh all dat kin' o' fiddle-de-roll. Ah does mah duty as Ah sees et 'thout no thanks from you. Ef de Lawd had gib you a white face 'stead o' dat dere black one, Ah shuah would turn you out. Now hush yo' mouf an' git yo'se'f in. An' don' git movin' and scrunchin' undah dose covahs and git yo'se'f kotched in mah house."

Without further comment the man did as he was told. After he had laid his soiled body and grimy garments between her snowy sheets, Annie Poole carefully rearranged the covering and placed piles of freshly laundered linen on top. Then she gave a pat here and there, eyed the result, and finding it satisfactory, went back to her cooking.

JIM HAMMER settled down to the racking business of waiting until the approaching danger should have passed him by. Soon savory odors seeped in to him and he realized that he was hungry. He wished that Annie Poole would bring him something to eat. Just one biscuit. But she wouldn't, he knew. Not she. She was a hard one, Obadiah's mother.

By and by he fell into a sleep from which he was dragged back by the rumbling sound of wheels in the road outside. For a second fear clutched so tightly at him that he almost leaped from the suffocating shelter of the bed in order to make some active attempt to escape the horror that his capture meant. There was a spasm at his heart, a pain so sharp, so slashing that he had to suppress an impulse to cry out. He felt himself falling. Down, down, down. . . . Everything grew dim and very distant in his memory. . . . Vanished. . . . Came rushing back.

Outside there was silence. He strained his ears. Nothing. No footsteps. No voices. They had gone on then. Gone without even stopping to ask Annie Poole if she had seen him pass that way. A sigh of relief slipped from him. His

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thick lips curled in an ugly, cunning smile. It had been smart of him to think of coming to Obadiah's mother's to hide. She was an old demon, but he was safe in her house.

He lay a short while longer listening intently, and, hearing nothing, started to get up. But immediately he stopped, his yellow eyes glowing like pale flames. He had heard the unmistakable sound of men coming toward the house. Swiftly he slid back into the heavy, hot stuffiness of the bed and lay listening fearfully.

The terrifying sounds drew nearer. Slowly. Heavily. Just for a moment he thought they were not coming in — they took so long. But there was a light knock and the noise of a door being opened. His whole body went taut. His feet felt frozen, his hands clammy, his tongue like a weighted, dying thing. His pounding heart made it hard for his straining ears to hear what they were saying out there.

"Ebenin', Mistah Lowndes." Annie Poole's voice sounded as it always did, sharp and dry.

There was no answer. Or had he missed it? With slow care he shifted his position, bringing his head nearer the edge of the bed. Still he heard nothing. What were they waiting for? Why didn't they ask about him?

Annie Poole, it seemed, was of the same mind. "Ah don' reckon youall done traipsed 'way out hyah jes' foh yo' healf," she hinted.

"There's bad news for you, Annie, I'm 'fraid." The sheriff's voice was low and queer.

Jim Hammer visualized him standing out there — a tall, stooped man, his white tobacco-stained mustache drooping limply at the ends, his nose hooked and sharp, his eyes blue and cold. Bill Lowndes was a hard one too. And white.

"W'atall bad news, Mistah Lowndes?" The woman put the question quietly, directly.

"Obadiah —" the sheriff began — hesitated — began again. "Obadiah — ah — er he's outside, Annie. I'm 'fraid — "

"Shucks! You done missed. Obadiah, he ain't done nuffin', Mistah Lowndes. Obadiah!" she called stridently, "Obadiah! git hyah an' splain yo'se'f."

But Obadiah didn't answer, didn't come in. Other men came in. Came in with steps that dragged and halted. No one spoke. Not even Annie Poole. Something was laid carefully upon the floor.

"Obadiah, chile," his mother said softly, "Obadiah, chile." Then, with sudden alarm, "He ain't daid, is he? Mistah Lowndes! Obadiah, he ain't daid?"

Jim Hammer didn't catch the answer to that pleading question. A new fear was stealing over him.

"There was a to-do, Annie," Bill Lowndes explained gently, "at the garage back o' the factory. Fellow tryin' to steal tires. Obadiah heerd a noise an' run out with two or three others. Scared the rascal all right. Fired off his gun an' run. We allow et to be Jim Hammer. Picked up his cap back there. Never was no 'count. Thievin' an' sly. But we'll git 'im, Annie. We'll git 'im."

The man huddled in the feather bed prayed silently. "Oh, Lawd! Ah didn't go to do et. Not Obadiah, Lawd. You knows dat. You knows et." And into his frenzied brain came the thought that it would be better for him to get up and go out to them before Annie Poole gave him away. For he was lost now. With all his great strength he tried to get himself out of the bed. But he couldn't.

"Oh Lawd!" he moaned, "Oh Lawd!" His thoughts were bitter and they ran through his mind like panic. He knew that it had come to pass as it said somewhere in the Bible about the wicked. The Lord had stretched out his hand and smitten him. He was paralyzed. He couldn't move hand or foot. He moaned again. It was all there was left for him to do. For in the terror of this new calamity that had come upon him he had forgotten the waiting danger

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which was so near out there in the kitchen.

His hunters, however, didn't hear him. Bill Lowndes was saying, "We been a-lookin' for Jim out along the old road. Figured he'd make tracks for Shawboro. You ain't noticed anybody pass this evenin', Annie?"

The reply came promptly, unwaveringly. "No, Ah ain't sees nobody pass. Not yet."

IV

JIM HAMMER caught his breath.

"Well," the sheriff concluded, "we'll be gittin' along. Obadiah was a mighty fine boy. Ef they was all like him —. I'm sorry, Annie. Anything I c'n do let me know."

"Thank you, Mistah Lowndes."

With the sound of the door closing on the departing men, power to move came back to the man in the bedroom. He pushed his dirt-caked feet out from the covers and rose up, but crouched down again. He wasn't cold now, but hot all over and burning. Almost he wished that Bill Lowndes and his men had taken him with them.

Annie Poole had come into the room.

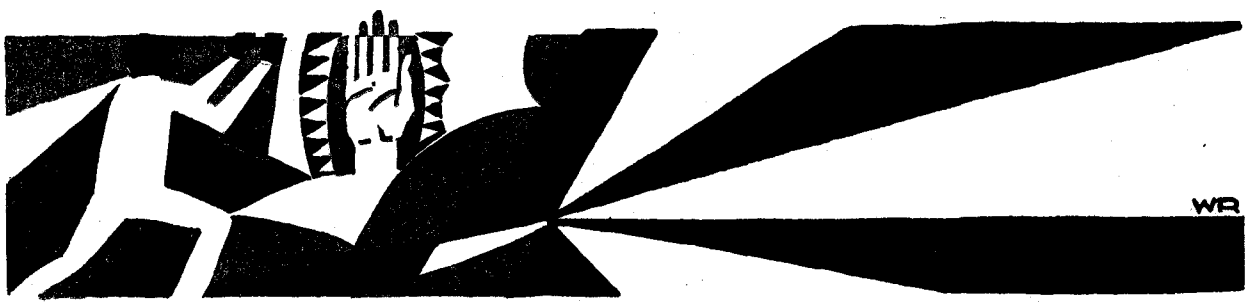
It seemed a long time before Obadiah's mother spoke. When she did there were no tears, no reproaches; but there was a raging fury in her voice as she lashed out, "Git outen mah feather baid, Jim Hammer, an' outen mah house, an' don' nevah stop thankin' yo' Jesus he done gib you dat black face."

Epitaph For A Good Woman

HERE lies the fretful heart of one
Who had no patience with the sun,
Who yanked the window curtains down
To save her carpet's patterned brown;
Here lie the stark and still remains
Of her who cried against the rains,
And would not suffer flakes of snow
Upon her doorstep — but would go
With fury to her kitchen-room
For hat and mittens, coat and broom.
Here are her bones, but is she free
From all she fought so bitterly?
Will she rest softly in this earth
She hated from her very birth?
Already snow is smoking white
Across her dooryard; by to-night
The witless, gloating wind will heap
Her narrow doorway high and deep
In this light stuff she swept away
With venom every winter day.

What will the dreary creature do
In Heaven? Tidy up the blue
Of God's own dooryard? Surely Hell
Would satisfy her rather well,
Since she could struggle in despair
To far, far better purpose there.

— Martha Banning Thomas



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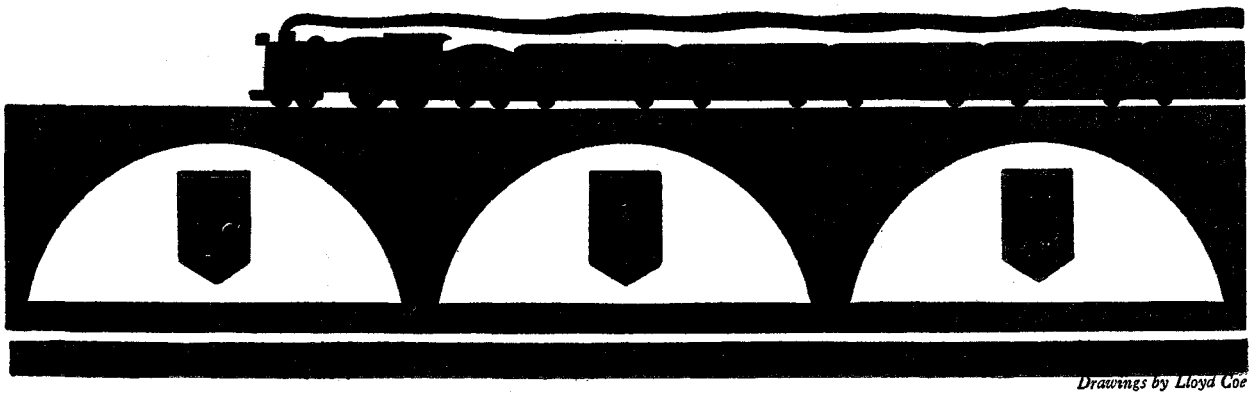

Drawings by Lloyd Coe

Our Muddling World

The United States of Europe

by **SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA**

I

As for sound, "the United States of Europe" is undoubtedly fine. It has the right pitch; it rings in tune with the age. Everything is now *á l'Americaine*. "Other countries," said Mr. Irving Babbitt in these very columns, "are now lamenting the evils of 'Americanism' and at the same time getting themselves Americanized as fast as they conveniently can." * The whole world is now fascinated by the United States — by its wealth, its power, its speed. With that eagerness to believe which is one of the most pathetic features of the human race, the world wants to discover the hidden principle of success responsible for the turbulent prosperity of the American nation and for her marvelous expansion. So American life becomes the model which, consciously or subconsciously, all life is now imitating.

The two names under which the idea of European federation is being discussed reveal American models: Pan-Europa is an image of Pan-Americanism; the United States of Europe, an image of the United States of America. But the names are not the only imitations. The ideas behind the European movement also draw their inspiration from overseas. They spring from the well-known argument wherewith English free-trade economists have endeavored to parry the thrusts at their doctrine — thrusts based on the prosperity of a nation so highly protective as America. They say that America is prosperous because it constitutes a vast, interior territory under free trade. "Likewise," runs the argument, "let us constitute such a territory in a federated Europe, and our industries will flourish because they will be able to cater to a vast population."

The same attitude of subconscious imitation underlies the groping toward a political federation of Europe. Instinctively it is felt that the balance of power in the world has been upset by the overdevelopment of the United States into a huge mass of power concentrated under one unified will. In the political system of the world, such a mass exerts an overwhelming effect which prevents the easy working of the remaining forces. It is therefore but natural that there should emerge a tendency to amalgamate a number of smaller masses in order to create in Europe an adequate counterweight to the immense weight of the United States.

The tendencies thus described are still obscure, and the ideas to which they lead are correspondingly vague. Yet they have attained sufficient definiteness for a statesman to handle them as political raw material. It is true that from his native Brittany M. Briand

* "President Eliot and American Education," The Forum for January, 1929.

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brings to international — and national — politics a refreshing capacity for seizing imponderables and for hearing the faint voices wafted by all the winds of opinion. Yet, when the tenets of Pan-Europa, preached with consummate ability from his Viennese headquarters by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, are taken over and expanded in official speeches by the French Prime Minister, the time has come to meditate on them and to try to make them yield whatever gold of international coöperation they may secrete.

II

THE OTHER DAY I was motoring from Geneva to Oxford. There is a point on the road where the utility of the car goes through an eclipse. Great Britain does not yet feel sufficiently welded into the United States of Europe to consent to the building of Channel tunnels which would link her roads and railways with those of the Continent. We had, of course, to board a steamer, which by a graceful homage to the memory of one of the founders of Europe was called *Maid of Orleans*. The Paris trains had not yet arrived, but the boat was there ready to receive us, and I tried to avail myself of this opportunity to secure a good seat on board. Alas, I had forgotten that the *Maid of Orleans* was not merely a bridge between two separate coasts but also the frontier between two separate nations. I had to go back to the station and present my passport to the authorities of the French State.

General rule: wherever there is a state official there is a queue. In fact the queue precedes the official, and no self-respecting wielder of state authority would condescend to come to business unless he had in front of him a herd of wretched citizens formed in a line the length of which is proportionate to his sense of his own importance. The official in Boulogne must have been very important indeed, for his cheery face and spirited cigar did not deign to put in an appearance until our queue could compare favorably with the length of the ship which was to swallow it in (over)due time.

What can one do in a queue unless one meditates? So I meditated on the United States of Europe. It occurred to me that the subject bore a somewhat melancholy yet apt relation to the time and place, for if the United States of Europe, which some well-meaning idealists advocate, could be realized, I presume the Channel tunnels would be built and passports done away with; and I should have been motoring along a finely ventilated and illuminated underwater avenue toward England, instead of closely watching the rabbit fur round the neck of a tired lady, while poising my weight now on my right foot, now on my left.

I remembered another occasion when I also took refuge in dreams of a European federation. I was going from Paris to Copenhagen and had to cross Belgium, Holland, and Germany before I arrived in Denmark — all within forty-eight hours. In order to buy a newspaper during the twenty minutes the train stopped in Brussels, I had first to acquire Belgian money; the cigarettes I bought in Amsterdam during a short stop required another financial operation, while my dinner in Hamburg necessitated the purchase of heavy quantities of depreciated marks. As for passport and luggage visitations, they were so frequent that when I arrived in Copenhagen I felt like a closely watched criminal and an inveterate smuggler.

Let us abolish all this medieval nonsense. Let us turn to the future, imitate the United States, standardize, rationalize, produce and distribute in and for wide areas of thickly populated regions basking in unclouded prosperity. Let us federate and form the United States of Europe. My thoughts went back to M. Briand; my eyes fell on the rabbit fur of the lady waiting with her passport in her hand; thence on the ship also waiting to take her human cargo over the untunneled sea, and on her historical name — *Maid of Orleans*. "That," I thought, "explains this." The Maid of Orleans lived and died for the spirit which has brought upon us queues and frontiers.

III

HOW MISLEADING, then, that expression, "The United States of Europe!" The states of America could unite because they were not, as are those of Europe, the bodies in which nations had been incarnated. You cannot unite the states of Europe without uniting the nations of Europe. And the nations of Europe cannot be united because no one but God can unite that which God created apart.

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Frontiers, passports, coinages, stamps, languages are but outward signs. The inner substance is the national spirit which animates these different nations and makes them different. Now those who, led by a false analogy, would federate the nations of Europe, forget that within her little plot of land, this tiny peninsula of the Asiatic continent, which we have honored by the name of continent because of the sheer wealth of life which it has produced, is honeycombed with distinctive, separate nationhoods, most if not all of which possess an astounding power of self-expression. The European is an abstraction. To my mind, at any rate, the word evokes an illustration in my school geography book, depicting an obvious Frenchman, very prim and correct in his morning coat and bowler hat, with that short, pointed beard in which — as our national humorist, Camba, says — there always lingers a faint smell of *sauce piquante*. But Europe is inhabited by men and women so varied and so rich in spirit, each in his own way, that all synthesis is hopeless and all generalizations break down.

Let the mind recall towns like Versailles, Bonn, Granada, Königsberg, Oxford, Vienna, Venice, Carcassonne, Toledo, Nuremberg, Bruges, Naples, Amsterdam, Stockholm. Let our imagination dwell on the Dutch peasant woman and the Breton, the Neapolitan lazzarone, the French *maîtresse de maison*, the English duke, the German scholar, the Andalusian gypsy, the Basque priest, the Polish musician. Let our sensibility successively espouse the mood of Dante's poetry, Rabelais' boisterous laughter, Cervantes' quiet humor, Shakespeare's all-embracing sympathy, Goethe's godlike comprehension, Mozart's smiling serenity, Velásquez' penetrating gaze, Titian's sensuous gorgeousness, El Greco's heavenward yearnings, Swedenborg's visions, St. John of the Cross's sublime raptures, Bach's spiritual harmonies, Voltaire's alert criticism, Shaw's diabolical cleverness — was there ever in the history of the world a corner of the globe more richly favored with the gifts of the spirit?

And this, the wealth of Europe, is also the cause of her divisions. Frontiers remain because they limit the area on which a national spirit has been cultivated for twenty centuries by the mutual influence of man and nature. The national spirit thus fostered develops an instinct of self-preservation which draws abundant vitality from the nation's contemplation of its past achievements, notably in the realm of history, the arts, and the sciences. The situation becomes further complicated by the growth of economic ambition, which grafts new distrusts on the old enmities handed down by history. And thus the family of European nations becomes a nest of mutually inimical neighbors, uneasily watching their ever-threatened frontiers.

It is here that the United States of Europe first comes to close grips with reality. For if the matter could be solved by a mere *Zollverein*, it would have been solved already. But the economic strife between European nations is only the outward sign of a spiritual disunion, and spiritual unity must come before, and not after, economic unity. Try as they may, a mere economic union will be found impossible. All competent persons who care to give a thought to the matter are sure to come to the conclusion that a *Zollverein* would necessitate political organs to apportion production and distribution, as well as the profits therefrom, to the several nations. Why? Because, owing to the conflicting economic and other interests of the several nations, the matter could not be run on purely economic lines. And why should there be conflicting economic interests? Because each of several nations is animated by a separate national consciousness, or, in other terms, because the economic is by no means the main interest of nations but only a condition of their existence as separate human units.

Europe is not, like America, a vast continent inhabited by a uniform population without conflicting spiritual interests. The absolute oneness of America's economic interests is probably a fallacy. At any rate, many a New England cotton mill owner is entitled to think it so. But her spiritual oneness is a fact and suffices to bridge over whatever economic cracks may appear on her national soil. In Europe, on the contrary, efforts toward an economic oneness which might be reasonably developed are bound to meet with a powerful

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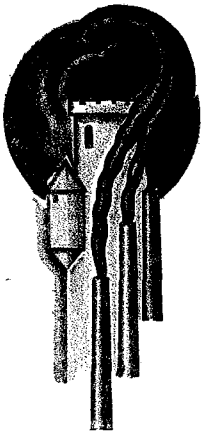
obstacle — the fact that, spiritually, Europe is not one but composed of many strongly individualized national spirits.



IV

THIS STRONG individualization is the key motive of European life. If, in the national sphere, it keeps alive sharp differences which split Europe into clearly defined national units, it stamps most European productions with a characteristic seal, thus introducing a strong spiritual element in economics. And this is the second obstacle on the path of the Pan-European idea. Behind this idea there lies the conscious or subconscious wish to imitate the standardization and rationalization of economic life which the United States of America has developed. But America's vast population is homogeneous, though composed for the most part of mongrels (with all respect), is almost free from economic as from other kinds of tradition, and is devoted to the production of goods with no particular specialization. In one word, the economic life of the United States of America is built on the principle of quantity.

In Europe, on the other hand, a score of different peoples — strongly individualized as peoples, and also formed of strongly individualized individuals — are engaged in a variety of productions handed down by ancient tradition, deeply rooted in history and in the soil, and utterly rebellious both to standardization and to rationalization. For Europe specializes in the production of quality, by which is meant distinctive difference — a specialization or individualization which often entails the sacrifice of quantity. (Thus, for instance, a dress by a leading French dressmaker is not repeated at all, or is repeated in only a small number of copies. Thus, again, the quality of sherry wine is secured by sacrificing seventy-five per cent of the grape crop on the branch.) Though much of what she produces might be standardized and rationalized, Europe would thereby evolve away from her own self; she would go astray in the deepest sense of the phrase, were she to adopt principles and methods of production born in and for other lands. That her instincts are alive in this respect is shown by the difficulty experienced whenever the Taylor system has been tried with European workers. The worker willingly foregoes an increase in wages which has to be earned at the expense of his freedom to carry on work as he pleases.

Nor is this all. For the Pan-Europa movement, like the Pan-American movement of which it is the image, relies implicitly on the idea of a continent, while it is obvious that a continent is nearly always a far weaker bond of union than a sea. Egypt is closer to Italy than to the Republic of South Africa; Spain to the Argentine Republic than to Finland; England to Canada than to Greece. And anyone who cares to look at the Atlantic and then at either the American or the European continent will immediately realize that there is far more unity between all the nations looking at each other along the shores of the first than among the nations of either continent, most of which live back to back with their eyes on the nearest sea.

V

WHAT THEN? Are we to give up all idea of solidarity between European nations? The conclusion would be as absurd as it is unjustified, given our premises. All our argument does is to attenuate the importance given to continents by some internationalists. We find that national frontiers are difficult enough to fit into a world scheme and are therefore loath to admit yet another hurdle in our race — the continental frontier. Did it exist, however, our dislike for it would be of no avail and we should have to swallow the fact. But the continental entity in international life is an artificial creation. In no instance can it be said that continental kinship, as such, has fostered relations in the absence of other causes acting in complete independence of continental reasons. The direction and strength of the currents of international relations are always the result of forces which set in between any two nations irrespective of the continents on which they are placed. In fact, international life is practically determined by international relations without any appreciable influence of intercontinental relations.

The continent is a dead and material concept, resulting from the contemplation of maps

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but not from living experience. The man who has to live, trade, or negotiate in Manchuria is not aware that he is working in the same continent as the man who lives, trades, and negotiates in Palestine. Continents, in fact, by the immense resistance which they oppose to transit, are knots of dispersion rather than centers of concentration for human life and culture. The idea of a continental frontier is suggested by the coast line on the maps. It is bookish. It is not real.

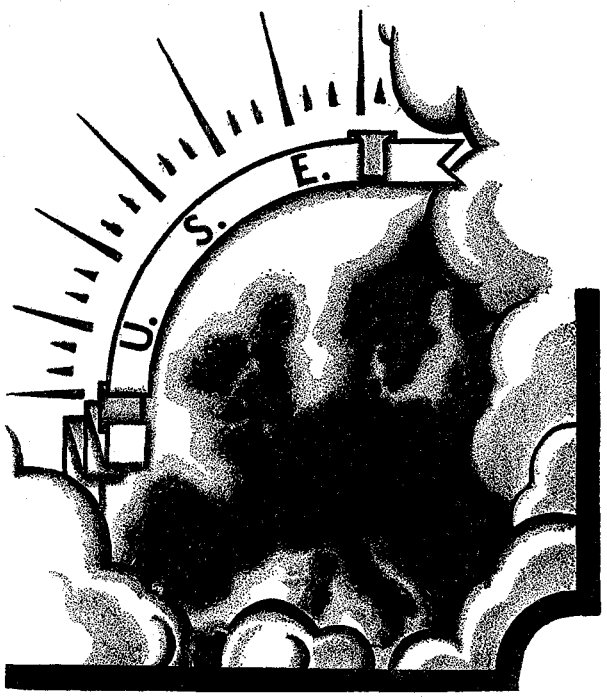
Our point is not, of course, that solidarity among the nations of a continent is not to be sought and fostered; it is that solidarity must not be limited to the nations of any one continent. Or in other words, that with relatively unimportant exceptions, all measures of solidarity that are advisable and practicable between the nations of any one continent are equally advisable and practicable between nations of different continents, and in fact cannot be applied on a strictly continental basis.

Take, for instance, the matter of customs tariffs. It is no doubt absurd that Europe should be cut into about a score of tight compartments, each jealously guarding its economic autonomy and watching its balance of payments. We know that this is so because each of the compartments shelters a national spirit conscious of an instinct of preservation and fearful of outside dangers. But there is of course a theoretical possibility of turning fear into trust and rivalry into coöperation. This would mean a radical transformation in tariffs. But can such a thing take place without the active coöperation of certain non-European nations which are economically in far more intimate contact with not a few European nations than the remaining countries of Europe? Obviously not. Here, then, the continental basis breaks down.

Moreover, no such *Zollverein* could be set up without a political organization to secure a fair working of the economic agreement. Is it conceivable, then, that a political organization covering the whole continent would work without the close coöperation of non-European nations?

Curiously enough, the answer would be affirmative in certain circles both in Europe and in America. There is still a type of American who thinks that the League of Nations is a very good thing for Europe, but not for America. This kind of person would fit in perfectly with certain European internationalists who cannot bear to have their European business transacted by non-European people. Yet even they agree that in a reconstituted council from which, when dealing with European affairs, all non-European nations would be excluded, Japan would have to remain.

The facts of the situation, of course, as well as the requirements of the world, demand that the principle on which the League of Nations stands — that is, its universality — should remain unimpaired. The Canadians and Spanish Americans who intervene in European affairs (thanks to the League of Nations) are living symbols of the unity of world-consciousness at last achieved by mankind. The worst feature of the Pan-Europa movement is that it tends — perhaps unwittingly — to weaken this historical current, which is the most promising and hopeful moral force among those who are now shaping our destinies. And even here there is a conscious or subconscious imitation of certain American tendencies. For just as the American isolationist wishes to keep the United States of America outside the world unit, so in the movement in favor of the United States of Europe there appears to be a tendency to organize Europe in order to keep out of its life the influence and power of the United States of America.



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Drawings by Johan Bull

SERVANTS

by ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

"I've had six cooks this summer and I'm utterly discouraged." The words came to me across the aisle of a suburban train as two pretty, well-dressed young women in the early thirties discussed domestic affairs on their way home after a day in New York. I had been listening with some interest, for instead of husband or children, parties or sports, the most engrossing topic to these young people seemed to be "servants." I wonder if this isn't true for many of us. Of course, we in the North and East have very different problems from those in the South and West, due to causes whose roots go back to our earliest settlement days; but the curious fact is that everywhere a problem exists.

If you read the reminiscences of early New England families, you may find that the mistress of the house darned her maid's stockings! — so close were the relations of the servant to the family. In the South, however, indentured servants and, later, Negro slaves, were the rule; and the latter brought to a free country a subject race which has cost us much and created for us a problem which is far from satisfactorily solved even to-day. In the West, the early inflow of Asiatics made them the natural servants, but as the new territories developed, the opportunities for advancement and work were so great that servants became few and wages high.

These generalizations at the start may serve to indicate the varying status of domestic service in different parts of the country in the early days, and to some extent these same differences have continued down through the years. The colored race is no longer enslaved, but in the South its members still form the bulk of the servant class. Many of them are so poorly trained that a Southern woman must be able to do things herself and teach her colored maids; even so, she can have more servants for less money than the housewife in the North and West. In the Middle and Far West, with their more recent pioneer experiences, the servant in the home of moderate means is unknown, and there are very few even in the really comfortable home. This has brought about important changes in the mode of living: less entertaining is done at home; more meals are eaten in clubs, hotels, and restaurants.

MACHINERY VS. SERVANTS

Even in the East — the part of the country which I know best — an imperceptible bloodless revolution has been going on, and many women feel that escape from the vexatious servant question lies in labor-saving machines and apartment-house living. Young people are now beginning their married life with fewer servants than would have been considered adequate even twenty years ago. However, with the increase of wealth along the Atlantic seaboard, service in large house-

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holds has become more and more a necessity, and the solution which the younger people have found will not answer.

Wives in this class find little comfort in remembering the years of unrestricted immigration when there were always enough people coming in from Europe, where the servant is a recognized social factor, to supply their demands. Even in those days America did not have a "standing army" of servants. Something in the air of the New World seems to make it impossible to establish a permanent servant class. Everyone is moving up the ladder — or trying to. A story such as I heard last summer could never have happened over here. An Englishman, speaking to me of his butler, said: "Yes, he was my batman all through the war. We went in together and came out together. You see, he's the seventh generation to serve as a butler in our family."

Service of that kind is a tradition, and carries dignity and a recognized social position. It could never exist over here. As a matter of fact, it is passing to a great extent even in Europe. I was interested to learn, for instance, that two weeks' vacation with pay is now the accepted thing for English servants. The gardener in one house I visited was taking his holiday in August, which struck me as an inconvenient time to choose. All of which shows that changes have come even in England, where for so many years servants have been a recognized part of the social fabric, and where the traditions of their little hierarchy are as rigid as those which govern the lives of the nobility.

Is a Servant Class Desirable?

THE QUESTION naturally arises, whether it would be desirable to establish a servant class in a country like ours, or whether the idea is fundamentally a mistake. To my mind, the answer depends on two other questions. First, do the women who require service produce enough themselves to justify it? I think that any woman who does not care for her own house and children should be very sure that her time is more usefully occupied in something which she is better fitted to do. And no matter what else she does, she should be the intellectual and spiritual leader in her children's lives when they are young; and in her household she should be the real mistress, who knows what each person has to do and how they should do it. If she plans to free herself from certain duties, it should be in order that she may better perform others.

Second, can domestic service be so changed that it will be a self-respecting occupation? In the early days of this country, when the daughter of the next-door neighbor might come in and help a busy housekeeper, no social stigma was attached to service. Gradually, however, as different nationalities have come to this country and taken their way through our homes, the work of a domestic servant has lost in dignity. Many masters and mistresses have come to regard household labor as menial and in a sense degrading; and if servants, as a class, have done nothing to reassert the essential respectability of honest service, it is because they too have adopted the attitude of their employers.

Certainly one of the reasons why many girls will not "go into service" is the feeling that their "gentlemen friends" will look down on them. It is not the work itself which is distasteful, for such work is often organized as a business and women flock to do it; it is the attitude of the average woman toward her servant. In the commercial laundries women wash and iron, in the hotels they wait on table, clean rooms, make up beds, and cook — often for long hours at low wages. But the work is done on a different footing and apparently carries no loss of self-respect. In other words, it is not "service" but "business."

In view of this loss of prestige, one may wonder why any man or woman should care to be a servant in the United States to-day. Chiefly, of course, because the pay is good. The average general houseworker in the bigger cities, outside of the South, receives from sixty to eighty dollars a month, and often board and lodging and some uniforms besides. In a large household the same scale holds good for the less skilled domestic, while a cook or butler may command a much higher wage. Thus the net profit of servants is usually greater than that of the average factory worker, who gets from ten to twenty dollars a week. A skilled factory hand may receive more, and one who has gone through a long apprenticeship in a highly unionized trade commands much more; but factory workers must pay for their living and buy their working clothes. They have one

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advantage, however, over the servant: they make a clear contract with their employer which states how many hours they shall work and guarantees them extra pay for overtime. They know when they are free. And — perhaps most important of all — they are quite definitely in "business."

Business Methods in the Home

For many years past, men have been giving time and thought to the hours of factory work and the health conditions of labor. Some of the best brains of the country have been employed to devise methods and surroundings under which the best work can be done. Even governments have been interested enough to pass laws for the protection of these workers in their shops and factories. Women have often been in the forefront of movements for safeguarding and improving conditions in the business world, but, curiously enough, they have been slow to apply their efforts to domestic service — the problem which touches them most closely. The home has not yet been given the benefit of our American business methods. Nothing has yet been done to lift household labor out of its unorganized and discredited state, and to restore it to dignity as a skilled employment.

There has been much talk of the breakdown of the American home, which shows itself in the increased tendency to live in apartment houses and to have fewer children, in the desire to dine out and to frequent places of amusement. It would be simplifying matters too much to say that any one cause is responsible for conditions of this kind, but certainly among the reasons for a change in American home conditions is the servant problem which I have just described.

We can only hope to restore domestic service to its old footing in American life if we restore its dignity and put it on a par with any other business. With this in view, let us first consider the training of servants; later we can discuss the best way to keep them, once they are trained. Long ago a brilliant woman who had lived in every part of our country, said, with reference to the Negro problem: "We are all short-sighted; we should establish schools for colored people and train them for domestic service. They have qualities which make them ideal servants." I believe she was wrong in wanting to train any one race as a whole for one specific thing, but I do think that schools should be established to train any person who wishes to take up and follow domestic service as a career.

The diplomas of these schools should be a criterion for judging what type of position a new applicant is fitted to fill. Later, references should be taken into account in promotion to better-paid and more responsible jobs. The national and state bureaus of women in industry, in conference with employment agency heads and representative women from various organizations, might well work out basic rules to govern this industry, dividing the positions into classes just as is done in a business or factory. The following is a tentative comparison:

Household Labor	Factory Labor
General houseworker	Unskilled laborer
Second man, Under-housemaid, Kitchen maid, Pantry maid, Helper in laundry	Factory worker who has had slight experience in some one line
Housemaid, Parlor maid, Waitress, Butler, Cook, Laundress, Lady's maid	Skilled worker in one line of work
Cook-housekeeper, Head butler	Foreman or forewoman
Housekeeper, Superintendent, Man or woman having charge of an estate	Executive position in shop or office

Between these two general classifications of labor, wages should be equalized, making allowances, of course, for room and board where these are provided for servants. Hours of work should be studied and rates for overtime should be fixed. When this is done, schedules should be prepared showing the standard wages that should be paid for the different classes of servants. If this question is gone into as thoroughly as it deserves, each section of the

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country will have to be studied separately, and separate wage scales will have to be determined depending on the varying cost of living in different parts of the country.

The Most Serious Problem of All

I have omitted from the above list one group of servants who fall in a class by themselves — the nursemaids, governesses, and tutors to whom children may be entrusted. Because their work involves a special and individual relationship, they must be selected with extreme care. Anyone who walks through a public park or square where children congregate with their attendants will be struck by the lack of attention and the unreasonable and sometimes harsh treatment which the children receive at the hands of people who, quite manifestly, are not suited to the work and should not be entrusted with it. There are many splendid women who are doing the best they can for their charges; but it would do no harm if mothers knew more precisely than they do just what work they expect their children's attendants to perform. Parents must know and understand their own children, and having chosen the proper attendants, must give them greater supervision.

No matter how large or how small the household, these are the most responsible and the most important positions; yet they often command less consideration and less pay than are given to the cook or butler. I often wonder if this indicates the true value we place on our children's upbringing; if so, we as a nation are not yet alive to the truth of the Jesuit saying: "Give me a child till he is seven, and you may have him the rest of his life."

If I have emphasized the importance of properly trained servants, it is not to minimize the necessity of carefully trained mistresses. I believe that some of the German schools for girls succeed better in achieving this end than do our own. In these German schools, attended by many girls of good family, they can learn all the household arts, and if they are to be mistresses of country places, dairying and preserving as well. Our own schools and colleges, though not so thorough and practical, are constantly improving; and if a young woman to-day does not know how to direct and manage her family, it is because she has not taken the trouble to prepare herself adequately.

No matter how many servants a woman may have, I should lay it down as a first principle that she should do each job in her home at least once; otherwise she cannot know how the task should be done, or how long a time it should require. I well remember the first time a child of my acquaintance cleaned the bathroom and polished a pair of shoes. These jobs assumed quite different proportions for her from that day on.

How to Keep Servants

Having trained our servants, and having worked out a reasonable and satisfactory rate of compensation, the next problem, and the one which seems to occasion most distress, is — how to keep them. I think it would be better if, in the beginning, a definite agreement were made between employer and employee, and then lived up to by both. There should be a clear understanding about times off, and any loss of free time should be compensated for in cash. Extra work ought to be recognized, not only by appreciative words, but also by pay. Opportunities for learning should be made available whereby servants can fit themselves for better positions, and it should not be haphazard, as it is now, who gets a good position and who draws a poor one.

Some beginnings have been made toward providing households with trained servants on an eight-hour basis under the control of an agency which sees that both parties to the contract live up to their agreement. This plan can answer very well in many instances, though there is not yet a general enough understanding of what can be done through these agencies. I believe practically any form of contract can be made. For example, a mistress might take her eight-hour maids to her summer place if she wished, the only difference being that she would have to provide them with a room. Indeed, I imagine you could arrange to have them sleep in your house in town if you did not violate your working contract.

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Many of these changes I have suggested are material ones, and they are important. Perhaps more important, however, is a change in the mental attitude of masters and mistresses, who, with the departure of old conditions, have brought about the existing contempt for domestic service. The people who serve us are not robots. They have families, cares and joys and interests, just as we have. We expect them to live our lives and take an interest in us. Why should we not take an interest in them? They must have stated times in which to live their own lives and develop their own interests.

Whatever may be the underlying cause of the servant problem, the new conditions must be faced. All women are not fitted to give their time exclusively to housework and child care; some women do other things better. Therefore, since servants are vital to home life, why not look upon them as human beings?

Moreover, why not try to solve the problem in a businesslike fashion? There is an old American axiom that all labor, if well done, is entitled to respect. It no longer seems to apply to domestic service. But it should apply; and if we will regard servants as people like ourselves, who happen to be engaged in the business of modern housekeeping, it *will* apply.

The BLESSING of Adam

Drawings by Johan Bull

by C. E. MONTAGUE

I

A MAN with some darling craft of his own must scratch his head in wonder when he hears some of the things that are daily said about work. One day he finds labor put down as a curse that came on Adam at the Fall — as if Adam had never done a day's digging before his eviction. Another day we are bidden to hope that if the invention of tricks to save labor can only go on as fast as it is going now, we may yet have no need to work more than two hours a day, or possibly one. Even sages so fully accredited as Mr. Bertrand Russell propose that we should knock off presently for all but four hours a day. He would turn us out for the rest of our time to get what good we could out of a set of fine abstract nouns — science and art, friendship and love, the contemplation of natural beauty and of the immensity of the universe. Husks, mere husks, unless you peg away at them so hard that this, too, becomes work, and so gives you back the delicious fatigues you have lost.

As if we could not see for ourselves that one of the saddest men on earth is he who has made his pile in some business early in life and who only looks in at the office for one or two hours a day to bully the clerks, and then returns to his Old Masters and roses, the wife of his bosom, and the spectacle of the firmament! As if we had never seen children or artists or scientific researchers!

A normal child has no spite against work until you have drilled one into him by some form of dis-education. You put him out in a sunny garden to play; he has about him everything that Mr. Bertrand Russell rates highest — sand for engineering science, a paintbox for art, dolls for his affections, a foreground of agreeable landscape, and the whole dome of the heavens to contemplate. No good! In half an

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hour he is plaguing you to let him do some "real work"; he wants to sweep up dead leaves or to help with the mowing. He will not tire of doing it, either, except in the bodily way, and then he will come again, thirsting for toil, the next morning. So powerful is this innate craving for labor that it may take all the massed resources of a great public school and of a famous and ancient university to make a boy believe that real work is a thing to flee from, like want or disease, and that doing it and "having a good time" are states naturally and immutably opposed to one another.

Or look at the man of science, the mighty hunter of knowledge, some time when his nose is well down on a hot scent. Offer him a release from all but two hours' work in the day. He will hoot at you. Why, when he goes to bed of a night, he probably thinks greedily: "Only just the few hours that I'm asleep — and those don't really count — then time for dressing and breakfast, and then I can get at it again. Hurrah!"

II

CONSIDER, above all, the artist. Some years ago the leagued artists of Italy, bitten by the spirit of the age, proclaimed a one-day strike — to "draw attention," as the phrase is, to the scurvy mutilation of a portrait by a noble lord who had sat for it and then did not like it. Whether this bolt from blue Southern skies blasted the impious peer is not certain, but every feeling heart knows that it must at any rate have inflicted a pretty smart pang on its projectors. For strikes are deeply different things when the work you lay down is a job that suffers from some relative poverty in charm, such as adding up endless small sums at a desk or feeding coal in at the door of a furnace, and when it is one that keeps you full of a pleasant presentiment that before long you will set the Thames or the Tiber on fire with the enormous sparks that are constantly being given off by your genius.

Any sound moralist will tell you that your sense of the dignity of labor, and of the moral beauty of sweeping a room as by divine law, ought to make stoking or dusting a task as amusing as that of turning out masterpieces in marble or paint. Yet those of us who do neither of these good things have a rooted notion that it must be some of the best fun in the world to paint as Reynolds did it, and quite poor fun, in a comparative sense, to dust out railway carriages. The cleaner can, as a rule, control for a long time his passion for the act of cleaning for cleaning's sake. But an inspired painter would pretend in vain that he did not mind downing brushes at all, and that football and a little racing were quite good enough to pass the time for him. We pretty well know that, to this grade of labor, work is what alcohol is to the dipsomaniac.

It shows once more the ineradicable goodness of human nature that, knowing this, we pay the artist any wages at all. Tactically, we others have him in a cleft stick. A miner who will labor gratis in his vocation is, as Dugald Dalgetty said of the refusal of coined money, a sight seldom seen in a Christian land. But if the world firmly refused to give the artist a farthing for his wares, the passionate creature would still go on painting. He could not give up, and however rich he might be to the end of the stoppage, the misery of a long strike might be the death of him.

III

IF IT CAME to a grand economic dispute, no doubt the artist might try to dissemble this congenital disinclination for striking, in hopes of loosening this fine hold that we of the general public would have upon him. And sometimes the thought is apt to arise — must not a certain amount of this prudent dissimulation be practiced by others? Or can it really be that a skillful plumber, or Mr. Bertrand Russell himself, would sincerely like to work at plumbing or at advanced mathematics and political philosophy for only two hours a day? At every congress of organized workmen there seems to run through almost every speech an implication that bodily work is nothing but an evil only to be borne for the sake of the pay that it brings, and that the few poor devils who do not work but try to while away their shabby days with expensive attempts at self-amusement have got hold of an undue share of happiness, to the exclusion of everybody who is busy.

Is it possible that none of the speakers has ever known the kind of pervasive benediction that seems to descend on body and mind after the first hour or two of a day's digging, house-decorating, or reaping? Or that delicious satisfaction in every tissue of yourself when you

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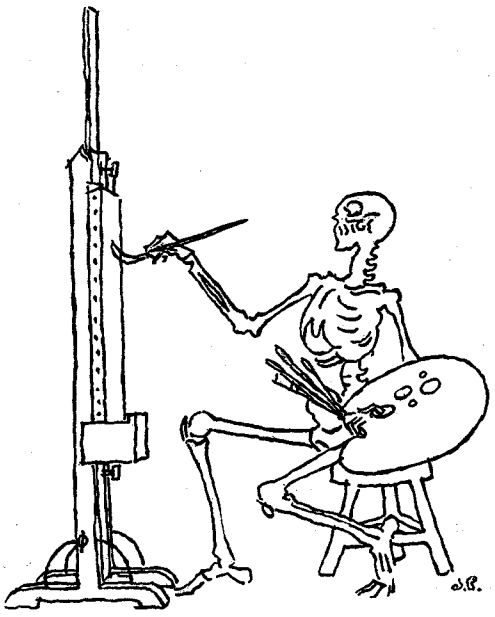
have completed the new hen-house and stump off at the end of the day to sleep in Elysium — stiff, slow, and full of a contentment and serenity passing all understanding?

Of course they have, all of them. There is no kind of work which is not loved passionately by some of those who do it — loved sometimes to the point of selfishness, so that a man will sooner let wife and children go short of food and teaching than give up the work of his choice for some other work on which the family could live better. And yet this kind of true love seems, in our time, to have no more than others of the knack of running smoothly. Like Viola, a good trade-unionist will never tell his love. Something keeps the barrister, earning his hundred pounds a day, from letting out that even if every client were able to bilk him, and did it, still he would stick to his gladiatorial work for the joy and thrill of it, as so many shepherds who piped in Thessaly would manifestly have remained in the business even if rural labor in those parts had become wholly unremunerative. On all sides the happy toiler's lips are apparently sealed by the real or supposed necessity of taking thought for the possibly evil effect of descants of joy and praise upon the mind of some human paymaster who comes into the affair.

Besides, there is the mischief that so much of our work has been bedeviled by unavoidable changes of circumstance. Childish as it is to think of going back, on any large scale, to archaic handwork and petty production of all sorts, still the sentimentalists of hand-spinning,



hand-weaving, and hand-sewing have got hold of one truth: that there is more joy in a person who has slowly and clumsily made a whole piece of cloth single-handed than in ten persons who have made a thousand pieces of cloth between them in the same time, by the aid of several cunning machines which they only half understand. To make the whole of a boat or wheelbarrow or vase with your own hands is to live again through a heart-warming triumph of early mankind; you become a more or less conscious creator, a chuckling dominator of intractable elements and resistant forces.

Little of the glee may be left if your part in making the vase be only to sift or wet the clay ready for somebody else to throw on the wheel. But it cannot be helped. We can no more go back, at this point in the life of our world, to being like the solitary masterpotter of Omar Khayyam, wetting his clay for himself in the market place, than middle-aged men can return to the use of their first teeth or the vocabulary of the nursery. The caravan has to go on; to loiter at any distance behind is to court extinction sooner than it need come. Machinery and mass production are our fate, and if they have taken the natural delightfulness out of a great deal of work, that was when the real Fall came, and not when Jehovah told Adam that there was a great deal of perspiration before him.

IV

If a fall it has been, then all the more reason to treasure those species of work which have not been deported from Eden. They may at least keep alive in the minds of the fallen some idea of what life was like in the garden. Even Genesis does not explicitly say, though it allows us to see, what the prime joy of it was: that Adam and Eve were creators as well as

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creatures — God's fellow workmen as well as pieces of his handiwork. And that joy of theirs goes on to this day wherever a painter, a writer, or any sort of artist is plying his trade at the top of his form.

In current talk about such activities, and even in the theorizing of learned men, it is commonly taken for granted that before a Shakespeare begins to write a *Hamlet* or a Leonardo to paint a "Last Supper," he has already before his mind the whole thing which we now see — indeed, a good deal more than we are now able to see of the unfortunate "Last Supper." The actual painting or writing is taken to be a mere transcribing of this pre-existent vision into paint or words. In one of the smallest and wisest of books about art — Professor Alexander's *Art and the Material* — this grand mistake is put right. Few artists of any sort can and will tell how they do their fine things. But Mr. Alexander has divined it.

That preëxistent vision does not preëxist at all. It only comes into existence while the technical and physical work of painting or writing goes on. To what may end by being a masterpiece an artist may come at first with a mind empty and stone-cold. It may be that "Another commonplace model to paint!" was all that Raphael thought as he began the "Sistine Madonna."

Suppose it so. Well, he gets out his tackle and starts. In a little while the mere feel of the brush in his hand begins to excite him; the cold engine of his mind is warmed a little; it inclines to move. There kindles in him a faint spark of curiosity about the being who is before him; the quickened mind enlivens the hand, and the brush moves more featly; eagerness is growing in all the employed faculties of the man. Images, thoughts, memories, sympathies crowd in upon him till he wonders at himself, with a kind of alarm mixed in his delight — will he ever be able to keep himself up to this pitch, he being now so much above par, so strangely endowed with spiritual insight and also with an unwonted dexterity of hand?

With an ease and confidence that amaze him, he sees, infers, conjectures new things behind the fleshen mask of the familiar model's face. A wonderful creature, this sitter? Wonderful creature, a nursing mother! A marvel, all motherhood, all humanity. "What a piece of work is a man!" So it goes on, and if he can hold long enough the pitch of this exaltation, this mutual stimulation of spiritual and technical powers, a masterpiece may come of it, a "Sistine Madonna," a *Hamlet*, or a "Gioconda," a thing absolutely new and surpassing, where nothing like it had been before — just what Adam was when first made. For we are to remember that before that exultantly supernormal interaction of imaginative and technical energies began in the man, there was, of all that came afterwards, nothing existent even as a vision in his mind — merely the commonplace Hamlet of some old melodrama, or some average middle-class lady or well-built laundress walking about like others in Florence. As Mr. Alexander says, "the portrait proceeds, not from imaginative anticipation of the portrait that is to be executed, but from a lively and intelligent excitement, using the skilled brush-hand as its instructive organ."

Art is only work utterly unspoiled, and drudgery is only art gone utterly wrong. But there was no necessary curse on Adam in this matter of work. He went out of Eden with Rome and Athens, Venice and Constantinople to build, and with all the rest of the world to turn, if he chose, into gardens where people could knit in the sun, and workshops where they could whistle over the making of delectable implements, weapons, and playthings. That was all blessing, as far as it went, whatever mess the poor fellow may have since made of his chance.

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Is America Dollar-bound?

An Irish Dialogue

PLACE: AE's House in Dublin
TIME: Tea Time

Persons of the Dialogue

AE (GEORGE W. RUSSELL)—Irish poet, painter, economist, editor

DR. JAMES MURPHY—Writer and lecturer, acting as foreign editor of THE FORUM

DR. MURPHY. Let us embark upon the venture of foretelling what is going to happen to the world within the next hundred years or so. Oswald Spengler holds that the true rôle of the historian is to write the history of the future rather than that of the past. Spengler has the soul of a poet, and his *Decline of the West* is a gigantic epic poem written in glowing prose. I remember, AE, that after you had read that book you wrote a short article in *The Irish Statesman* sometime last spring, in which you said that the way to foretell what is going to happen to the world of to-morrow is to think deeply into what the poets are writing to-day; for what they think to-day the world will be doing to-morrow or in another hundred years.

Among the poets, of course, you would include creative artists in general, and all those who have poetic or mystic vision, or a consciousness of the high spiritual destinies of the various nations to which they belong. It is a favorite theme of yours, AE, that political formulas and political organisms are but the extensions of some spiritual ideal. Therefore political leaders and business men are merely the outer and transient manifestations of an inner power which only the vision of the poets and artists clearly discern, and which they alone can evoke into an active, energizing force that finally controls the political destinies of a people. It is an engaging theme, that of reading the future in the poetic vision of the present. But what about the poet as the creator of history?

AE. Every important movement in my time has had a poet entwined about its roots. In Ireland our resurrection — cultural, economic, and political — has been mainly the work of poets. When Sir Horace Plunkett founded the agricultural coöperative movement, over thirty years ago, he invited me to become organizing secretary. I went about the country organizing creameries and banks and so on. The only reason why Plunkett could have chosen me for that mission was that I had published a book of frail, mystic verse and he wanted to bring poetic vision into his movement. I suppose I did fairly well, because I was asked later to become editor of the economic journal that dealt with the affairs of the coöperative organization; and I was allowed to bring in another poet — Paul Creegan — as my colleague.

At the same time W. B. Yeats — our greatest poet, and perhaps the greatest poet living to-day — took up the work of organizing an Irish theater, writing lyric dramas of great beauty, superintending the production of them, and taking part in various business schemes for the support of the undertaking.

Then, after nearly a generation, came the political movement that brought about the rebellion and gave us a government of our own in Ireland. That movement had several poets entwined about its roots. Padraig Pearse and Joseph Plunket and Thomas MacDonough — the leaders of the Dublin rising — were all poets, and their example scattered the fire throughout Ireland.

DR. MURPHY. That is Ireland, AE, where the poetic vision is interwoven with the warp and woof of the national character, and where no mechanical standardization has yet come to blind that vision. The poets might not have such an easy time of it in a country like

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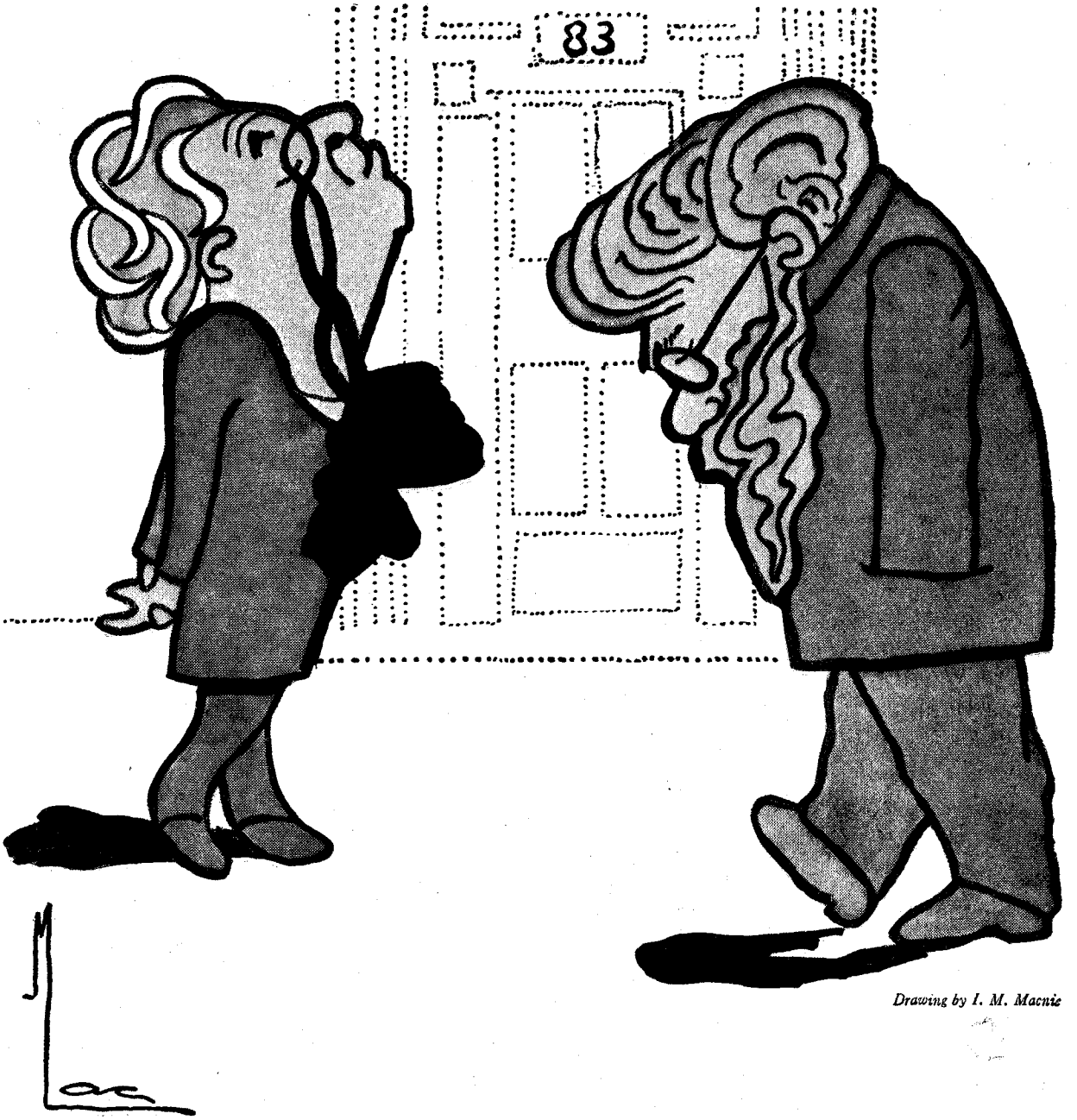

Drawing by I. M. Macnie

CHIN-ANGLES

Or How the Poets Passed

THE STORY is told in Dublin that W. B. Yeats and George Russell ("AE") set out respectively from 82 and 84 Merrion Square to see each other . . . and passed at 83! The above shows how it happened.

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America. The people would not have the same faith in them. Hoover would never have got the presidential nomination if he had written an epic poem on Boulder Dam. What could a poet know about the tariff, they would ask; or how could he be trusted to uphold the Eighteenth Amendment?

AE. When I was in America, last year, I thought that the mind of the country seemed to be turning inwards upon itself, through self-analysis to contemplation and reverie. This would be the first stage of a meditative brooding to let that spirit fully incarnate which began with the prophets of America's earliest period. I found that poets and dreamers were retiring from the pressure of the big cities, to think out and meditate on those vague ideals which are in the deeper consciousness of the people. Out in the West, for instance, Robert Frost seems to have evoked the spirit of poetry from the vast spaces. And you have poetry societies all over the country. That is a sign of the contemplative turn, the turn to reverie; and it is out of reverie that the poetic vision is born.

Woodcut by H. Glintenkamp

DR. MURPHY. Your theory would imply, then, that a nation must be conscious of its own spiritual ideals, and that these ideals must be evoked and expressed through the poetic vision before we can tell the direction of the nation's destiny. But if the poetic vision should arise in America, I am afraid the people would not see it, because they are blinded by the craze for mechanical standardization even in cultural and social life. And then there is the idolatry of material success. A nation may miss its destiny, AE, either through the blindness of its own heart or through attack from outside, as the Maya civilization was smashed before it came to full bloom. In the struggle for material domination America might easily lose sight of its spiritual destiny. In the last presidential campaign little or nothing was said about the ideals of American civilization. At that time, when the public imagination was stirred by such a dramatic event, the idol placed before it was an apotheosis of material prosperity. You have often said, AE, that it is the pregnant idealism of the multitude which gives power to the makers of great nations. But how can you render a multitude pregnant with idealism when it counts its glory by the number of its motor cars, the amount of money savings in its banks, the average income of its citizens, the national income from foreign investments, its domination of the world markets, and so on?

AE. Great spiritual movements are born out of their opposites, as Christianity was born out of the pagan world. Ideals are burnished when they have to be rubbed against the rough earth of the physical environment. In America one is certainly struck by an extraordinary display of external efficiency, gigantic engineering feats, the flinging up of skyscrapers, the weaving of a network of railways over thousands and thousands of miles of land; and yet, amidst all this external achievement, one finds an even more extraordinary immaturity of mind — not the practical mind, but that deeper thing we call the spirit. You will find engineers who can plan and carry out mighty constructional schemes; but if you talk to them as human beings, they are no more advanced than a boy of sixteen. One feels that there is something like a heroic childhood in America. It recalls the old heroes of Irish legend, who were half children, half demigods. Cuculain, the mighty warrior, praises his antagonist, Ferdiad, and embraces him before they fight in battle; and then when Ferdiad is slain, Cuculain embraces the body of his friend and foe and sheds tears over it. So in America, there is the beautiful heart of childhood in the midst of those mighty deeds of physical power.

DR. MURPHY. You are a wonderful optimist, AE. Maybe you are recalling the spectacle of those women who threw their arms around you at a meeting of some poetry society in New York. It was a manifestation of the heart of American childhood; but I wonder, after all, whether that heart is so idealistic and given to visions as the hearts of children generally are.

AE. All empires and nationalities and great human movements are, in the last analysis,

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spiritual in their origin. They begin with the desires of the soul and externalize themselves in immense manifestations of energy in which the original will sometimes becomes submerged and lost sight of for a while. And because national ideals are spiritual in their inception, their final object must be spiritual. America will pass through this present phase of materialism,

which will be a passing through darkness from one light to another. Some great poet will arise, perhaps out of the Far West, greater in spiritual power than either Emerson or Whitman, and a great body of imaginative literature may arise; and by that happening there will be evoked a national soul that will have germinated from the seed scattered by Whitman and Thoreau and Emerson in the early days of America. "Long lost hearts," says the Oriental proverb, "burn in the oil of the lamp of the King." The thought of Emerson and Whitman and Thoreau is not lost or destroyed, but preserved in the dim shrine of the nation's memory.

In America there has been a happening which corresponds to what has taken place in almost every civilization. Flinders Petrie, in his history of civilizations, shows that the downfall of a civilization is generally followed by an invasion of the country where the civilization had flourished. The invaders do not at once establish a new civilization or revive the old. They settle down and form for themselves a political body and build up a material structure to support it. Then a time comes when the life-giving breath blows over the land and sets some spark aflame which quickens the soul of the people. In America the waves of immigration correspond to the waves of invasion. There has followed the period of settling down and becoming stabilized. From every country of Europe, and even from Asia, hordes of immigrants have come to America. The fiery sparks have been brought to kindle the fire; the pot has now been stirred, and you will have arising from this tremendous mixture a complex mentality such as we have never had in the world before.

I have often thought that Emerson was the great prophet of America's future. His utterance was the forecast of that planetary or cosmic consciousness which will come one day to its full expression in America. It will not be a national conscience, like that of France or England; for the character of those countries was definitely formed centuries ago, and the national conscience cannot be plastic to present conditions. It is quite different with America. For instance, when Chinese civilization first flourished, it was bounded by definite territorial limits; for travel was rare and tedious, and knowledge of the outside world circulated slowly. India, too, had a mighty civilization and world religion; but it was impossible for any civilization of those days to affect the world at large.

America is coming into the full expression of its spiritual consciousness at a time when the world has just been knit together by railways, fast steamships, airplanes and airships, telegraphs and radios. A disaster in Cairo or Tokio is immediately felt in London and New York. A drought in Australia affects the supply of grain all over the world. A strike in the cotton mills of Lancashire will be felt in the cotton fields of America, and felt at once. A net of commercial and financial trusts has been spread all over the world. All these — railroads, steamships, airplanes, radios, international commerce and finance — form the nerves and arteries of a new organism through which will become physically manifested that planetary conscience which will be the type of conscience America will eventually evolve. It will be different from anything we have had in the world before, and that is the reason why I think America will eventually dominate the world — not in a political or commercial way, but because the American conscience will be a world conscience. Its immediate manifestation

Woodcut by Clare Leighton

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will be a sense of duty. You can see signs of that manifestation already.

Such men as Wilson and Hoover, with their League of Nations and schemes for world disarmament, are the prophets of it. You find world peace foundations and leagues of peace all over America. That is the first manifestation of that sense of duty which will eventually characterize the national soul of America. When I was leaving New York harbor the last time, I looked back on the skyscrapers and made a poem which expresses the idea that America will become the dominant spiritual power in the universe:

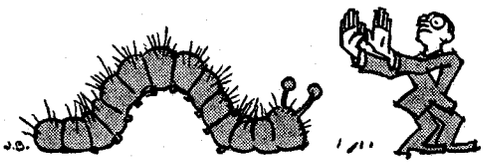
With these heaven-assailing spires,
All that was in clay or stone
Fabled of rich Babylon
By these children is outdone.

Earth has spilt her fire in these,
To make them of her mightier kind.
Has she that precious fire to give? —
The starry-pointing Magian mind

That rose from the Chaldean plains
Through zones of mystic air and found
The Master of the Zodiac,
The Will that makes the Wheel go round?

Next month Dr. Murphy will interrogate another Irish poet—James Stephens —on the meaning of America's jazz age.

Evolution in REVERSE



***by* JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR.**

AT A TIME when so many people are taking an emotional interest in evolution it is not surprising that sophistry should assume the rôle of master of ceremonies. It eases the pain of the tender-minded with a venerated though unworthy evasion. Man was not descended from an ape (perish the thought!) but both came from a common ancestor. Although this statement is well supported by the decree of science, it serves no good purpose when it leads to the bland assumption that our unknown ancestor was an angel. If we could meet him on the street, we should undoubtedly run. Further back are the insectivores — remoter forefathers who may possibly console those who like hedgehogs better than apes. Beyond the insectivores are many other ancestors, but they could not conceivably bring comfort to anybody. Even if they could, it would be the false comfort of a head buried in the sand. If we have any respect for our minds, we must admit the truth about our bodies.

If man is to profit from the intelligence which has come to him with such difficulty from the slime of the past, he must not close his eyes to the past. Biological history repeats its mistakes, and the descent to Avernus is easy because the path is well trodden. Man is the only animal with any power to direct his own evolution. Before he can use this power he must learn from the past the reasonable expectations of the future.

A pious delusion of many people who like to moralize on evolution is that all organisms have tended to perfect themselves. Professional evolutionists, themselves, are no doubt partly responsible for this cheery falsehood. It is but human to sugar-coat a pill that is bound to be bitter to many. It is ennobling to think of all nature as struggling for higher things. But when most of creation is living in parasitism and degeneracy, when this condition is known to have persisted from very early times, to think of evolution as a physical if not

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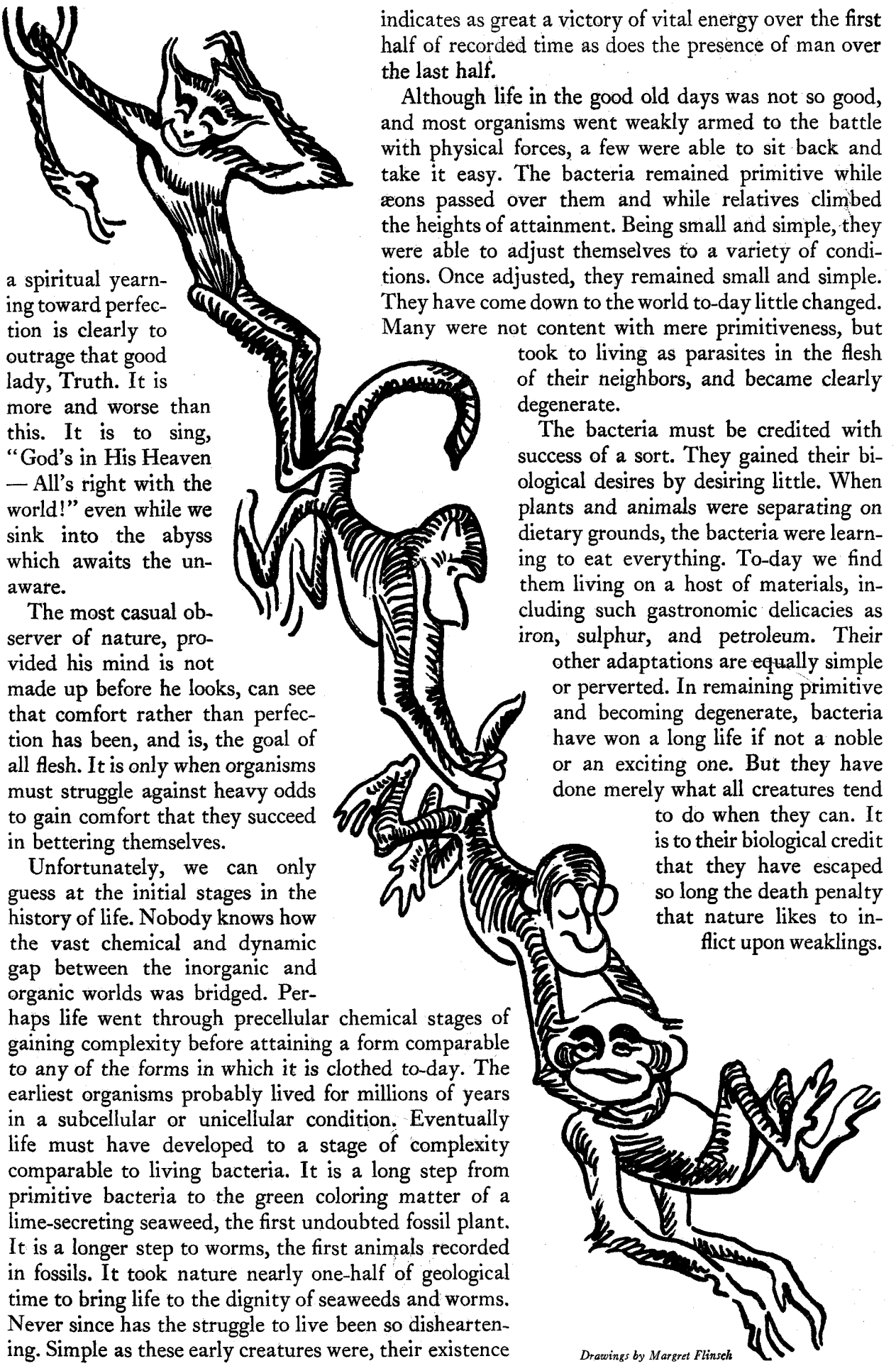

a spiritual yearning toward perfection is clearly to outrage that good lady, Truth. It is more and worse than this. It is to sing, "God's in His Heaven — All's right with the world!" even while we sink into the abyss which awaits the unaware.

The most casual observer of nature, provided his mind is not made up before he looks, can see that comfort rather than perfection has been, and is, the goal of all flesh. It is only when organisms must struggle against heavy odds to gain comfort that they succeed in bettering themselves.

Unfortunately, we can only guess at the initial stages in the history of life. Nobody knows how the vast chemical and dynamic gap between the inorganic and organic worlds was bridged. Perhaps life went through precellular chemical stages of gaining complexity before attaining a form comparable to any of the forms in which it is clothed to-day. The earliest organisms probably lived for millions of years in a subcellular or unicellular condition. Eventually life must have developed to a stage of complexity comparable to living bacteria. It is a long step from primitive bacteria to the green coloring matter of a lime-secreting seaweed, the first undoubted fossil plant. It is a longer step to worms, the first animals recorded in fossils. It took nature nearly one-half of geological time to bring life to the dignity of seaweeds and worms. Never since has the struggle to live been so disheartening. Simple as these early creatures were, their existence indicates as great a victory of vital energy over the first half of recorded time as does the presence of man over the last half.

Although life in the good old days was not so good, and most organisms went weakly armed to the battle with physical forces, a few were able to sit back and take it easy. The bacteria remained primitive while æons passed over them and while relatives climbed the heights of attainment. Being small and simple, they were able to adjust themselves to a variety of conditions. Once adjusted, they remained small and simple. They have come down to the world to-day little changed. Many were not content with mere primitiveness, but took to living as parasites in the flesh of their neighbors, and became clearly degenerate.

The bacteria must be credited with success of a sort. They gained their biological desires by desiring little. When plants and animals were separating on dietary grounds, the bacteria were learning to eat everything. To-day we find them living on a host of materials, including such gastronomic delicacies as iron, sulphur, and petroleum. Their other adaptations are equally simple or perverted. In remaining primitive and becoming degenerate, bacteria have won a long life if not a noble or an exciting one. But they have done merely what all creatures tend to do when they can. It is to their biological credit that they have escaped so long the death penalty that nature likes to inflict upon weaklings.

Drawings by Margret Flinsch

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What Is Degeneracy?

Before we place the label of degeneracy upon an organism, we must understand what degeneracy is. All flesh has certain limitations — such, for example, as the need of moisture and warmth, or the urge to satisfy such primary appetites as hunger and sex. These are normal idiosyncrasies of the protoplasm. Each specific organism likewise has its perfectly normal specific limitations. It is not to the discredit of man that he cannot fly like a bird. (It is perhaps rather to his discredit that he should try.) It is no failure in birds that they do not reason like men. But when a bird such as the ostrich loses its power of flight, it has degenerated even as a man who has lost his reason.

From the little available evidence it would seem that in the beginning nearly all creatures lived as free and independent lives as were possible under the normal limitations of their flesh. They moved about freely. They earned their livelihood from the dead world and did not steal it from their neighbors. In the parade of organisms through time the student of fossils sees some creatures who preserved their original independence. He sees many others who forfeited it, and became, in one way or another, degenerate.

Near the very beginning, most plants sold their birthright of free locomotion. It was easier to cast anchor and wait for food to drift in, or rest content with what existed in the immediate vicinity, than to sail forth upon the world in aggressive and possibly dangerous search. The vegetable kingdom is still at anchor. The bodies of some plants have improved splendidly with time, yet nobody would compare the finest tree with even the lowest man. In the beginning, plants and animals were doubtless indistinguishable. The marked difference in composition, manner of growth, and response to stimulation did not then exist. They could only have originated after the plants had abandoned locomotion, after they had, in the truest sense of the word, degenerated.

Those animals who chose the easier life of fixity have fared no better than the plants. All corals, bryozoans, cystoids, blastoids, crinoids, and certain sponges, graptolites, brachiopods, mollusks, and crustaceans were cut from all hope of high development when they became rooted to the sea floor. When oysters began their career in Carboniferous time, they had a respectable position in good, middle-class invertebrate society. They kept pace with the best of their kind until they grew lazy and clung to one spot. They have been sitting for so many æons cemented to the bottom of the sea that to-day they are of no social importance, except possibly in a stew. Very young oysters emulate their remote ancestors by swimming actively about for a short time, but only too soon they settle into the lethargy that has degraded their tribe.

When marine animals first encased their bodies in limy walls, they gained a great advantage over the physical forces of their environment. No more significant advance in organic evolution was ever made. But success does not always succeed. The shells of many invertebrates became so ponderous that the animals within grew phlegmatic. Oysters are not the only sad spectacle that greets the eyes of the paleontologist. In fact, the history of most backboneless animals is a story of decadence inside a shell. Squids, lobsters, crabs, shrimps, insects, whose shells have remained thin or have tended to disappear, and whose flesh has kept active, are decidedly the exceptions in invertebrate evolution.

Parasitism

The clam who buries himself in out-of-the-way places and lives his life in calm aloofness is a degenerate but not a rascal. He sits in his own corner of the world and travels his own road to futility without inflicting

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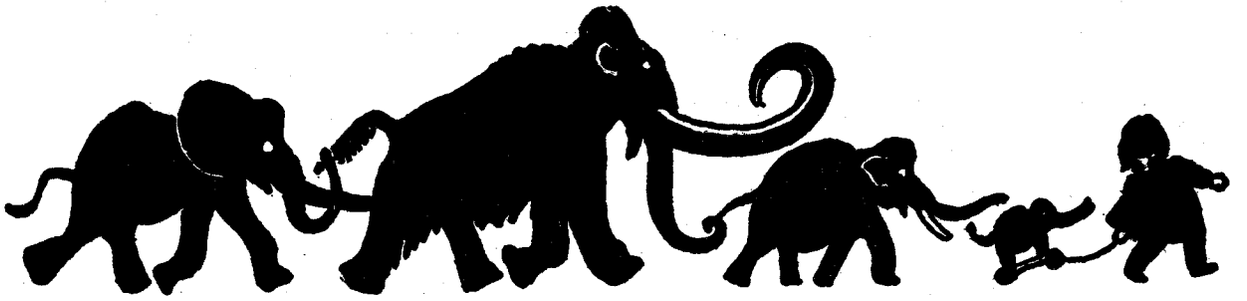
either his habits or his philosophy upon his neighbors. But it is only a step from an easy, honest living to an easy, dishonest living. Although records are meager, they show that parasitic degeneration begins when organisms lose their power of locomotion. Partnerships are formed for mutual advantage. Some of these relationships work out for the good of all concerned; most end in parasitism. As life unfolded through the ages, parasitism grew until to-day the ignoble spectacle of one creature living at the expense of another greets us everywhere.



Although the nature of parasitism offends our sensibilities, there is no doubt that it serves a useful purpose in checking the multiplication of prolific organisms. Darwin calculated that a single pair of elephants — the slowest breeding mammals on earth — were capable of nineteen million descendants in seven hundred and fifty years. The imagination staggers before the potentiality in a pair of rabbits.

It is quite easy to see that the space and food supply of the earth's surface would rapidly be exhausted if nature's prodigal fecundity were not checked. Certain parasites must be thanked as one of the instruments that save the earth from suffocation under the bodies of her offspring.

However valuable some parasites may be in the economy of nature, however little the others may wrong their hosts, they are always their own enemies. Excepting the one-celled germs, all parasites have fallen from the position held by their free-living ancestors and relatives.

Some parasites are of very high descent, and in them we see the best examples of backward evolution. It cannot be denied that parasitism is often a successful adaptation from the point of view of the parasite. But that point of view is an uninspired one. The tapeworm — most successful of parasites — has lost his locomotion and his sense organs. Through absorbing food already digested in the alimentary canal of his victim, he has lost his digestive organs. He has degenerated sexually and is truly a worm among worms. He has not only lost the bodily excellencies he once possessed, but also the prospect of ever regaining them; for biological honor, once sacrificed, is never regained. Yet he has won the comfort and security he wanted, and has merely carried to an extreme a tendency which is in every single one of us.

The Upward Urge a Myth

The cause of variation in plants and animals is the ultimate explanation of evolution. Biologists are so busy searching their haystack for this elusive needle that they have devoted little attention to the striking fact that many organisms have failed to vary and hence to evolve, either progressively or regressively. There are many creatures who sit on the biological ladder, too sluggish to climb, too vigorous to fall. Such stagnant types have been so abundant that they can hardly be considered exceptions to nature's plan. Whatever may be the cause of such stagnation, its occurrence is proof enough that the universal tendency to perfection is a myth.

However vague may be the inner biological factors underlying evolution, the outer environmental factors are clear. Unless organisms are kicked into activity by a hostile environment, they get nowhere. Since no living creature has ever enjoyed being kicked, there has been in the past, as there certainly is now, a universal attempt to avoid it. That is why there are animals living in the abyssal depths of the oceans. In such places climatic and geologic conditions have been most unchanging. Here many organisms found a haven where they could live long lives of dullness.

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There was nothing in their surroundings to stimulate progress, so there was no progress. Meanwhile, more vigorous relatives faced a harder life in the shore waters of the oceans, in lakes, rivers, and on the land. Here they were driven to change or to extinction, but they were seldom abandoned to stagnation.

So close is the relationship between the evolution of a given race and the physical history of the earth, that the paleontologist sees in geologic change the deity who pulls the strings. Wave after wave of organisms has piled upon the shores of time, each wave a little larger than its forerunner, until at last humanity came. But when the winds of geologic change stopped blowing for a time, when the inorganic world became relatively quiet, then the living world grew quiet and stationary too.

Environmental Changes

No great evolutionary advance has ever come under an easy environment. When continents are rising or falling, and seas are leaving or entering the lands; when rivers and lakes are drying up; when mountain ranges are being built and climates are changed; when gardens become deserts and glaciers desolate the tropics — these are the times when creatures better themselves. It was only when continental uplift quickened streams that active animals with backbones arose from the invertebrates. It was not until aridity had dried up their pools that fishes grew lungs and legs for life on land. Not until the forest homes of our arboreal ancestor had dwindled in the cold, did man come into existence. Sheltered from such external stirrings, all plants and animals would settle placidly into lives of stagnation and degeneracy.

This tendency to stagnation and degeneracy is in no way better shown than by the races that have failed to progress in spite of extreme changes in climate and physiography. Some creatures have found isolation near the very thick of the battle. Types that burrow in the ground escape many of the vicissitudes of a stern environment and a cutthroat competition. They live long and undistinguished lives. Some burrowing brachiopods have come from the seashores of the remote Ordovician period to those of to-day, almost unchanged. Their vitality seems just as great now as it ever was, and they will probably pass over the horizon of the future as they have risen from the past, immortal and insignificant.

Certain individual peculiarities have favored the stagnation of some creatures. Attached degenerates, such as corals, live longer than many of their more deserving neighbors. Small, inconspicuous animals live longer and evolve more slowly than large, impressive ones. Reptiles had their day when they blossomed into the largest land animals that ever lived. But after the sun had set and risen again, the dinosaurs were gone, and only inconsequential snakes, turtles, and lizards were left to carry forward the reptilian banner. Many living birds and mammals have slipped through the mills of time because of their small size. The kiwi, flightless bird of New Zealand, is the smallest of the giant moa tribe, and the only one alive to-day.

Nature is cruel. With supreme irony she allows many of her degenerates and sluggards to live on indefinitely, and rewards her more ambitious offspring with an early death. A universal trait of the flesh is that it builds only for the present. If the future brings new conditions, the very organisms that succeeded most admirably may perish most miserably. The past is strewn with the bones of creatures who became so rigidly adapted to one set of conditions that they could not change to meet the demands of new conditions. Nature flips the coin with a "Heads I win — tails you lose." She offers her children stagnation and degeneracy on the one hand, or overspecialization and extinction on the other.

Dangers of Specialization

It seldom fails that progressive races become better and better adapted to a particu-

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lar environment and mode of life, until they are so rigid that change is impossible. Early Tertiary time was a heyday for browsing mammals. They had met the requirements of their environment perfectly. But when their forests shrank and they were forced to eat grass or die, they died. Their teeth had become so specialized for browsing that they could not learn to graze. The forest horse, Hypohippus, was a more progressive animal than his contemporary, Merychippus; but Hypohippus was a browser and became extinct, while the more primitive Merychippus gave rise to grazing horses whose blood still flows in the veins of modern horses. It is an almost universal law of nature that creatures become set in their ways, whatever those ways may be. This is merely a response to the universal urge to be comfortable which dominates the lazy and the active alike.

Evolution has trodden its many pathways undirected by the creatures in which it moves. Even man has reached his present condition with little conscious direction on his part. Since most of us are willing to swallow the religion of our parents, the government of our rascals, even the books of our "book clubs," it would seem that we are perfectly normal animals going willingly where we are driven. Yet with all our conformity (or standardized unconformity, when that is fashionable), we have an innate faith that we are masters of our destinies.

We have developed far enough to know that this is at least partly true. We need not be blind slaves to nature. Despite the ebullitions of physical culturists, our bodies are weakening; yet we are sidestepping the racial death that would certainly come to less intelligent animals for similar weaknesses. Many of our organs are useless antiques, but when the appendix, for example, threatens our lives, the surgeon cuts it out. A sound set of teeth is nearly as rare as a coat of fur, but the dentist reënforces our mouths and the clothier conserves our bodily warmth. Our hands have lost their glory, but they can still push buttons. We are losing our acuteness of vision and hearing, but as long as oculists and ear specialists can assist most of us in distinguishing red from green traffic signals and in hearing the whistle of a locomotive, the race will not perish from these defects. Our sense of smell is almost gone, yet this is a loss not without its compensating advantages. Our upright carriage makes childbirth increasingly difficult, but before our life stream is dammed at its source, we shall probably discover some way of removing gestation to the laboratory.

Our Weakening Bodies

ALTHOUGH we are not the men we used to be, our physical shortcomings will probably not exterminate us in the immediate geologic future. Our bodies will hold together, with a little help, for a long time. But man's great hope is for a progressive evolution of mind and spirit. With his brain he has already won exemption from some of nature's sternest laws. Nature decrees that the unfit shall die. Man rules that when the unfit are human, they shall be placed in asylums. Nature demands complete control over her children. Man defiantly invents schools, hospitals, churches, and consciously strengthens himself.

How far man can use his intelligence to shape his own destiny, nobody knows. Nor is the goal to be striven after any clearer than the means by which it may be reached. Unfortunately he is swayed by brute passions. A decade ago it was the lust to kill; to-day, if novelists reflect current trends, it is a morbid devotion to the urge to reproduce. Such divagations from the course his intellect points out may be but minor victories for nature, yet they suggest how easily even the mind and spirit of man can slip into reverse gear. If he is to escape the clutch of backward evolution, he must first know Nature for what she is.

This may mean the destruction of some of his dearest delusions and a less devout worshiping of their creator.

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National Greed and the Philippines

Woodcut by H. Glintenkamp

by **CARTER FIELD**

I

IT LOOKS as if sugar and coconut oil may win the Philippines' battle for freedom which Aguinaldo failed to accomplish by force of arms, which Bryan failed to win in a presidential campaign, and which Tammany Hall defeated in the House after the Senate, in 1916, had voted to grant independence within four years.

Six hundred thousand tons of sugar, pouring duty free into the United States this year from the islands, are spelling disaster in Cuba, where eight hundred million American dollars are invested in that one industry alone, and where an additional four hundred and fifty millions are sunk in other industries more or less dependent upon the prosperity of sugar for their own dividends. They are also spelling hard times and poor prices for our own sugar beet growers, spread over some twenty states of the Union and numerous enough in twelve of them to be a decided political factor.

Last February, Herbert Hoover inspected a huge sugar cane development on the shores of Lake Okeechobee, in Florida, which must now be added to Louisiana as a cane producing state. (Indeed, sugar shared with early fruits and vegetables the responsibility for the entire Florida delegation's voting in the House for the Hawley Tariff Bill, although every member from Florida was a Democrat.) Coconut oil, also flowing tax free into the United States in vast quantities, is causing the producers of cottonseed and peanut oils in the South to wonder just why the government they are taxed to support should be so determined to retain its grip on these far-away islands, whose people fought for their independence, and who have been promised it.

Powerful nations have often held far-distant peoples in subjection in order that the mother country could exploit their natural resources. Instances might be cited at length of territories held against their will because the owning country believed the possession was of great strategical value in the event of war. Nations have maintained protectorates over foreign lands so as to widen the markets for their own exports. And there are instances of nations separated from their home land by vast oceans who have nevertheless remained under the old flag because of mutual desire to continue such a relationship. But ownership of the Philippine Islands by the United States fits into none of these categories.

The United States is not exploiting the Philippines. The islands have special laws directed against any such policy, enacted for the express purpose of preventing large operations by American capital. From the standpoint of national defense, the Philippines are admitted by every strategist in the army and navy to be a liability. Every war plan this country has contemplates their immediate abandonment, and elaborate and expensive maneuvers for

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their eventual recapture! As for mutual desire, the overwhelming evidence is that the hope for independence is the strongest political issue in the islands. Every politician from Luzon to Mindanao quotes Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death!" when he seeks the suffrage of the natives.

Therefore, the only possible argument against granting the islands independence is that Uncle Sam has shouldered a bit of the White Man's Burden: that the Filipinos are not capable of governing themselves, and that anarchy would rule before the last transport carrying American soldiers home was over the horizon. But when has any mother country ever conceded a subject people to be fit for self-government? What is the test, and who is to determine it? Certainly, under Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison, the islands virtually governed themselves; and while it is generally admitted that the results were subject to severe criticism, there are American cities and American states whose local governments the well-informed American does not care to defend.

No, the fact remains that the United States has promised the islands eventual independence — to be given, presumably, when Congress shall decide that the islanders have fitted themselves for self-government without the danger of such mob violence as has brought front-page advertising to Herrin, Illinois, and some of the New Jersey towns; without such wholesale graft as resulted in the parade of Indiana public officials to the penitentiary; or such mismanagement of funds as has now created a deficit of nearly five million dollars for the State of Georgia.

Those Americans who are still public-spirited enough to follow the political news of the day, may remember reading with surprise a dispatch from Washington which appeared under date of October 9, 1929. It stated: "The Democratic-Insurgent coalition in the Senate to-day demonstrated on a test vote that it has the power to pass a bill providing for Philippine independence, and then voted down an amendment to the tariff bill which would have granted freedom to the islands." — "What!" says the citizen. "The old Philippine question again?" Yes, again; and it begins to look as if it is at last about to be settled, and our national honor vindicated. But alas, would that all were pure gold that glisters! Mr. Field shows in this article that the new movement for Philippine independence, while making use of the old sentimental appeal, is at bottom the expression of a new and powerful appeal to our national self-interest. The idealists in the world will view this new development as a sinister and evil portent. Oswald Garrison Villard will denounce it. The cynical will mock. Will Rogers will crack a joke. But the realists, if there be any, will see in it only new proof that fine sentiment loses none of its beauty as sentiment for being allied with "cold and clammy facts."

II

MEANWHILE, this government is fostering a situation in the islands which will spell utter economic disaster when the day of freedom comes. It is creating a condition which will make the price of liberty so costly that the temptation will be strong for the islanders to sell their birthright. In brief, the situation is this. Although the Philippines are not regarded as a part of the United States, as Hawaii is; although the Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution has not followed the flag there, it being the only territory under the American flag that is legally wet: the islands are inside the American tariff wall, which ever mounts higher and higher. Since the islands are able to pour their products into this tremendous, highly protected market duty free, they are naturally turning more and more to products which can be sold in the United States. Furthermore, desperate efforts by the American Government, through education, through payment to natives of salaries far above the old standards, and by example, have resulted in higher wage scales and better living conditions.

In short, Philippine producers are being geared up to the production costs which, so long as the islands retain their free market in the United States, spell prosperity; but these same conditions will lead to economic disaster should this country eventually carry out its promise of independence. For, as a result of the influence of the United States, the production costs of Philippine sugar and oil — in fact, everything the islands export — are far in excess of those in Java, for example, to cite the big sugar producer which will become a serious competitor to the Philippines the moment they are placed outside the American tariff wall.

This situation was not contemplated when the islands were acquired. Like Topsy, it has "jest growed." American tariffs applied against Philippine products for years after the Spanish-American War. Originally there was a limit on the amount of sugar the islands could send to the United States. This was naturally struck out when the Underwood-Simmons

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Bill put sugar on the free list. But it was not restored when that legislation was superseded by the Fordney-McCumber Bill. There is little doubt that a limit on Philippine sugar would have been written into the Hawley-Smoot Bill had not Secretary Stimson taken such a firm stand against it before the House Ways and Means Committee. Mr. Stimson made his fight in the first blush of the Hoover administration's honeymoon. He assumed a tremendous responsibility, unless one is to suppose that the pledge of eventual independence is never to be carried out.

But even presuming this pledge to be a scrap of paper, and that the islands are to be retained permanently under the American flag — consider the effect of these duty-free imports from the Philippines. The stimulation of sugar production in the islands by affording them a free market in the United States is one of the reasons for the overproduction of sugar in the last few years. And the distress in Cuba at the present moment is due directly to this world overproduction of sugar. The friends of Cuba point out that this little country has a real grievance against the United States in that our government, during the war, did everything possible to boost sugar production, while the Cuban Government consented to a price far below what could have been obtained.

They also point out that since the war, Porto Rico, with no tariff barrier against her, has been turned into a gigantic sugar and tobacco plantation. The one favored spot in the world, as they view it, lies in the Philippines. Not only do those islands boast cheap land and fertile soil, a tropic sun and plenty of rain, but they can send their sugar through Uncle Sam's customhouses without paying one cent of duty. Meanwhile, American investors in Cuba are going without dividends and worrying about their principal. Only one beet sugar company in this country admits making any profits, and Louisiana complains bitterly.

Compared to the sugar producers, much less has been heard, so far, from the producers of vegetable oil; but this interest ramifies amazingly when one counts up soy beans, peanuts, and cotton. There are other tariff angles also, which sooner or later will add their weight to the political pressure which is surging up behind the sentimental appeal to grant independence. For example, there is a strong movement now under way in the South to educate the cotton farmers to favor a tariff on jute. Experts on this subject estimate that a prohibitive tariff against jute would increase the consumption of cotton about a million and a half bales a year. But a prohibitive schedule against that product would not bar it if shipped from the Philippines!

III

Few now recall by what a narrow margin the Filipino independence agitators failed to attain their goal in 1916. Actually, the controversy in Washington at the time was so heated that it became one of the reasons why Lindley M. Garrison resigned as Secretary of War. But that whole fight was blanketed by the war news from Europe, by Woodrow Wilson's "preparedness" drive in the interests of which he was then touring the country, by the "Lusitania" correspondence with Germany, and by developments in the 1916 presidential campaign. But on February 8, 1916, the United States Senate voted to give the Philippines absolute independence on a day to be fixed by the President "not less than two nor more than four years after the approval of this act." This was the then-famous Clarke Amendment to the Jones Bill, which itself rather nebulously promised eventual independence.

On April 26 of that year, President Wilson urged the Democrats of the House to concur in this action, stating that after careful consideration it seemed to be in the best interests of the public "that the Senate bill ought to be adopted, and I sincerely hope for its adoption." The President's letter containing these words was read to the caucus of the Democrats of the House by Representative William A. Jones, of Virginia — author of the Jones Bill and chairman of the House Committee on Insular Affairs. Despite Wilson's appeal, thirty Democrats, of whom fifteen were Tammany men and the rest more or less closely affiliated with them in political strategy, bolted the Democratic caucus. Bitter attacks by Republican Senate and House leaders on what they termed a "scuttle" policy held every Republican in the House in line against the amendment, and it was defeated 213 to 165.

The truth is that the sentiment for giving the islands their independence was much

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greater at that time than was indicated by the votes of either the Senate or the House. In the Senate the amendment of Senator Clarke passed, by a vote of 41 to 41, with Vice President Marshall deciding the tie in favor of independence. But many senators supporting independence did not vote for it. The actual sentiment of the Senate was revealed much more accurately a few minutes later, when Senator Lippitt, of Rhode Island, attempted to send the bill back to committee for revamping. This was defeated 50 to 29. Then, after clearing away the objections of some of the senators to any guarantee of Philippine independence after our government's withdrawal, and of others to language about retaining a naval base, a final test on the Clarke Amendment was made. Enough senators changed their votes so that the amendment was approved 48 to 27.

The sentiment for giving the islands their independence was understated in the House's vote because of an intense desire on the part of the Republican leaders to maintain party regularity on the eve of a presidential campaign. Thus, while the elder La Follette voted for independence in the Senate, not one of the eleven Republicans of Wisconsin did so in the House. While William E. Borah voted for the Clarke Amendment in the Senate, the Idaho Republicans in the House followed their party leaders.

IV

At the present moment, the curious thing to note about this movement for giving the Philippines their independence fourteen years ago is the fact that at that time there was no selfish motive inspiring any group or interest to favor it. It is true that Chairman Jones made out a case that the islands were costing the federal treasury some fifty million dollars a year; but there is no indication that a desire to save the government's money influenced a single vote in favor of the Clarke Amendment.

But conditions have changed amazingly since then. To the sentimental appeal that we should free the islands because we promised to do so, has now been added a mercenary plea. The Filipino politicos, who for thirty years have demanded independence in vain, now suddenly find themselves with a host of allies in the United States whose pocketbook nerves are affected.

As recently as last March the ground was already being cultivated for the next move. Senator King, of Utah, introduced a resolution which requested the President of the United States to enter upon negotiations with Great Britain, France, and Japan with a view to guaranteeing the independence of the islands after they have been granted self-government.

In a speech on his resolution, Senator King made the following declaration: "There never has been a time since the American military forces landed upon Philippine soil that the Filipinos were willing to be an American colony or even an American state. They have desired to be free and independent; they have had confidence in their ability to govern themselves and to maintain an independent and sovereign state, possessing a liberal form of government and adequate to protect its people and discharge its international obligations. I believe that a majority of the American people regarded the Jones Act as a solemn pledge upon the part of the American people to grant independence to the Filipinos."

All of this, with its appeal to national honor and good faith, smacks very much of the political oratory of 1916. But those observers who may have guessed that there were deeper forces at work behind the present movement than appeared on the surface, were confirmed in their opinion by a sudden turn of events in the Senate on October 9, 1929. Significantly enough, the new movement for Philippine independence popped up its head in the midst of a debate on the tariff.

Senator Broussard, of Louisiana, proposed an amendment to the tariff bill calling for a tariff on Philippine exports to the United States, and authorizing the President to summon an international conference of Pacific powers to draw up a guarantee of the islands' independence. Immediately, Senator King offered a substitute amendment granting Philippine independence after the islands had organized a government. Two hours of wrangling followed, during which Senator Bingham, of Connecticut — chairman of the Committee on Territorial and Insular Affairs — promised to introduce, in the next regular session, a resolution which will give Congress an opportunity to vote on Philippine independence

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apart from other issues. With this general understanding, a vote was taken on the King Amendment, and it was defeated 45 to 36.

It was apparent that this vote in no way reflected the real strength of the forces now working to free the islands. As soon as the result was announced, Senator Robinson, who had voted for the King Amendment, and Senator Borah, who had voted against it (although he is known to favor Philippine independence), said that the outcome could not be taken as an expression of the Senate's real feeling. It merely meant, they said, that the Senate refused to entangle the Philippine question with the tariff issue; and they predicted that the vote would be different when the bill to grant the islands their freedom comes up for consideration alone.

It begins to look, therefore, as if the Filipino's thirty-year fight for independence may at last be crowned with success. The old sentimental appeal, fostered by Bryan and encouraged by Wilson, is still far from dead. This is proved by the *Atlanta Constitution's* reference in a recent editorial to "the stigma of refusing freedom to a conquered people whom we do not want as citizens, but whose wealth we covet for American commercial exploiters." To this sentimental appeal is now added a selfish interest of which there was not a trace when Tammany's bolt killed the Clarke Amendment in 1916. "The next regular session" in which Senator Bingham promised to introduce his test resolution meets in December, 1929, and it remains to be seen whether our national greed will at last accomplish what our national honor has so long demanded in vain.

What I Believe

Living Philosophies — V

by **WILLIAM RALPH INGE**

Dean of St. Paul's, London

WHETHER an old beetle of an Englishman, now in his seventieth year, is at all a suitable person to interpret the youth of America to itself, may be very seriously doubted. I do not know much about even our own young people, who seldom speak frankly to their elders. It is difficult to guess what is at the bottom of their minds. They have every reason to be anxious about their future, but they do not seem to be anxious.

Many of them appear to be reckless, as if they had decided to live only in and for the present. Others are striking out new lines for themselves, rejecting impatiently the experience of the past. They feel themselves cut off from pre-war England by those four horrible years. During that ghastly nightmare, which hardly touched you in America, a million of our young men — the flower of the nation — lost their lives. The old wealth was consumed; the whole future of our country was more than once in dire jeopardy; the links with the old conventions, values, and traditions were snapped. "It will be a new world after the war," people were everywhere saying. It is not really a new world; but some great changes were speeded up, others were retarded. The old order seemed to have ended in a delirium of coöperative suicide.

There has been no such breach of continuity in the United States. You were never in danger either of foreign conquest or of internal revolution. Your losses were, by comparison, very small. Your country is enjoying unparalleled prosperity. The moral climate in the two nations is quite different.

A caricaturist has drawn poor John Bull, much shrunk from his former corpulence, contemplating a gigantic note of interrogation. That is my own attitude; I am no cocksure

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Etchings by Rembrandt *Courtesy the Weyhe Gallery*

Christ Healing the Sick: the "Hundred Guilder" Piece

prophet. In politics, a Puritan and a Tory contend for the mastery in my mind; in philosophy and religion, a Neo-Platonist and a student of modern science are not always peaceable bedfollows. A cross-bench mind? Or is my proper place not on the cross-benches, but on the floor between two stools? Young America, I fancy, likes something much more positive, more self-confident, than I can give it.

I have already written about the great crisis in Christian theology. Our religion, which was at first fluid, like molten metal, stiffened and almost petrified at a time when the dominant belief about the course of the world was supernaturalistic dualism — on the one side a natural order which in itself had no significance, and on the other, miraculous, catastrophic interventions. The creation, the fall, the redemption of mankind, and the approaching end of the world were single acts, sudden breaches of natural sequence. But now we all believe in an evolutionary world, and the scale of it has been prodigiously magnified. Can a historical revelation be fitted into this new scheme? What becomes of the old belief in miracle and prophecy, in a privileged corporation declaring the will of God with authority and dispensing His favors as a monopoly, and in the traditional Christian eschatology — heaven and hell, with or without purgatory?

I tried to indicate my own conviction: that we can and must still be Christians, but only if we recognize that Christianity is a living, growing, changing organism, which has by no means as yet reached its final form. I will not repeat or recapitulate these arguments. The problem belongs to the philosophy of religion, in which only a small minority are interested. But it seems to me that we have to face another movement which affects a much wider circle; I mean a revolt against Christian ethics.

The scientists of the nineteenth century objected to being called materialists, though they did all their scientific thinking in terms of quantitative categories. Most of them were high-minded and even religious men, who in moral questions were timid and conventional. They had very little quarrel with Christian ethics, and most of them would have agreed with John Stuart Mill that a man cannot do better than order his conduct so that Christ would have approved of his life.

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This respect for moral tradition has now gone by the board. The morality of the church, if not of the Gospel, is openly repudiated. I am about to state the case against Christian ethics, as I believe many of our thoughtful young people might state it. Most of the attacks against Christianity are foolish and easily answered; but I have no wish to put up men of straw in order to knock them down. I wish to face real and serious difficulties. I will use quotation marks to prevent any careless reader from citing my opponents' objections as my own opinions.

"The Gospel was a prophetic, antisacerdotal mission within Judaism. The piety and personal morality which it enjoins reach the very highest level. But it leaves us in a world without a future. The first disciples were Messianists, who believed in an apocalyptic end of the age, or day of the Lord, which some of them would live to see. The Gospel gives us no guidance as to the organization of society, no principles about the distribution of the profits of industry, no indication as to whether we should prefer monarchy or democracy. We can find in it no inspiring ideal of human progress; no sympathy with science, literature, or art — very little, in short, of what fills our minds when we dream of a better world for our descendants.

Christ before Pilate

"Furthermore, although there is no unwholesome asceticism in the teaching of Christ Himself, the world-renouncing tendency of the age enveloped Christianity from the moment when it became a Hellenistic religion, completely captured it, and gave it a peculiar character which it has retained ever since. The whole of Christian sexual morality depends on the ascetic notion that certain natural functions are essentially sinful and degrading. This teaching has caused incalculable misery, and is now finally antiquated by modern psychology and its kindred sciences.

"Lastly, from the fourth century onward, the great Church has been an imperialistic theocracy, a political organization with a singularly bad record of cruelty, oppression, and fraud."

I am not concerned to rebut the last item in the indictment, since I am writing for American Protestants, whose withers are unwrung by it. The first and second objections are very serious, and must be considered quite candidly.

It is true that there is a wide gap in the teaching of the New Testament. It tells us next to nothing about the conditions of a higher civilization. There are some well-meaning people who try to make out that Christ was an advanced social reformer; they talk about Christian politics and economics. They are mistaken. The Gospel is a message of spiritual redemption, not of social reform. Christ was indifferent to all forms of government, ecclesiastical and civil; He disdained any concern with questions of distribution; and He despised all the paraphernalia of civilization beyond the simplest necessaries and comforts.

On the other hand, His method of proceeding outward from the individual to society is the true method of all moral reform. By refusing to legislate for Palestine in the first century, He avoided making any laws which would be a hindrance to America in the twentieth. His religion has not, in fact, impeded secular civilization. And lastly, though He has little to say about distribution, He has a good deal to say about consumption — about the vulgarity and selfishness of luxury, and the sin of waste. In prosperous America to-day — but I refrain. You can read the New Testament for yourselves.

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I turn to the question of asceticism. I am terribly cramped for space and I will come to grips with the psychoanalysts and their friends at once. If there are no instincts in our nature which need to be repressed — buffeted, mortified, crucified, as St. Paul says; if all of them are to be gratified, in a more or less "sublimated" form: then all the great moralists, pagan as well as Christian, Plato as well as St. Paul, are fundamentally wrong. But they are not wrong. The only possible harmony of our nature is a harmony of unified purpose, not of gratified instincts. These instincts are a turbulent mob, which can never be reduced to order except by what the Stoics called the ruling faculty.

If we were mere animals, we might live as innocently as "the pretty little rabbits with their interesting habits." But when Judge Ben Lindsey's young students imitate these engaging quadrupeds, the result is revolting and horrible. In becoming moral agents we have forfeited immunity from moral struggle. We can only rise to higher things on stepping-stones of our *dead* selves; and a great part of our warfare, though certainly not the whole of it, is concerned with the conquest of what St. Paul calls the flesh. The Christian doctrine of purity is quite clear. The obligation does not rest primarily on the injury which licentiousness does to other people, but on the fact that our bodies are temples of the Holy Spirit, and that misuse of the sacraments of love defiles this inner shrine. If anyone thinks that this is mere monkish morality, let him read what Plato says about the continence of Greek athletes. They do it to obtain a corruptible crown, he says, almost in the words of St. Paul; and shall not we, whose minds are better trained than theirs, and our bodies less lusty, do as much to win the incorruptible crown of self-conquest and converse with the Divine?

Puritanism has hitherto been the backbone of the American character, and the main secret of American greatness. We have heard lately, from Troeltsch and others, that John Calvin is the spiritual father of that not wholly admirable person, the American business man, with his "inner-worldly asceticism" and his unthinking devotion to productive industry for its own sake. But the ideal was originally a fine one. It denounced luxury, waste, chicanery, and exploitation. All the worst evils of "big business" have cropped up in direct defiance of it. Do not let us talk glibly about "the mistake of asceticism." It *is* a mistake, very often; but it is a mistake which it is much easier to fall below than to rise above.

America is a land of violent contrasts; and the reaction against Puritanism seems to have gone to dangerous lengths. It is a simple expedient to dub all authoritative and traditional moral principles "taboos," and forthwith to disregard them. That is the tendency of post-war civilization all over Europe. We should be wiser to take the authority of Jesus Christ as absolute and beyond question. Our mastery of applied science does not make us wiser or better than our fathers. I am no advocate of unprogressive morality. A new moral orientation has been made necessary by the recognition of our duties to posterity, to the lower animals, and to all the beautiful and gracious things which our vulgar greed is defacing and destroying. But we may be sure that no society can be healthy or happy in which the duty of self-denial and self-discipline is set at naught, and in which chastity and the sanctity of the marriage bond are treated as outworn superstitions.

Next month this series of living philosophies will be continued by Irving Babbitt, America's leading exponent of Humanism.

Descent from the Cross

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Where Are the Diabolos?

Drawings by C. C. Beaver

***by* E. B. WHITE**

THE CLOAK of mystery which my father wore was never more brilliant in my sight than on that evening, twenty years ago, when he came home from his office bearing a long, thin, cardboard box and placed it, unopened, on the hatrack in the hall. (Unannounced boxes were never opened, in our household, till after dinner.) When the time came, the children being assembled, my father carefully removed the wrapper, then the lid, drew forth two wands connected by a piece of string, and tried, with no preliminary explanation and no particular skill, to twirl a small celluloid object on the string by beating rapidly with the wands. The object was conical in shape — or rather it was like a spool with a pinched waist — and imponderable in purpose. My father remarked, in a slightly abashed voice, that it was "a new game." He called it diabolo.

Even through the ensuing days, when I had learned to spin the object on the string by jerking the right wand harder than the left, my awe and misgivings never left me. There was something a little bit sinister, something vaguely unearthly, about diabolo. The name was suspicious; the shape of the spool was unprecedented; the inability of my father to achieve anything in the way of success with it by following directions, unsettled me.

The air in our suburb soon became full of the whirling toys. Legendary figures sprang up: the girl two blocks away who was reputed to be a diabolo prodigy, able to spin faster, throw higher, and catch more cannily than mortal girl should spin, throw, and catch; the boy named Ralph Palmer who was said to have in his possession a diabolo set made of ivory and edged with rubber. Through it all I never reconciled diabolo to the natural world of birds, flowers, tennis balls, and schoolbooks. The twirling spool, glinting in the sun, was like the soul of Little Eva — not long for this world; and somehow I knew it.

I was not unprepared for the transitoriness of diabolo. Had not my brother once owned a mandolin? Nothing had ever come of that. Had not my sister once owned a wood-burning set? Nothing had come of that either, save a few mutilated book ends and a rather memorable smell through the house. Such days were destined to pass.

Lately I've begun to wonder about the meaning of such ephemeral excitements, for there seems to be no appreciable abatement. The nation at the moment is drinking cocktails made of tomato juice, or of sauerkraut juice. It is the same nation that not so long ago hung Japanese lanterns on its front porch and stuck swastika hatpins in its hat. I never understood the significance of the swastika sign, although I was so bemused by its provocative outlines that for months I did little else but sketch it on notes, margins, letterheads, homework paper, in varying sizes and to the utter exclusion of all other work in life.

It was of very little interest to me that this talismanic symbol had appeared early in the Bronze Age, or that it had been variously regarded by ancient peoples as a phallic emblem, a sign of wind, a solar symbol, and a mark of productivity. I merely desired to draw it, while sitting still, thinking. In some manner I sensed that it bore the same mysterious relation to life that the mandolin had.

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I never understood the swastika; I never thoroughly liked it — and I do not now understand, or like, sauerkraut juice and tomato juice cocktails. But I drink them. I drink them because it is clear to me that popular mysticism cannot be escaped, and that to deny it is to make oneself sick. (The tomato has a tendency to make me a little bit sick, too, but I overlook that.) My brother before me had to pick at the mandolin. It was part of earth's mystery. And when I used to come into the room to bother him, it was part of the ritual for him to tell me: "Twenty-three, skidoo." If he hadn't played the mandolin and said "twenty-three skidoo," he would have become sick in his own way, just as the rest of the family, hearing him, became sick in theirs.

One is tempted to search for some common principle or design in American fads that might explain their existence. For a while, pondering this thing, I inclined toward the theory (my own) that all the fads of the past quarter century had one distinguishing characteristic in common — namely, a strange or odd shape. Take the shape of the bicycle. Seen for the first time, the bicycle was pretty funny looking. Take the Sealyham terrier — bizarre. Taffy, when pulled by young girls on the back porches of yesteryear, got into some awfully strange shapes. Jigsaw puzzles were a hotbed of irregular outlines. Modern furniture, some of which is scarcely less mysterious to me than were the diabolos of my extreme youth, is spectacularly groggy in its conformations. Even pogo sticks, in their little day, were rather queer.

Probably, however, no such simple explanation can be advanced. Shape was probably less revelatory than effect. The fads which we have fallen heir to, if they had anything at all in common, had a peculiar ability to induce a kind of partial stupor, or forgetfulness. The

vacuous look on the face of my brother playing the mandolin on our parlor sofa in 1906 is the same look that I have seen as recently as last summer on the faces of young ladies who, in sunback dresses, lay stretched out in semi-comfortable postures on public beaches, getting tanned. It is a look which I have seen nowhere except on the faces of persons who were indulging in fads — a curious, half-happy expression which denotes a state somewhere between coma and ecstasy — the look of a person who is reaching out for something (happiness, luck, beauty), yet who wants to be physically lulled while mentally reaching out.

These lovely girls who let down the straps of their bathing suits so that the sun may curl in around their breasts, browning them like marshmallows — they are not quite sure why they want to be brown all over, any more than they were ever sure, ten years ago, why they wanted to be white all over. It is just that the soporific effect of sitting in the sun while acquiring a popular shade is undeniably pleasant. Sitting, they think the same thoughts I had while drawing swastikas; they can't help it.

These sun-tanned, anagram-minded days are not very far removed from the cross-word puzzle, ask-me-another days. We haven't, in fact, come a great way from the Billiken. Remember the Billiken? There was an idol for you! The Billiken not only induced partial stupor, it often brought on a kind of benign frenzy. Its shape, like that of most fads, was queer; and its paunchy reign on the dressers of American homes and the desks of American offices must have vastly modified the character of the populace and influenced the national temper.

There was something faintly exotic about the Billiken even to persons who had no opinion about its Oriental derivation. Young ladies were bemused by it because it gave a full-size view of the human navel; almost everybody was affected and disturbed by it because of the obvious jollity of its belly and the dubious sincerity of its grin. It was reputed to be a luck token. Unquestionably it worked its

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way into the dream life of its suppliants, but inevitably its domination came to an end, after a brief course, and it disappeared into the crazy limbo, alongside the diabolos, the Teddy Bears, the wood-burning sets, the linked nails, the signet rings, the gyroscopic tops, the kewpies, and the mah jong sets.

The only fad I can think of that ever succeeded in squirming its way out of the limbo, once in, is ping-pong. Ping-pong, during the past year, has risen again like the Phœnix. Its reappearance must have been a grievous blow to many careful housewives who were beginning to believe they were safe. I know several households in which the ping-pong table had been preserved carefully for upward of twenty years, only to be discarded a scant two months before the paterfamilias turned up with the news that he intended to play ping-pong again. Situations like that tend to break down American womanhood.

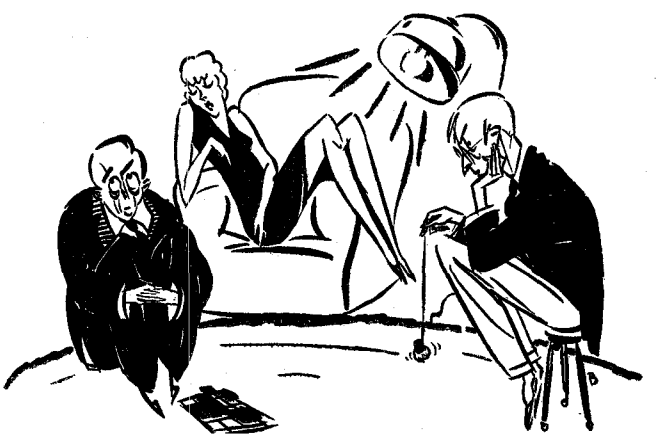
As I write this I am in a barn. (The fuzzy old custom of living in houses was quite a fad in itself, I'm told.) With me at the moment are three other persons. One is a tall lady who is making her legs browner than they are by bathing them under a sun lamp. One is a small man who is sitting, trance-like, on the floor, trying to make words by using the letters found in the word "pearly." The other is a spectacled fellow with a clerical aspect. He is solemnly playing Yo Yo. All three faces have the look of momentary peace in the midst of an original unrest. The man who is Yo Yo-ing has an almost beatific light in his eye; and, indeed, it is of Yo Yo that I must speak if I am to predict anything about the future. It looks as if we will all be Yo Yo-ing before long. Right now the craze seems to have got hold of the State of Georgia and not got anywhere else; but of course there is no telling what may happen.

Yo Yo is a kind of ball, about the size of a tennis ball. It is a mere wooden shell, and is split in two sections except for an axle, around which is wrapped a bit of string. To play Yo Yo, one winds the Yo Yo, loops the string over one's forefinger, and then drops the Yo Yo and tries, by a little twitching movement, to make the thing roll itself back up again as far as the palm of the hand. Nothing is to be gained thereby, except the simple sport of seeing it do it. In effect it is like diabolo, but even simpler. It requires a certain knack. The first time you try it you can't do it. That angers you.

Already rumors and legends surround it. There is, for instance, the report that certain very dexterous persons are able to make odd figures in the air while Yo Yo-ing; and there is the report, current in the city of Atlanta, that if anyone succeeds in Yo Yo-ing forty-six thousand times, he will receive a trip to Europe — although who is to do the counting and who is to supply the trip are matters that are left more or less open.

Commonly I think of myself as a strong character, immune to minor distractions and ephemeral tricks. Yet I have been known to Yo Yo. I would Yo Yo right now if I had one of the things, or could get the one away from the man who is Yo Yo-ing. I would rather Yo Yo than eat or sleep. The marvelous uncertainty of the little spinning ball, the vague possibility of improvement in technique, the unutterable momentary balm of escaping from other things in life, such as work, and the pleasant possibility of meeting other persons who love Yo Yo and who would Yo Yo with me, make it so alluring a prospect that I could not miss it even if I wanted to.

The funny thing is, I don't even want to.



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Pen and ink drawings by Earle Horter

Don Juan

Or the Youth of Byron — Part VI

by ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Translation by Hamish Miles

In 1809 Albania was an almost unknown country. Its wild mountains reminded Byron of the Scotland of his childhood. The men wore skirts to the knee, not unlike the kilt and goatskin cloaks. Ali, the Pasha of Yanina — a man renowned for his courage and his cruelty — was informed by the English minister of the arrival of a young nobleman, and invited the travelers to pay him a visit.

The terrible Ali Pasha was a small man, seventy years old, five feet six in height, with a white beard and manners dignified and courteous; but his reputation was ferocious. He had no hesitation about roasting an enemy on a grill, or flinging fifteen women into a lake for annoying his daughter-in-law. He asked why Byron had left his native country so young, and added that he would instantly have recognized his noble birth by the smallness of his ears, his curling hair, and his white hands. These words delighted Byron so much that for several months they appeared in all his letters. Ali Pasha was long to remain one of Byron's heroes. Love of power, scorn of moral and social laws, a taste for enwrapping mystery — the whole personality of Ali moved Byron profoundly. His sympathy was returned, and the Pasha provided the two Englishmen with guides and an armed escort for their return.

To traverse a wild country under the protection of half-barbarian soldiers was a bold but intoxicating adventure. Byron discovered, as he imagined, that he was at heart a man of action. He feared nothing. He liked his Albanian warriors, finding them both simple and loyal. It was in their midst, at Yanina, that he began the writing of his *Childe Burun* which, after the first canto, became *Childe Harold*. He wrote it in the Spenserian stanza, the nine lines of which, he thought, gave scope for variety of tone.

From Albania they wanted to go to Greece by sea, but were prevented by a storm and the incompetence of the sailors. The sails were torn to shreds. "Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Allah; the captain burst into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God." Byron, whose leg prevented him from helping matters, wrapped himself in his Albanian cloak, lay down on deck, and calmly went to sleep. When he awoke, the storm had spent itself, and the vessel had been stranded on a beach.

Rejected by the sea, they decided to reach Greece overland. It was a magnificent ride through the mountains. To eyes accustomed to

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the stern clime of the north, landscapes wreathed in mist, shifting veils of cloud, this indigo sky and light air, those rocky mountains picked out with touches of ocher and saffron, made up a picture of light and joy. He crossed the Gulf of Lepanto, first as far as the white fortified town of Patras, and then again in the other direction to land at the foot of Parnassus.

The Land of Heroes

Every word of the guide kindled a memory. This was the country of Meleager and Atalanta, the land of the boar of Erymanthus. The snowy ridge seen in the distance was Helicon, and there was a thrill in lying down beside the cave of Pythia. At Delphi, Hobhouse and Byron carved their names on the columns of a temple. Huge birds were wheeling overhead. Eagles, said Byron; buzzards, said Hobhouse. But even Hobhouse warmed as they approached Athens. To the natural beauties of the scene were added potent associations: courage, the love of freedom, the taste for beauty, eloquence — all the grandest human virtues had sprung from this parched and pure soil.

At last, on December 24, 1809, after riding the whole morning through the pines and olive groves, they rounded a hill and saw below them in the plain, some way off, a town clustering round a high rock, and beyond the town the sea. It was Athens. At that time it was only a large village. The Turks held it, and, being more conquerors than administrators, were abandoning it to its fate. A Turkish garrison was encamped on the Acropolis, to which Byron and Hobhouse climbed, bearing the Ottoman governor a gift of sugar and tea. They were cordially welcomed by this functionary, who walked them round the white fragments of the temples.

Byron was moved by the contrast between the past splendor of the spot and its present meanness. If the slavery of the populace had shocked him in Portugal, it outraged him still more in the land of Miltiades and Themistocles; and the manuscript of *Childe Hærold* was filled with calls to rebellion.

"But what can I do?" asked a young Athenian one day, when Byron had been reproaching him with submissiveness.

"Slave!" cried Byron. "You are not worthy to bear the name of Greek! What can you do? Avenge yourself!"

Nevertheless, he grew attached to the Greeks. "They are ungrateful," he said, "but who has ever done the Greek people a service?" What gratitude need they owe to their Turkish oppressors? To the English who robbed the Acropolis of its masterpieces? To the French who gave them advice and no help? Byron was furious to see Lord Elgin's agents negligently spoiling the metopes of the Parthenon. Even the Turkish governor wept when he saw one of the pediments being smashed.

Still, for all his love of the Greeks, Byron got along well with the Turks. The town prefect was so attentive that he had fifty blows with a rod administered to a fellow who had insulted the two Englishmen. Hobhouse was gratified and made a note: "Whatever I may think of it at home, abroad autocracy has its advantages."

A pilgrim can make no halt. An English vessel was setting out for Smyrna, and they took passage on board. At Smyrna, Byron completed the second canto of his poem. Hobhouse had no great opinion of it. Exaggerated sentiments, he kept saying, and rhetorical mouthings; he preferred Pope. Byron himself, very fond of eighteenth century poetry, was almost astounded by the spontaneous overflow of his emotions, and stuffed the manuscript at the bottom of his portmanteau. He would find some other path to fame.

In Leander's Wake

From Smyrna they embarked to the Isle of Tenedos. There he saw the entrance to the Dardanelles, the narrow cleft which separates two continents. A swift tide flowed like a river between two high banks, bare and dull-hued. And that was the Hellespont, where Leander had swum across to join his lover. Byron was eager to imitate him. He made two attempts. The first failed, but on May 3rd he succeeded, swimming from Europe to Asia and remaining an hour and a half in the water. His companion, Mr. Ekenhead, beat him by five minutes. Neither of them was tired, though they were rather chilled; and Byron was prodigiously proud of himself. He wrote to his mother, to Hodgson, to the whole world, and this exploit, together with complaints about Fletcher and Ali Pasha's praise of his small ears, became one of the main themes of his letters. "I shall begin by telling you, having only told you twice before, that I swam from Sestos

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to Abydos. I do this that you may be impressed with proper respect for me, the performer; for I plume myself over this achievement more than I could do on any kind of glory, political, poetical, or rhetorical."

Before proceeding to Constantinople, Byron visited the site of ancient Troy. Faithful to his taste for the final void and the sleep of heroes, he lingered in meditation before the tomb of Achilles. At Constantinople it was interesting to stroll among the tombs of the Sultans, in a scarlet uniform embroidered with gold, and a plumed hat, and followed by the Janizaries whom Byron had of course engaged. He did nothing all day long but smoke, ride on horseback, and row across the Bosporus to Sweet Waters on the Asiatic side; but he was satisfied.

Fletcher, his manservant, was the sole thorn in his flesh. "The perpetual lamentations after beef and beer, the stupid, bigoted contempt for everything foreign, and the insurmountable incapacity of acquiring even a few words of any language, rendered him, like all other English servants, an incumbrance. I do assure you, the plague of speaking for him, the comforts he required (more than myself by far), the pilaws which he could not eat, the wines which he could not drink, the beds where he could not sleep, and the long list of calamities, such as stumbling horses, want of tea, etc., which assailed him, would have made a lasting source of laughter to a spectator and inconvenience to a master."

At last, on July 24, 1810, Byron and Hobhouse left Constantinople. Hobhouse returned to England; Byron wished to make another stay at Athens. There was no grief in their parting. For a year they had made good-humored fun of each other, but a long voyage is a stern test of friendship and a change was welcome. To his mother Byron wrote: "I am very glad to be once more alone, for I was sick of my companion — not that he was a bad one, but because my nature leads me to solitude, and that every day adds to this disposition."

Rabelaisian Monks

During his second sojourn in Athens, Byron lodged at the monastery of the Capucins. It was a beautiful place — Hymettus in front, the Acropolis behind, with the Temple of Zeus on his right, and the town on his left. The monument of Lysicrates was enclosed within the monastery buildings, a charming little circular temple out of which the monks had made a library, opening on a grove of orange trees. The life led in this monastery was none too sanctified; it was gay, noisy, and licentious, and Byron joined in it with boyish delight. Fletcher, the married man who had so loudly bewailed the separation from his Sally, had taken a Greek mistress; and the two Albanian servants and the interpreter had followed his example.

He made several expeditions into the Morea, going as far as Tripolitza and always making a stop at Patras, where the British consul, Mr. Strané, acted as his banker. He liked this port where the vessels with their painted hulls, recalling the fleet of Agamemnon, unfurled their sails beneath the steep, white town. But it was an unhealthy spot; in the mosquito season, when the wind blew across from Missolonghi, malaria reigned supreme. Byron caught the fever and very nearly died of it. Fletcher completely lost his head; but fortunately his Albanian attendants nursed him and told the doctor they would kill him if their master died.

At last Byron got the better of his malady, and when he was sufficiently recovered, he re-

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turned to Athens, worn out and very pale. The regimen that he followed to preserve his slimness was certainly not one to build up his strength — a Turkish bath three times a week, his drink a compound of water and vinegar, and rice as his sole nourishment. Throughout that winter his life was very much the same as before his illness. He worked a little and wrote a couple of satires — one in the manner of Pope, *Hints from Horace*, and the other a violent piece of invective against Lord Elgin, *The Curse of Minerva*.

As for the amorous exploits of Byron and his entourage, these were taking a dangerous turn. His Albanians were seducing Greek ladies whose husbands began to complain. Byron himself (according to Galt) was the cause of one young Greek woman's being condemned to death. Following ancient usage, the governor ordered her to be sewn in a sack and flung into the sea. Byron chanced to meet the procession which was on its way to the beach to carry out this sentence, and he interposed in resolute fashion. Drawing a pistol, he threatened to kill the man in charge of the squad, and in the end he succeeded in bringing back the young woman to the governor's house. With threats and bribery he secured a commutation of her sentence so that she was merely banished. He himself took her to the monastery and sent her off the same night to Thebes.

He would gladly have prolonged this wild, adventurous life but Hanson sent no further remittances and demanded the presence of his client to defend Newstead and Rochdale, which were threatened by creditors and lawyers. Alas, he must go home! Fletcher was sent off as an advance guard, laden with baggage and a letter for Mrs. Byron; and a few weeks later the master followed, taking with him two Greek servants.

The Fruits of Travel

THE VOYAGE was tedious, without interesting companions, but he liked his solitude. All in all, he had not been unhappy on his travels. He had been nearly wrecked in a Turkish boat, had enjoyed a passion for a married lady in Malta, had visited a Pasha, loved three Greeks in Athens, crossed the Dardanelles, written some verses, and learned Italian in the monastery. He had viewed splendid scenery, evoked heroic memories, recaptured six months of youth. He had talked with Frenchmen, Italians, Greeks, Turks, and had been able to estimate the ideas and manners of other countries. A century of smoking in the London clubs, or of yawning in the country, could not have given him a tithe of the useful and amusing knowledge he now possessed.

It is always interesting to observe, in the course of a life, the gradual formation of the stony strata which, hardened by time, will shape and limit a man's character. On the ancestral basis of Gordon violence and Byron sensuality, there had been laid a physical deposit — an infirmity inspiring hatred of the world, and a beauty affording the means of avenging himself. On the gloomy and narrow religion taught by his first Scottish masters there had been superimposed the Voltairean deism of the Cambridge undergraduates; and on the ingenuous sentimentalism of adolescence, a strongly ironical humor. The view of the universe which now graced his inner landscape was simple. This world had been created, for no object known to ourselves, by a God who seemed indifferent to our ills. Moved by their passions, men pursued either agreeable sensations, which was wise, or fame, which was foolish. Empires rose and sank like the waves of the sea. All was vanity — save pleasure.

This teaching had been strongly confirmed by his travels in the Orient. Go where he might, Byron found life a stern business, vice omnipresent, and death both easy and close at hand. The fatalism of Islam had reinforced his own. The Mohammedans' treatment of woman had satisfied him. The multiplicity of religions was proof of their weakness. He brought back doubts as solid as acts of faith. His long solitude had taught him some truths regarding himself. He knew now that he was only happy as an outlaw. He loved those lands where he cared about no one, and where no one cared about him. Distance had taught him contempt. Henceforth he would know that if things went wrong with him in England, a fortnight at sea would bring him to white islands beneath a sky forever blue.

Back in London

IN LONDON, Byron stopped at Reddish's Hotel in St. James's Street. He had brought back a shawl and some attar of roses for his mother, some marbles for Hobhouse, and for

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himself a phial of Attic hemlock, four Athenian skulls, and some live tortoises. Dallas had been awaiting his arrival, and immediately turned up. Byron seemed to be in good spirits and talked of his travels with animation. Dallas asked whether he had brought back a narrative. No; "he had never had the least idea of writing about them; he believed satire to be his *forte*, and to that he had adhered, having written . . . a Paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry." He seemed to be satisfied with that, and, entrusting Dallas with the manuscript, asked him to come back next morning.

Dallas spent the day in reading these *Hints from Horace*. He was fond of young Byron and was heartily eager to find good in the poem, but — what a disappointment! Was this all that had come out of two years of travel and adventure? A chilly pastiche, some painful jesting, no freshening of form or of thought? He returned to Reddish's Hotel next morning in some embarrassment. With a few mumbled compliments he asked whether Byron had not written something else. Yes, admitted Byron; he had brought home a few short poems and a large number of stanzas on the voyage. They did not deserve to be read, but if Dallas liked, he would make him a present of them; and he pulled a bundle of papers from his trunk. Dallas had to promise to get the paraphrase of Horace published at the earliest possible date, and went off carrying *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* under his arm.

Byron! Here at last was the real Byron! His misanthropy, his luxurious ennui, the gloomy pleasure he found in declaring the emptiness of all human affairs. Dallas could not contain his enthusiasm, and he wrote to Byron, who had gone off to Harrow: "You have written one of the most delightful poems I ever read. . . . I have been so fascinated by *Childe Harold* that I have not been able to lay it down." But on seeing Byron again he was amazed to hear him speak of this work with a quite unfeigned contempt. "It was anything but poetry." He had shown the poem to a good critic, who had damned it; hadn't Dallas noticed the marginal comments on the manuscript? The important thing was to find a prompt publisher for *Horace*. Dallas had the good sense to hold his ground: "I am so convinced of the merit of *Childe Harold* that, as you have given it to me, I shall certainly publish it."

Byron had written to his mother that he was detained in London by Hanson for the signing of some papers, and that he would visit her as soon as he could. It was rather a cold letter from a son returning home after two years' absence. It began with "My dear Madam," but the closing paragraph was more cordial — "You will consider Newstead as your house, not mine; and me only as a visitor." Was the solitary woman pleased at this homecoming? During those two years she had gone through many agonies. While she had been at Newstead, she had made it a point of pride to lay no penny of expense on her son; with her own pension she had supported herself and one servant.

Death of Mrs. Byron

Ever since Byron's departure she had been haunted by the idea that she would not see him again. When she received his letter from London, she said to her maid: "If I should die before Byron comes down, what a strange thing it would be!" That same week she fell ill — a trifling indisposition, but one which was given a serious turn by a chance occurrence. An upholsterer's bill provoked an outburst of passion, in the course of which she had a stroke; and she died without recovering consciousness.

Byron was still in London preparing to leave for Newstead when he was told of his mother's illness; and the next day, August 1st, he had news of her death. He had always believed in coincidence, and now the Fate of the Byrons had contrived the most cruel and shocking of catastrophes for his homecoming. On his arrival at the Abbey the domestics told him about the apoplectic seizure. During the night, Mrs. By, one of the house servants, heard deep sighs and, entering Mrs. Byron's room, found him seated beside the corpse. "Ah, Mrs. By," he said, bursting into tears, "I had but one friend in the world and she is gone!"

Was this an artifice of sentiment? Certainly not. Beneath all their bitter quarrels there had subsisted the sense of a profound link forged of their kindred natures. She was dead; and death, which makes human beings subject to sorrowful and poetic meditations, attached Byron to her memory. That evening he wrote to Hobhouse: "There is to me something so incomprehensible in death, that I can neither speak

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nor think on the subject. Indeed, when I looked on the mass of corruption which was the being from whence I sprang, I doubted within myself whether I was, or whether she was not. I have lost her who gave me being, and some of those who made that being a blessing. I have neither hopes nor fears beyond the grave."

On the day of the burial he refused to follow the funeral procession. Standing in the Abbey door, he watched the body of his mother, followed by the tenant farmers, move off toward the little church of Hucknall Torkard. Then he summoned the lad Robert Rushton, with whom he used to box, and told him to fetch the gloves. His silence, and the unwonted violence of the blows, were the only betrayal of his feelings.

Two days later he heard that the charming and cynical Matthews had been drowned in the Cam. Caught in the water weeds, he had vainly struggled to free himself in the course of a long and terrible agony. How often had Byron said to him: "You swim badly, Matthews; if you persist in keeping your head so high, you will drown yourself!" What a homecoming! His mother . . . and one of his best friends. The invisible foe was striking swift and hard. "Indeed, the blows followed each other so rapidly that I am yet stupid from the shock. . . . Some curse hangs over me and mine. . . . Peace be with the dead! Regret cannot wake them. With a sigh to the departed, let us resume the dull business of life, in the certainty that we also shall have our repose."

Timon of Newstead

He wrote inviting Hobhouse to come; and they both drank to the memory of Matthews. Pending this visit, or one from Hodgson, he was alone — alone with his dogs, his hedgehogs, his tortoises, "and other Greeks." He yawned. Once more he began his reveries on the sofa, chewing tobacco the while — a new habit he had acquired in order to stave off his hunger. He busied himself with his "sensual comfort." The squad of Paphian girls had been dispersed during his absence; he brought back the prettiest. Thus, in the life of Newstead, just as in the medieval sculptor's Dance of Death, youthful and naked bodies would alternate with skeletons and skulls.

He worked little. No new poems. His sole amusement was in loading *Childe Harold* with prose notes. Here and there he added a stanza to celebrate a dead friend, and Mrs. Byron, Wingfield, and Matthews had each their funerary stele.

Since returning, Byron had once again exchanged a few letters with his sister Augusta. He had not seen her again, but he knew she was unhappy. Colonel Leigh, her husband, was a libertine and gambler; he was away from home ten months in the year and only came back to attend the Newmarket races and to give his wife a child. "I am losing my relatives," wrote Byron, "and you are adding to the number of yours; but which is best, God knows." The tone of their correspondence had altered. Byron was no longer the young brother seeking protection; although Augusta was already twenty-seven, he felt much older than his sister, somewhat tender too, and paternal. "Good even, child," he ended his letters.

Augusta was insistent that he should marry. On this question, as on so many others, Byron was a slave to convention. A ruined young nobleman marries to regild his scutcheon. He does not love his wife — that would be laughable — but he makes her respected by others, and he is attached to the children who will carry on his race and name. Such was Newstead law, and Byron answered Augusta: "As to Lady Byron, when I discover one rich enough to suit me and foolish enough to have me, I will give her leave to make me miserable if she can. Money is the magnet; as to women, one is as well as another, the older the better — we have then a chance of getting her to Heaven." The pose was agreeable. The price of his contempt for men and women was a rather irksome solitude, but the contempt had its charms. He was Lord Byron, Baron Byron of Rochdale, Timon of Newstead, misanthrope.

Byron's Religious Views

He made several journeys to London during October and November, and then returned to spend Christmas at Newstead. He had visits from two friends. One of these, William Harness, was the slightly crippled boy whom he had befriended at Harrow; the other was his Cambridge friend, Hodgson, who was preparing for holy orders. Those three weeks passed pleasantly enough. Byron was adding finishing touches to *Childe Harold;* the others worked on their own concerns; and in the

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evenings they discussed poetry or religion.

Since his travels Byron had very definite ideas on this latter theme: "Christ came to save men; but a good pagan will go to Heaven, and a bad Nazarere to Hell. . . . It is a little hard to send a man preaching to Judæa, and leave the rest of the world — negroes and what not — dark as their complexions, without a ray of light to lead them on high; and who will believe that God will damn men for not knowing what they were never taught? . . . As to your immortality, if people are to live, why die? And our carcasses, which are to rise again, are they worth raising? I hope, if mine is, that I shall have a better pair of legs than I have moved on these two-and-twenty years, or I shall be sadly behind in the squeeze into Paradise."

After the vacation the visitors left him and he was alone — bereft even of his servant-mistresses, for he had just discovered that one of them of whom he was rather fond was deceiving him with a yokel. Really, there was nothing in the wide world one could lean upon. The disaster was that he grew bored to the breaking point. Those who have suffered, and whose sufferings are healed by habit or forgetfulness, have a prodigious aptitude for ennui, because pain, while making our life intolerable, fills it at the same time with sentiments so strong that they conceal its emptiness, and when the pain ceases, life will then appear utterly blank. Byron resolved to go and settle in London, where he would at least find Parliament, and proofs to correct.

Idol of London

In 1812, soon after Byron's return to London, John Murray published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*. Up to the last moment Byron had been doubtful of his poem's worth. He was always shy in mentioning it; and Dallas, too, alarmed by his responsibility, was no less anxious. But the triumph was immediate. In three days an edition of five hundred copies at thirty shillings was sold out. Murray offered to buy the copyright for six hundred pounds, and Byron gave the money to Dallas.

And now his life had been abruptly transformed, as that of the hero of some Oriental tale, touched by an enchanter's wand. One evening he had known London as a desert peopled by three or four acquaintances; the next, it was a city of the Arabian Nights, crowded with lighted palaces opening their portals to the most illustrious of young Englishmen.

The French Revolution, and then Bonaparte, had given birth in thousands of young Europeans to the glorious hopes which Napoleon had betrayed. In England especially, the sentiment of the vanity of life was dominant in a society sickened of pleasures by laxity of morals, of marital ambition by long drawn out wars, of political ambition by the continuance of a Tory government made invincible by danger. The poets, in their impotence or timidity, had not voiced this secret revulsion. Childe Harold was the first to echo the tragic skepticism of a sickened generation. Art had at last fallen back into step with life. At last a young Englishman, akin to those who read him, had discovered the Europe of 1812 as revolution and wars had left it.

After a literary triumph, it sometimes happens that its author comes as a disappointment; here, however, the author was a match for his work. He was a nobleman of ancient lineage, and Society was grateful to him for bringing the prestige of genius to a class that was often attacked. He was young and handsome; even his infirmity heightened the interest felt in him. The gloomy story of his hero was his own story; everyone knew that. Women thrilled as they imagined the great Abbey, the heinous passions, and that "marble heart" of Childe Harold, withheld, yet coveted the more. They laid instant siege to him.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH

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Mata Hari, the "Red Dancer"

Continued from page 4

Shortly after their marriage a son, Norman, was born, and by her own account the young mother's cup of happiness was filled to the brim with this new rapture. However, she said, the child did not live long, for a typically Oriental act of poisoning resulted in his death. Mata Hari described in some detail how this tragedy so infuriated her that the savage within her nature rose in revolt, so that with her own hands she strangled the unfaithful servant who had given the child the poisoned cup.

Thus her own account gives to her life a current of vibrant, barbaric adventure, heavily colored by the mystery and romance of the unknown East, which was rendered all the more plausible by nature's gifts. For this Dutch girl, born in Holland of homely parents, was endowed with a strangely Oriental cast of countenance and an amber-tinted body which she inherited, not from Hindu parents, but from Jewish progenitors.

The Real Mata Hari

It is not necessary at this place to give a detailed account of Mata Hari's early life, though it may be well to sketch enough of the important facts to prove how completely mythical was the story she built up around herself — the story, be it noted, which in itself was no small part of the mystery and exotic charm with which this extraordinarily seductive woman ensnared the men whom she sought to betray. Suffice it to say that the real Mata Hari was born in the little Dutch town of Leeuwarden on August 7, 1876, and was given the baptismal names of Margaret Gertrude. Her nearest approach to Oriental ancestry was a strain of Jewish blood through her father's descent. Adam Zelle was a prosperous business man, and the mother came from the better-class family of Van der Meulen. Margaret's early life seems to have been no more distinguished by incident than the lives of the blond children who accompanied her to the Cammingha-State School, and who scampered through a happy, innocent childhood on the banks of a gray canal.

At fourteen, when, according to her own romantic tale, she was being rescued from the Kanda Swany, she was admitted to a Catholic convent. Thus, instead of being torn from the grasp of fanatical devotees of an unknown and mystic cult, she was in reality entering the cloistered security of a religious house where young ladies are protected with zealous care.

At the age of eighteen, she left the convent and went to spend a vacation at The Hague — the Dutch capital. Here she met a handsome officer — Captain Campbell MacLeod — whose elegance was turning the heads of the simple Dutch maidens home from school. MacLeod was of good, even distinguished, Scottish descent and held a commission in the Dutch Colonial Army. Margaret admitted later that she had always suffered from a weakness for officers, and this weakness may account for her marriage to MacLeod shortly after their meeting. The man whose name she assumed had been a vicious young satyr at twenty-one; now, at forty, he was a satiated libertine, who continued to flout all decency from acquired habit rather than from active desire. From the first, the marriage was a miserable failure. The couple resided first at Amsterdam, and later we find them in Java, where MacLeod commanded a battalion of the Colonial Army Reserve. By this time, their domestic relations had become the scandal of the Dutch colony, and when they returned to Holland, it was only to set in motion the legal machinery for securing a divorce. Curiously enough, Margaret's petition for a divorce was refused, but soon afterward a similar petition was granted to her husband.

At this point we leave the old Margaret. The scandal of her domestic life had closed the doors of all her friends against her. Repudiated and cast out, the Red Dancer began to take form among the mists that blow in from the North Sea. The respectable burgher-father consented to provide the funds necessary for his daughter's removal from the neighborhood, and she departed for Paris, determined to make her début as a dancer.

Having had no professional training, and lacking a means of livelihood until her act was ready, she turned, during her early days in Paris, to a career which attracts so many young stage people: she posed as a model for painters. Artists who saw her have all borne testimony to the beauty of Mata Hari's figure, several declaring that they had never seen such lovely shaped arms. But as a model she had one grave defect — her bust was pendulous and ugly. Later, during her dances, she never bared her breasts, although this was the only part of her body which was covered. She had her own explanations to offer for this. "My husband," she used to say, "often threatened to disfigure me so that no other man would desire me." She claimed that in one of his fits of erotic dementia he had actually mutilated her.

In 1903 she made her début as a dancer on the vaudeville stage. Her success in Paris was immediate, and was followed by other conquests in Berlin, Rome, Vienna, and London. But it was not as a dancer that she coveted a reputation. Better than a large audience in a theater she loved the intimacy afforded by private engagements in some luxurious apartment where, before a select audience of refined profligates and brilliant, wealthy dilettantes, she could explain with greater freedom the sensuous rites of the fantastic cult of which she had nominated herself the high-priestess.

The Making of a Courtesan

Her ideal was to become a famous — the most famous — courtesan, and to achieve it she invented her sacred origin and improvised an art. The opportunity she sought was to exhibit her lovely, amber body among gold and precious stones, to pose rhythmically among sumptuous transparencies. The rest was only decoration to conceal, justify, and stimulate the underlying sensual debauch. There may have been moments when she took her charlatanry seriously, but that Mata Hari's dances had any religious meaning was only the fantasy of minds not less distorted than her own.

This, then, was the rôle she had chosen. In one of her letters she says that Siva is the god of sin; he "must have a power of destruction which equals, if it does not surpass, the good of Brahma." Siva was her favorite god; she became the symbol of his cult and she recruited many worshipers. In point of fact, Mata Hari's knowledge of the orgies practiced in Hindu temples and sanctuaries was derived exclusively from books. The

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most she had ever seen were the dances of the tiny Javanese *bayas* in those villages she had visited while her husband was with the Dutch colonial forces.

Curiously enough, it was a grave old Oriental scholar who first gave her the idea that her sensuous contortions possessed a religious significance. In 1905 she proposed to give a performance of Javanese dances in the Guimet Museum, which is devoted to the collection of Oriental curiosities. Before she appeared, a bearded scholar of Eastern lore rose and explained to the awed audience the meaning of the rhythmic ceremony they were about to witness. At the conclusion of his discourse Mata Hari entered in her saffron veilings and, her face glowing with the excitement of the scholar's suggestions, danced her "Black Pearl" dance. Next morning the Paris newspapers were filled with the novelty of this extraordinary performance in a museum of serious studies, and Mata Hari decided to reap the full benefit of her sudden fame.

From the museum of Oriental art to the *salon* of the Chilean minister was the next step; but it was no more than a breathing place on her rapid rise to ascendancy. Besides, she had not yet reached the stage of complete nudity which she was to favor later. That only came when the Princess Murat invited her to perform before an exclusive assemblage in her city palace. Later the Prince del Drago placed her on the topmost pinnacle of notoriety when he gave a celebration which was designed to revolve around the central figure of a *bayadère*. These evenings among the socially elect gave Mata Hari intense delight. They were also infinitely more profitable than dancing on the vaudeville stage. From 1905 her love affairs followed her like an unending procession. From her admirers she received such substantial homage that before long she was established in a sumptuous apartment near the Champs-Elysées. She had a private carriage and a famous collar of pearls.

After a while, however, the capricious Parisians began to tire of her public appearances. The press which had greeted her favorably grew lukewarm, and then chilling, and she felt her position slipping from her. She would be content with nothing but the position of a goddess, and this excessive vanity was her downfall. Casting about for a locale where her artistic pretensions would be taken at their proper value, she thought of her former reception in Berlin. What the French gave so niggardly would be yielded generously by the Germans, who adored her; so she accepted another engagement in Berlin in 1907.

The Fateful Trip to Berlin

"There are times when I almost believe in the caprices of fate," she once wrote to an admirer. "But a moment's thought convinces me that destiny is what we make it."

If this is true, then it was in Berlin that Mata Hari shaped the destiny which conducted her to the rifle-range at Vincennes. Of her residence in Berlin little is known, partly because the German secret service (or that of any other nation) does not seek publicity for the work of its agents, and partly because association with men of very high social standing insured a conspiracy of silence concerning her actions. We know very little of this period of her life other than that she was speedily welcomed by the male aristocracy of the nation.

It has been asserted by some of her admirers that Mata Hari only succumbed to a sudden temptation to undertake spying during the excitement of the war, when her employment as a vaudeville artist was restricted; but this can easily be disproved. To begin with, the system of numbering spies betrayed her pre-war enrollment. No spy is known, even to the higher officials, by name.

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They are invariably addressed and known by a number. Mata Hari was H21. The enlargement of the service during the war made necessary an alteration in the system of numbering, so that the headquarters of the spy and the nation against whom he was operating would be easily recognized by those who had to collate reports. Spies recruited during the war received a symbol composed of two letters and a number. The first letter was the initial of the town where their headquarters was situated, and the second letter was the initial of the name of the country in which they worked. Had Mata Hari been enrolled during the war, she would have received the symbol AF, followed by a number, representing the initials of the words Antwerp and France (Antwerpen and Frankreich in German).

The second piece of material evidence of her earlier employment as a spy is the simple fact that the British authorities were well aware of her activities long before the outbreak of war. In fact, the French did not "discover" her. They only began to take her under surveillance when she was signaled to them by the British service. So well was she watched by the men from London that Mata Hari was under no illusion about their recognition of her labors. No sooner did she betray any interest in an English officer than he was warned of his danger or was transferred quickly to some spot remote from her wiles and baleful influence.

It is not possible to understand how a woman like Mata Hari could become a spy without having an elementary knowledge of the methods adopted by the German secret police in recruiting their agents, and without knowing why other women were sometimes persuaded to accept this highly dangerous employment. It is the practice of most countries to avoid using a woman for this work if a man is available. In England it is an almost invariable rule never to employ women, and the English have good reasons for their action.

Of the most conspicuous spies of recent years who have paid the penalty for their labors — women like Marguerite Francillard, "Eva," the old ogre Tichelly, Yvonne Schadeck, and Anne Garnier — all of them with the one exception of Tichelly (who had a warped sense of morality in general) were dragged into the business because they had fallen in love with men who were already in the secret service. Coudoyannis, the Greek, a very active and highly paid spy, found that a little friend was essential in his character as a man about town; but no sooner had he secured one than his chief wrote to offer him the alternative of dismissing her or of luring her into the service. The idea of making use of their mistresses was part of the doctrine taught by certain instructors. Indeed, it is known that the notorious Frau Henrichsen (known to the French also as "Mlle. Doktor"), who was head of the Antwerp branch of the organization, was recruited in exactly the same way from the Berlin *demimonde*. Marussia Destrelles, Mata Hari's friend, was certainly enrolled by that means.

How Germany Recruited Spies

Before proceeding to describe how Mata Hari became entangled in the toils of secret intrigues, let us pause in her story long enough to see how the German authorities secured their recruits in times of peace. A typical case was that of the Greek, Constantine Coudoyannis, who was known in the London and Paris *demi-monde* as Count Costa de Smyrnos. Before his self-elevation to the nobility Count Costa was a peddler who spoke several languages fluently and tramped through France, Belgium, and Germany as far as the Prussian capital. When the Count reviewed his past, he surveyed as fine a standing crop of wild oats as the limited means of a peddler would permit him to cultivate.

Visiting the Prussian capital, he decided to take a day off from peddling in order to view the *haut-monde*, and was enjoying a casual stroll down the Unter den Linden when, in his own parlance, he was "pinched" by the police for some inexplicable reason. His elastic conscience was under no strain, for his last delinquency could not have attracted the attention of the awe-inspiring police of the capital. To the peddler's amazement he was not conducted to a police station, but to an imposing apartment in the official quarter. There, to his consternation, he was confronted with a very minute account of his petty larcenies and rascalities committed in various other countries.

The dignified police official who interviewed him on the subject was a worthy man who was roused to a pitch of fury by the mere recital of these misdemeanors; he stormed and thundered at the terrified peddler in the name of outraged law and order, informing him that the French and Belgian authorities (this was before the war) demanded his extradition in order to provide condign punishment for his long list of misdeeds. Having succeeded in reducing the peddler to a state of terror at the prospect of spending his near future in a foreign prison, the burly uniformed officer began to coo as mildly as a dove. He informed the scared peddler that the might of the German Empire might be enlisted to aid an accomplished linguist in return for certain services to be rendered at the expense of the two countries which sought to punish him. He was to become a German secret agent: the peddler's pack was to be abandoned, and Constantine would become a man of means and leisure. The unhappy Greek left that house and set out on the highroad to a self-chosen patent of nobility and, later, a firing-squad.

There is no more perplexing problem in Mata Hari's life than this: why did she become a spy? There can be little doubt that it was not for love of money, for, contrary to popular belief, a spy's salary is miserably inadequate to the potential danger incurred. Of the actual payment to spies we have abundant evidence. Even during the war it was no more than a mere pittance, certainly not enough to tempt anyone who had other resources. Captain Esteve, recruited in Barcelona, was furnished with 300 francs (about $60) in addition to his railway fare and sent to seek information in France. Sydnet, who toured an American vaudeville circuit as a gymnast, received 500 pesetas (about $100) to blow up Les Invalides! Spies in England occasionally received as much as $2,000 at a time, but this was considered high remuneration and had to satisfy them for some time.

Such wretched payment, then, could be no temptation to Mata Hari, who could earn much more in the safety of vaudeville contracts and who had no lack of enthusiastic admirers ready and willing to compete for her favors and to provide her with every conceivable luxury.

Why Mata Hari Became a Spy

Major Massard, of the French staff, was of the opinion that pride had caused Mata Hari to accept this dangerous employment. True, she loved to assert her power over men of influence, and we shall presently see that she had many opportunities to exercise this power over men in very high places. A government official in Spain who knew her well, and is among her stoutest defenders, thinks that if anything could have seduced her, it was vanity. Still another, and this man speaks with authority, since he watched her closely through several years as a counter-

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espionage agent, informed the writer:

"She was probably inspired by a woman's natural instinct to play with fire." Then elaborating this opinion he went on: "Look at her life! It is one debauch after another, and one debauch is much the same as another. There is nothing so completely satiating as a surfeit of unvarying pleasure, and the more intense it is, the more quickly is satiety reached. All it does is to create a lust for fresh sensations, and once the palate has ceased to savor the delight of one form of pleasure, another must be found which will stimulate the jaded appetite. It requires a violent stimulant to gratify anyone who has drunk to the dregs from the cup of physical passion. Mata Hari found consolation in the thrills of dangerous intrigue when she began to lose interest in the older and more familiar pleasures. That is all."

Some or all of these emotions — love of power, the lust of an insatiable vanity, the quest of new physical thrills — might have had their part in impelling Mata Hari to undertake the work, but the simple truth is that she was a spy before she knew it; and, once launched upon this career, it was impossible to withdraw. In accepting employment with Abteilung III — the German intelligence service — a spy had the most exacting taskmaster. Once the agent became restive or his reports ceased to be accurate or adequate, the disciplinary action was severe and inevitable.

The usual method was to send the delinquent some message in an indiscreet manner, so that it would fall into the enemy's hands and so expose his activities to the authorities of the nation against whom he was working or against whom he refused to work. There are many known examples of this hateful practice; one, that of the beautiful Marussia Destrelles, a friend of Mata Hari's, we shall give at some length in its proper place. A better-known instance is that of Dr. Karl Graves.

Dr. Graves had performed some prodigies of secret-service work for the authorities of the Wilhelmstrasse. His most sensational feat in this direction was at Port Arthur, where he secured the information of Japanese movements which would have been of incalculable value to the Russian authorities had he not sent it directly to Berlin. He was also active in the Balkans during the first Balkan War. But for some reason the officials of Abteilung III became displeased with him and he was sent to England (or Scotland, to be exact), where an undisguised communication of a confidential nature addressed to him through the mail led to his arrest.

It was frank betrayal, and the English authorities knew it. So did Graves.

Nevertheless, he was tried and sentenced to a sharp term of imprisonment. Those sensitive moralists who desire to know that retribution always overtakes the sinner may be interested to know that Karl Graves never served this sentence. The British Intelligence secured the release of this highly embittered man and provided him with employment — as a spy against his former employers! The British had extraordinary success in utilizing former enemy agents of outstanding merit in this way.

In considering the course of Mata Hari's life in Berlin and the reason which induced her to engage in the most desperate sport in the world, one should have in mind the declaration of von Kroon, one of the heads of German espionage in Spain. With admirable but tactless candor, he said that they made use of Mata Hari because she was the only woman they knew who had the ability to cultivate intimacy and to secure the confidence of certain highly placed officials whose weakness made them excellent prospects for an intelligent secret agent. This is probably true. The precise methods they adopted in Mata Hari's case will remain for all time the secret of the Berlin authorities, but their effects may be noted.

The situation was this: of ordinary spies they had an abundance and could recruit as many more as they required; but in the selection of the higher type of spies — those who could move with freedom among men in the highest official circles — their choice was severely restricted. Mata Hari's well-known reputation as a courtesan showed that she had the means of entry to these circles; she was, therefore, admirably designed for the work. All that remained was to lure her into it. Her profession was to become her surest defense against suspicion at a later time; now it was the easiest means of attack.

Later, at her trial, Mata Hari frankly told her judges how she came to make the acquaintance of Herr von Jagow, the chief of the Berlin police.

"I met him at the music-hall where I was playing," she said. "In Germany the police have the right to censor the costumes worn by the artistes and someone had thought that I was insufficiently clad. So the chief of police came to inspect my costume."

Now anyone who had experience with the German police during the heyday of the Empire will recall the position of dominating authority held by that official who commanded the police in the capital. He was a functionary of such unapproachable dignity and importance that the inspection of a dancer's costume would positively have been the duty of his fourth or fifth assistant, unless, of course, there was an excellent reason why the chief himself should undertake the task. In this case the dancer had a place in their wide schemes which made her the suitable subject for a personal visit.

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She proved a willing victim. In a short time she was recognized as an intimate friend of the police chief — so intimate that he had made himself responsible for providing her with an imposing apartment in Berlin. Here again let us pause to glance at the German methods; it will furnish a clear understanding of Mata Hari's mission.

A Scrapbook of Scandal

Mata Hari played a part in the compilation of the most amazing *Who's Who* ever revealed to the eyes of the public. It was not intended for publication — far from it; but a clever agent employed by the British got possession of the only known copy from under the nose of the German secret service, and the London authorities permitted the publication of extracts as a solemn warning against the cultivation of friendships with foreigners who might not scruple to abuse confidences. This book was the accumulation of all the gossip, scandal, sins, personal weaknesses, delinquencies, and domestic infelicities of influential people, collected by the spies, amateur and professional, which Germany employed against England.

The preparation of the book lasted over many years, but it seems never to have served the purpose for which it was intended. It was the intention of the Berlin authorities to use this knowledge of a man's hidden past in order to blackmail the victim into furnishing aid or information not otherwise obtainable. The numerous agents who collected the information for the volume must have been singularly credulous, for most of the biographies were pure fiction and would not have been of the slightest value in a time of need. The extracts published so distorted the truth that they were received with derision.

However, not all of this scandalous *Who's Who* was fiction. Some of the matter included was not quite so ridiculous, especially the sections dealing with the younger and less known officials who had had occasion to visit Berlin and had made the acquaintance of Mata Hari and her kind. The method of obtaining this information is interesting. The luxurious apartment furnished for her occupation in the exclusive neighborhood of the Wilhelmstrasse was an expensive residence even for one of Mata Hari's reputation. This famous "Green House" was one of Stieber's legacies to the German police. It had played its part in Bismarckian days in entangling many unwilling victims in the web of the Iron Chancellor's policies. The cost of its maintenance came from the funds allocated for secret service, and the servants were all, or nearly all, police agents.

Skillfully engineered introductions to the right people enabled Mata Hari to entertain the victims of police curiosity, and since their chief was a man of magnanimous parts, he permitted these same victims to share the favors of his mistress. Having introduced the victim into her web, Mata Hari would stage one of those sensual orgies for which she was famous, and the police agents were granted unlimited opportunity to secure substantial blackmail evidence, to be filed away pending the time when it would be required for their schemes. French, Italian, and Russian officers were treated by this Delilah with fine impartiality.

It has been remarked that Mata Hari had little luck with the English. This cannot be taken as evidence of the sobriety or chastity of the English officials, because they had the somewhat unfair advantage over the lady of having one of their agents employed in the house. For many years, whenever Mata Hari tried to approach an English agent, she was rudely repulsed; yet it never seems to have dawned upon her employers that there might be an excellent reason why she should invariably fail with the men of this nation.

Not all her entertainments, however, were for the relatively innocuous purpose of collecting blackmailing evidence. There were other occasions when men entrusted with highly confidential missions were received by Mata Hari, and during the course of the entertainment she contrived to extract from their lips not only wine-scented kisses, but secrets which sent them into obscure German fortresses, from which they departed in complete ignorance of their betrayer. One of the cleverest officers of the French army staff, visiting Germany on an unofficial secret mission, was among the Red Dancer's victims. During a night of foolish indiscretion he confided his secret to her.

The Berlin secret police had suspected the object of his visit and had deliberately turned him over to their invaluable tool, who successfully executed the work entrusted to her. The unhappy officer went insane during his imprisonment when he realized the extent of his folly.

The main object of Mata Hari's employment by the German secret police at this time was to get her so deeply involved in the intricate web of Machiavellian intrigue that withdrawal would be impossible without the risk of being denounced to those countries whose agents she had betrayed. Useful as her activities in Berlin were during 1908 and 1909, she was only serving her novitiate for the more important work she was to undertake abroad.

Next month, "Mata Hari, the Scourge of the Allied Armies"

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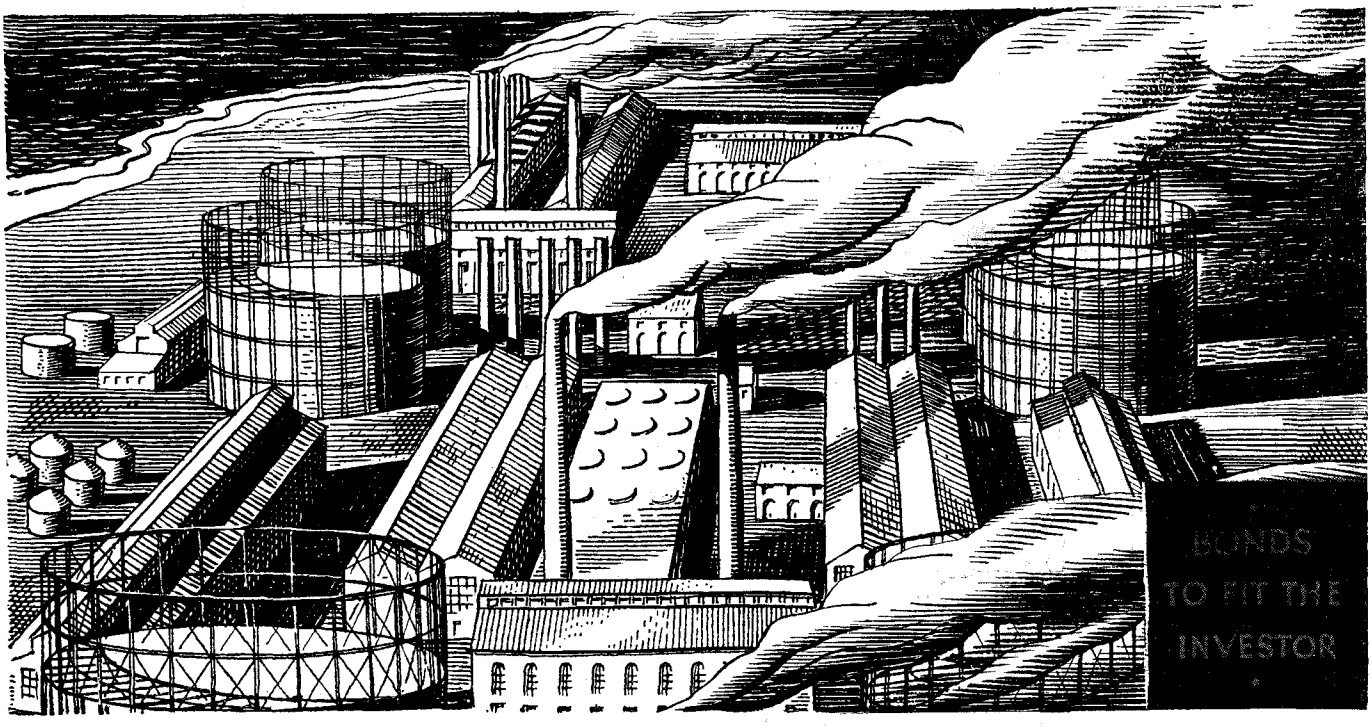
B.T.U.'s by the Billions



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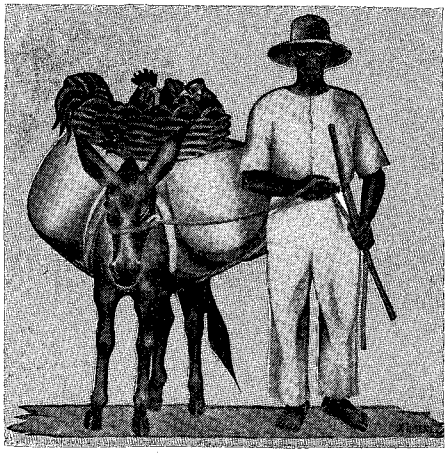

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TRAVEL

Doyo Days in Japan

by **DON C. SEITZ**

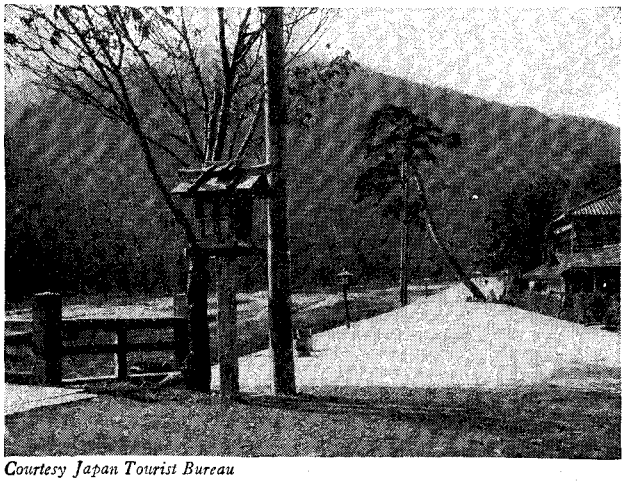
THE CLIMATE of Tokyo is much like that of New York. Perhaps it is less cold in winter, but it shares the same sort of summers. It too has its dog-days, the sticky months of July and August, to which it has given a special name, *Doyo*. But if the traveler donned Japanese dress he would be much more comfortable there than in Manhattan.

In the business sections gentlemen may wear European garb, but it is made of the comfortable Chinese pongee silk. If the felt hat and the close linen collar become irksome, one may easily remedy it by changing to a cool kimono of silk or rayon. Workmen wear "shorts" which are undeniably so, with light cotton smocks worn outside to allow the air to reach their bodies.

The Japanese diet is much more sensible for summer weather than ours, even if raw fish is the chief appetizer. Do not shudder at the suggestion; it is a delicacy not to be scorned. Better advised than Occidentals, the Japanese long ago discovered that the "fishy" flavor of fish comes from skin, scales, and bones. These they eliminate. The fish merchant comes to the door with his captives alive and swimming in the bowls swung from his shoulders. You know his business by the sign-manual embroidered upon the back of his smock. Pick out your fish and he will do the rest. The victim selected, he produces from somewhere a flat little board that becomes the dressing table. Dexterously wielding a sharp, thin blade, he cleans the fish, peels off its skin and scales, takes out the bones, and separates it into delicate, pink slices, sweet and cool to the palate. He lays it apparently whole on the waiting platter, then with his pliant knife carves from a piquant radish the replica of a lotus flower, to decorate it when served.

Good taste is the law of Nippon. There is no coarse work anywhere. This is true even of the landscape. There are no pollutions or disfigurements. Trees are respected and tenderly nursed and supported in their old age. Roads must turn from alignment and improvements halt if a tree is in the way. Public sentiment will not permit their butchery for convenience or profit. In Tokyo there is a green square, guarded with hedges, in the center of which stands a great tree. It is in the way of improvements. In America it would fall at the first call of the dollar. Not so in Japan. Though it is one of the best locations in the city it cannot be acquired for any purpose; even a street railway was balked. Why?

Well, the people round about love the tree. They believe the roots of the giant reach down to the "water ravine" connected with a crystal current from Mount



Courtesy Japan Tourist Bureau

Arashiyama

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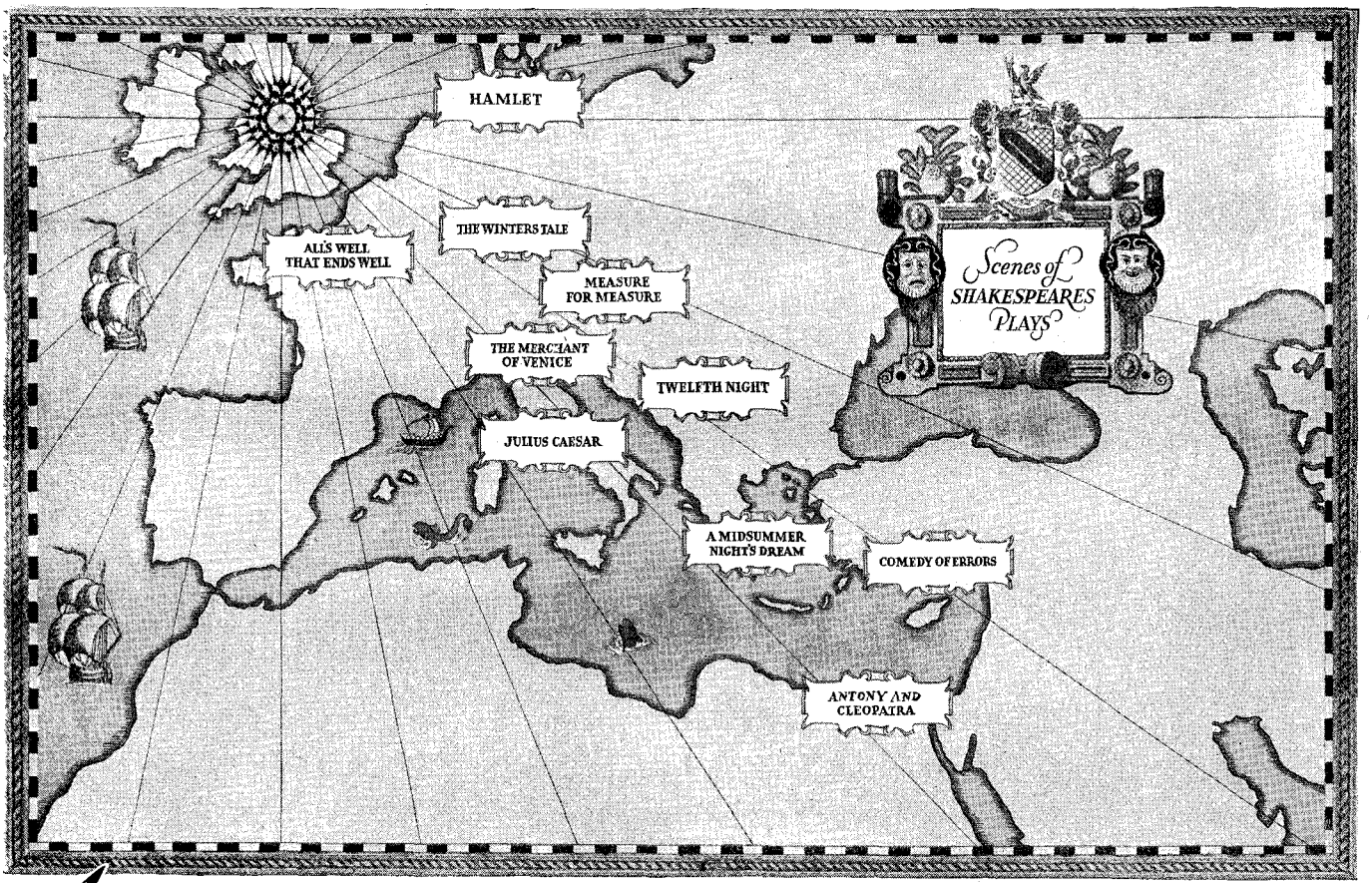

Yet SHAKESPEARE never left ENGLAND !

ALWAYS, the greatest minds have projected themselves into parts of the world other than their own.

Shakespeare, who never left England, laid the scenes of his plays in many parts of the European continent, in Asia Minor, in Africa!

Kant, who spent all his life, not merely in Germany, but in the comparatively small city of Koenigsberg in East Prussia, had a remarkably keen interest in the Orient.

Homer and Dante, with none of our present actual knowledge of the earth's form, yet had their own definite conception of the world as a whole.

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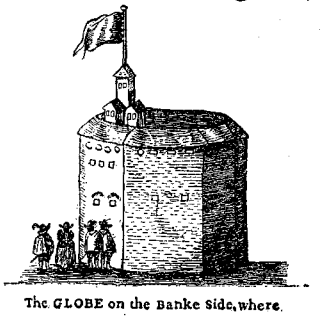

The GLOBE on the Banke Side, where Shakspere acted.

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Travel

Ebisu, and that it therefore brings health to the neighborhood. So the pine remains immune from the axe, and if it totters it will be supported by ingenious trusses and saved until the day when it must surrender to the lightning and the storm.

JAPAN is only modern on the edges. The people are imbued with affection for old things and old customs. Nature is to be adored and kept comely. Pilgrimages to sacred shrines and mountains are ever on foot during the Doyo. Sandals and smalls are the costume; tea and rice the sustenance. Thus young and old journey to Nara, to Atami, where springs are made to boil by eternal fire, to Miyanoshita and to the Lake of Hakone, respectfully hoping that Fujiyama will condescend to show its face. This it does so seldom that

> When glorious Fuji deigns to smile
> The little hills bow low
> And passing showers pause a while
> To deck it with a rainbow!

Farther away is the sacred Bay of Ise, to which many pilgrims go and to which even the Emperor turns periodically to perform certain rites indispensable to the maintenance of his majesty. Seven hundred years ago a noble of Nippon wrote this quatrain, which is ever repeated:

> O Bay of Ise, wild and fair,
> Would thy white waves were flowers rare,
> That I might gather them and bring
> My love at last so fair a thing.

Americans, Europeans, and some well-to-do Japanese spend the Doyo at Karuizawa, high up in the hills. Here the pleasures are of the Occident. There is golf and trout fishing. It is a pleasant place to visit but not one in which to observe Japan. The real Japan will be found in Kyoto, the ancient capital to the south, with its canal through a mountain, its stream covered with rafts on which dyers fix the tones of delicate fabrics, and Nikko of the North, where the gods dwell among misty mountains, where torrents roar and temple bells sing as nowhere else in the world.

That molten bronze when cooled can contain such a golden tone is almost unbelievable. The gong of the Chinese is a hideous vibration, as offensive to the ear as a Scotch bagpipe, but the priest who strikes one of the temple bells in Nikko brings forth a song of the soul. Hearing it once, one longs to listen to it forever and ever — as endlessly as the tones linger among the peaks.

There is no limit to politeness in Japan. It extends even to the birds — at least to that intelligent family of immigrants, the mynas. Once on a pleasant path leading to a cottage I was greeted by a soft "*Ohayo,*" the Japanese good morning greeting. I saw no native near. Then it was repeated be-

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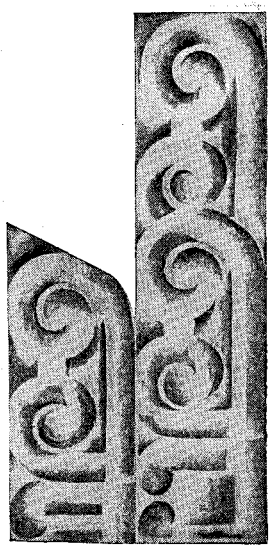
fore I had the wit to return the salutation. I looked about and lo! the speaker was a bird, of little more than robin size, dark of feather and rolling a most vivacious eye. Later when I was departing from Kyoto a myna in the porter's lodge cried regretfully, "*Sayonara!*" — a word of kindly farewell, the *auf wiedersehen* of the land.

SEPTEMBER FIRST, 1929, was the sixth anniversary of the earthquake and fire that destroyed Tokyo, Yokohama, and their suburbs. In that catastrophe nearly 150,000 people lost their lives and the property damage amounted to two and one half billion dollars, or double that number of yen, by which it is more properly measured. They have been rebuilding the great cities ever since on broader and safer lines. It was an overwhelming loss for so poor a people.

The militarists are convinced that Japan has no friends abroad and that it must therefore keep rust from its sword blades. Alas, there is much to foster the impression, for which none are more responsible than the military and naval face-makers in the United States. Between war and earthquake the Nipponese have not had an easy time. Proud, working at low wages, paying high for metals and fibres that must be imported if she is to carry on her industries, working against an adverse trade balance, the people are indeed beset from without. Natural resources have been denied them. For sustenance they must rely upon the uncertain sea and the soil-exhausting rice plant; for income from abroad, upon a butterfly!

The people earn with difficulty. By nature too artistic to toil in the slave pens called cotton mills, they resist and in effect have to be commandeered. The girl weavers live in compounds under contract and are guarded lest they run back to the simple life. Now and then a dagger furnishes a means of escape. They cannot plod on through mud and slime, unmoved and phlegmatic, like their Chinese neighbors. They must see the grass and the sea, feel the wind upon the mountains, and picnic under the cherry blossoms. Fall flowers and the bronze leaves of the turning maples are to be adored.

In Japan travel is easy at any time. Plenty of hotels open hospitable doors in the American manner, with good food and fair service. The native hotels are arranged to fit little people — but for that they would be preferable. The fear of bursting through their paper partitions, soiling the clean mats — which are not mats but springy boxes of rattan, like subway seats — and wrecking the light furniture, make them uncomfortable to any being more than five feet tall and eighteen inches wide. Besides, bathing in an open tank fashioned of staves, more like a barrel than a tub, and with fellow boarders, including the ladies, is a little bothersome to the American, who need not be high-minded to be embarrassed.



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Travel News

WINTER SPORTS

UNDER THE royal patronage of the Swedish Crown Prince, the Northern Games, the most important European sports tournaments, will be held next February eighth to sixteenth in Stockholm. These contests, first organized in 1901 by Sweden's grand old man of amateur sports, the late General Victor G. Balck, are scheduled for every fourth year and to them come the most brilliant athletes on ice and snow in Europe. Fast ski runners, fancy figure skaters (both men and women), steel-nerved ski jumpers, daring ice yachtsmen — these and many others will compete for European and world championships. The games will be staged partly on the ice of the many bays which surround Stockholm, partly on the famous Fiskartorpet and Saltsjoebaden ski-jumping courses, both among the steepest in Europe, and partly in the Stockholm Stadium, which was originally erected for the Olympic games in 1912.

JAPANESE LINERS

GREAT LINERS are not confined to the Atlantic service. The Pacific is to have its share, too, and the San Francisco-Honolulu ship, the *Malolo*, is to be rivaled by three large vessels owned and operated by the N. Y. K. line, which runs between Japan and the United States. One of the boats is already finished — the *Asama Maru*, which completed its maiden voyage when it sailed into the Golden Gate late this fall. This is the fastest liner on the South Pacific, averaging a speed of twenty-one knots an hour and driven by motor.

VOLCANO

HAWAIIAN volcanos are housebroken and possess parlor manners. Instead of fleeing from an eruption the citizens run toward it — or if they don't run, they go by boat, motor, and even airplane. Kilauea is perhaps the only volcano in the world that knows how to be emotional without being destructive. The eruption is comparatively quiet — though by no means uninteresting — and there is no danger in the lava flow, since it is well removed from places of habitation. The last lava outbreak, in July, 1929, attracted thousands of tourists, who watched a lake of fire fountains, all confined in the huge firepit of Kilauea's crater, half a mile in width. Experts predict — and their prediction is received with glee — that lava may break out through one of the volcanic outlets on Mauna Loa or at Hualalai, a crater that has been dormant for over one hundred years.

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VISBY

BATHING at Sweden's beaches—fun and recreation in a new clime. There is the warm, snow-white sand at Visby, with the rose-covered, crumbling walls and towers of the mediaeval city as a lovely background. Outside Stockholm among spruce-clad islands lies Saltsjöbaden, with surfing and yachting; gay, fashionable, modern. On the western coast, near Gothenburg, are the sun-baked rocks of Särö, Sweden's tennis center; Lysekil and Marstrand, whose salty, health-giving waters are dotted with gleaming pleasure craft. In the south is the wide, cosmopolitan beach of smart Falsterbo, summer playground of the sophisticates; and Båstad, charming and elegant, with its famous golf course and tennis courts. The coast abounds in rustic and picturesque fishing hamlets and artists' colonies for those who desire "the simple life."

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SWEDEN

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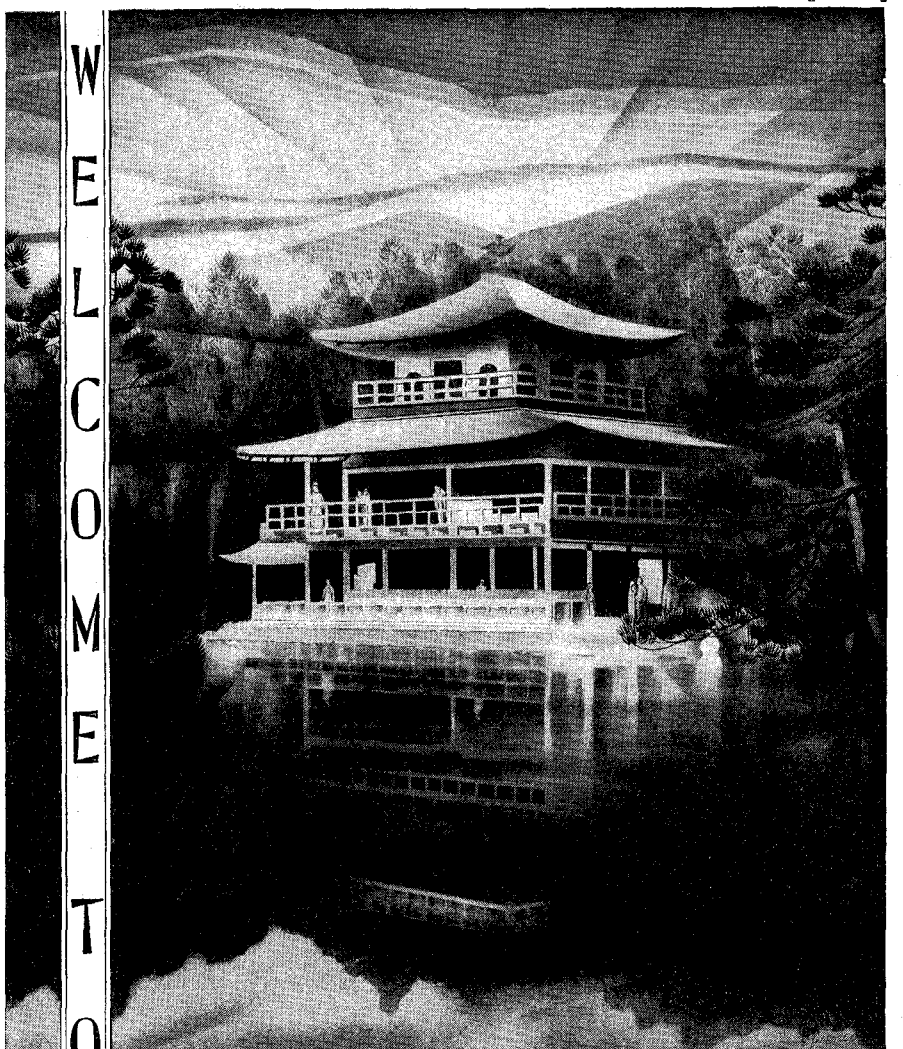

THE spirit of Nippon is symbolized in Kinkaku-ji. Today, just as in the Sixteenth Century, this "Gold Pavilion" is an object of adoration by a people to whom the love of beauty is a sacred and holy thing.

So it is in all Japan. The same undercurrent of emotion lends an unforgettable tenderness to the Kabuki Drama; to the dainty Tea Ceremony; to the Classical "No" dance and the countless rituals of a fine culture developed through thirty centuries of emotional expression. The same spirit is behind the courtesy that attends every step of your visit to delightful Japan—the world's greatest vacation land.

Hand in hand with these evidences of aesthetic growth are the luxuries of today. Modern railroads and motors, and great hotels with all Occidental conveniences are at your call as well as the finest facilities for golf, tennis, and the other smart sports of the moment.

The wonderlands of Japan, Korea, Manchuria and China are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the Dollar Steamship Line, the American Mail Line and Canadian Pacific. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, any tourist agency, or by the Japan Tourist Bureau.

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What the Well-read Man Will Think

To the Editor:

I am interested and amused by the article in the November FORUM written by savants Blanton and Riley — "Shell-shocks of Family Life." This, I assume, is the fall showing of the latest sun-back styles in psychology. Feminism, 1929 model, like the latest silhouette, seems to be predominantly the creation of male designers.

We read that the ancient and universal patriarchal family, founded on "male dominance," is to be replaced in a few short generations by a new type of relationship between men and women. Isn't it about time to inject a little realism into such discussions? And to study the past a little more seriously, if it is to be contrasted effectively with the present day? The sexes have their fundamental differences, but "male dominance" is a recent myth started by feminists of both sexes suffering from complexes of other origins. My mother — and probably yours — of Victorianism all compact, did not vote, did not put in any days at the office, but she steered the ship.

HAROLD W. DORN

South Miama, Fla.

Let the Soil Speak

To the Editor:

Representatives from many walks of life are listed among your contributors, yet in that goodly company there is one face missing. Surely a magazine of such national thought should have a word for agriculture. Has the agriculturist been so busy with the plow, the cow, and the sow that he could not speak for himself, or is he not competent to do so? Is it always wise for the farmer to mind his pork, and permit the politicians to mind his politics, as the editor of one of our largest "dailies" recommends?

Agriculture's cry of distress is almost a howl of comedy through misrepresentations that leave the city public under wrong impressions. It is the man and the woman who have hopefully struggled along the past seven years and now see that hope fading, their homes slipping away, their boys and girls rushing to the cities, anywhere to get away from farming, who can tell you the true situation in a way that will make you realize that "farm relief" means more than just a catchy phrase.

Go to the home of this problem if you would solve it. Let us hope for the day when agriculturists will be listed as contributors to all our thinking magazines.

MRS. J. C. BROWN

Wabasha, Minn.

Another Who Did

To the Editor:

Why does not some magazine come out and print the facts instead of all this pussyfooting? Let me give you a few lines on what it really means to marry a Roman Catholic. I know my stuff, as I have married one. There is nothing personal at all in my statements, as I regard my wife as the best that can be had in every way. However, some of the conditions surrounding the Catholic Church are obnoxious to me.

Your Catholic writer says that "one does not have to sign the papers which are necessary before a Protestant can marry a Catholic, as he has three weeks to think it over." This is true, but when a young man is in love with a Catholic girl he is so intent on marrying her that he will sign anything without really knowing what it all means. They do not care whether the man joins the church, but insist that he sign a paper forcing his children to become Catholics. What a condition! The child has to be a Catholic whether he wants to or not; he is not allowed to think for himself at all.

If you don't sign the papers you cannot marry the girl. A priest can wreck two lives by his own hand. I am told that unless my children are members of the Catholic Church they are bastards. When the child comes, priests are right on the job to get him baptised. Then he must be confirmed, and then come an avalanche of sisters to see that he does not go to public schools. Money is demanded for every little favor; blessings, etc. are all costly. The wife hates to tell her husband that the church wants more money, so she is obliged to "hold out" from her allowance.

In my own block there are three children whose father is poor. Yet they each

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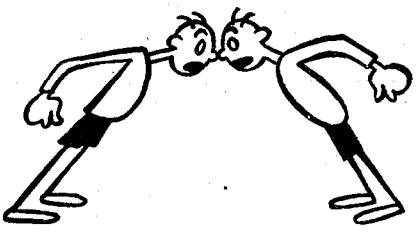
Our Rostrum

spend seventy-five cents a day and more for carfare, lunches, etc. to go six miles to a Catholic school, when the finest public school in the country is three blocks away. These children are short of clothes and underfed.

I have hopes that some day the American Catholics will throw off the yoke of Italian Church government and open business in this country. Then American Catholics will be more liberal in their views and something may be accomplished.

R. E. FOSTER
Evanston, Ill.



Stop It

To the Editor:

I have followed all your religious controversies down to the articles on the Church of Rome versus American citizenship, and on mixed marriages. If I may so express myself, I am beginning to be "fed up" on them. They lead nowhere, and tend to keep an unhappy issue before the public. I am writing to beg you to stop these debates, which only have a tendency to inflame the minds of the public, because they incite other controversies less interesting, less enlightening, less honest. and less brotherly than those that appear in THE FORUM.

MARIE J. PÉRIER
Los Angeles, Calif.

An Editor's Lot Is Not a Happy One

To the Editor:

You seem to have presented some mighty fine family reading here lately. Four of the writers of your November number — Watson, Durant, Darrow, and Dreiser — are all avowed atheists and disbelievers in religion. Has THE FORUM become a propagandist? Are you aware that at least ninety per cent of the reading public profess, or at least believe in, some sort of religion? How many will stand for your apparent lining up on the opposite side?

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To the Editor:

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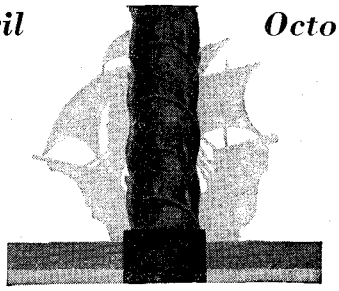
EUROPE'S SHOP WINDOW

Europe's shop window in 1930 is the great International Maritime, Colonial, Transport and Flemish Art Exhibition to be held at Antwerp, the historical Belgian city, and one of the largest and most modern ports in Europe. The Exhibition, which will be open from April to October of this year, is being supported by the Belgian, British and French governments. Get booklets from Dorland, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, or any travel bureau.

April *October*



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nent man in the field; but when any side of Atheism is presented it is usually by some insignificant person who has not been especially associated with Atheism?

JOHN J. KELLY, JR.
St. Paul, Minn.

Church and State

To the Editor:

I was much interested and impressed by Dr. Robert A. Millikan's article "What I Believe" in the October FORUM. That the Doctor is a keener observer in the fields of pure science and metaphysics than in political science, is quite apparent. Speaking of religion and politics, he refers to them as "A pair that all of us will agree ought never to have been mated. Where they have been mated, they ought to be divorced with the same celerity that characterizes proceedings at Reno. Fortunately *this problem does not exist for us in the United States.*"

Evidently the eminent Doctor has forgotten the late presidential campaign, or condones it. He has overlooked the disclosures of the inimitable Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt, who affirms that her appeal to and enlistment of the Methodist pastors of Ohio on the side of the G.O.P. was in response to an express order of Mr. Francis Burke, personal legal adviser and political strategist of candidate Hoover. The Doctor ignores the famous ecclesiastical huddle: Straton, Cannon, DuBose, and Wilson, and its manifold activities in the late contest. He is oblivious to Bishop Cannon's holy crusade now being waged in Virginia to preserve Protestant supremacy in the Democratic party.

All of these politico-clerical activities transpired in the United States under the very nose of the good Doctor.

W. GREIG
Watts, Okla.

Our Mistake

To the Editor:

In your October issue, in your note on Professor Walter B. Pitkin, you used the following sentence: "Simon and Schuster will publish *The Psychology of Happiness*, and McGraw-Hill *The Art of Rapid Thinking*. Please note that the proper title of the Pitkin book is *The Art of Rapid Reading*.

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Is the Eighteenth an Amendment?

To the Editor:

Fabian Franklin, in his article "The Fallacies of Prohibition" in the October FORUM, touches on one aspect of the situation that I have been curious about for some time, which is this: Has any attack ever been made on the Eighteenth Amendment on the ground and theory that it is not an amendment, within the meaning of the constitutional provision, inasmuch as it is not pertinent or relevant to anything found in the original Constitution? In other words, is it merely a rider, as irrelevant additions of this kind are called in Congress, and therefore invalid because not an amendment within the meaning of the constitutional provision?

A. F. DURAND
Chicago, Ill.

Dreiser's Credo

To the Editor:

I want to register with you my hearty protest against such dribble as this lengthy article by one Theodore Dreiser in this otherwise commendable series on "What I Believe." I maintain that such an article should have no place in your fine publication, not because of its lack of orthodoxy, but because of its pathetic inanity. I believe you have been unfaithful in your task as an editor to let such an outburst clutter up so much valuable space in THE FORUM, and especially in a series which is meant to be so helpful, enlightening, and possibly constructive.

REV. GEORGE L. FITZGERALD
Greenville, R. I.

To the Editor:

The article by Theodore Dreiser on "What I Believe" in THE FORUM for November is admirably thought out and most dignified in the presentation of a subject difficult to deal with.

MRS. CHARLES CORNWELL
Scarsdale, N. Y.

Some Like It

To the Editor:

Somebody on THE FORUM is doing splendid work in the selection of material. I find each issue immensely interesting, which is not the case with most of the other periodicals in its class.

GARDNER COWLES, JR.
Des Moines, Iowa

To the Editor:

Enthusiastic thanks for giving us FORUM readers the fine short story "De Amicitia" by Richard Sherman [November FORUM]. It rings true on the inner ear. I am going to look forward to "A Second Short Story" by Mr. Sherman.

PAUL H. STORM
Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editor:

In your October issue "Whither America," by Walter B. Pitkin, is one of the very best articles I have read for many, many months. In it Mr. Pitkin states so many truths tersely that it almost convinces one that he is willing to drop the past and start from the present and go forward. Not many writers of Mr. Pit-

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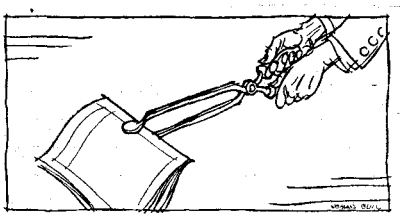
kin's ability come to my attention. His logic and his ability to state facts place him in an enviable position. Those who are able to write so well often are "retained" and write to cover rather than to expose facts.

W. H. KIRKPATRICK
Bradentown, Fla.

To the Editor:

THE FORUM *is* refreshingly different. Thank you for having induced me to subscribe to this stimulating magazine of the hour.

FRED LEON
Detroit, Mich.



Some Do Not

To the Editor:

I have read the Socratic dialogue pertaining to the question: "Is Man a Machine?" I am sorry to confess that I consider this dialogue far inferior to its pattern recorded by old Plato. Indeed, I think that it is an insult to your readers' intelligence. Dr. Durant uses biological arguments without having had the proper training in biology. I do not say that his attempt to justify vitalism is not apt, but I do say that his arguments lacked vitality.

MARGARET MONAHAN
New York City

To the Editor:

The change in editorial policy, which came a few months ago, has lessened my interest in the magazine. The greater part of its space these days seems to be given to controversial discussion of religion or of prohibition. Is there anything on either subject that has not been said before to the point of infinite boredom?

CLARA VAN SANT
Tacoma, Wash.

To the Editor:

I have asked the New England News Company, through whom we receive our magazines, to cancel our two subscriptions to THE FORUM. This decision has been reached after due consideration. For some months past, I personally, and our patrons as well, have been disgusted with your choice of articles and the treatment of them by your chosen writers. You are quite free, of course, in following the policy that seems to bring you the best financial returns; we are equally free in the expenditure of our magazine money.

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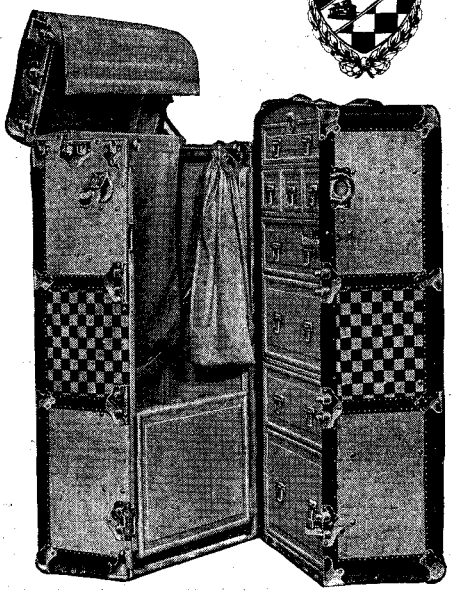

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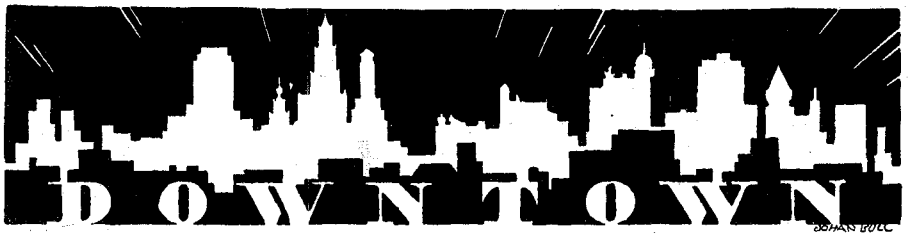

The Financial Crisis

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

FOR MORE than two years it has been evident that most people have been handling their investment funds on the theory that the first principle of an investment policy is to make money. This theory has received a rude jolt in the past few months and there are now indications that the old theory that underlay most sound investment policies is coming to the front once more, namely, that the first principle of investment should be to secure the safety of the principal amount at risk. The policy of investing a portion of one's funds in sound bonds has certainly been vindicated.

Such a violent reaction as that which occurred recently in the stock market need not have been a particularly great surprise to anybody, certainly not to anybody who has passed through one or more financial crises in the past two or three decades. It was by no means unpredicted; but this year, as has usually been the case in the past, these predictions were set down as the utterances of pessimists or the forebodings of dyspeptics. However, those who gave due weight to the prominence of the authorities who have allowed themselves to be quoted from time to time, and who acted accordingly, have nothing to regret.

As long ago as last March Paul M. Warburg, formerly a partner in Kuhn, Loeb & Co., and one of the original members of the Federal Reserve Board, said: "In aëronautics the public is generally inclined to look upon the art of rising into the air as the sole accomplishment. The layman is apt to overlook the fact that the mastery of the art of descending is of equal, if not greater importance. If a stock exchange debauch is quickly arrested by prompt and determined action it is not too much to hope that a shrinkage of inflated values may be brought about without seriously affecting the wider circle of general business. If orgies of unrestrained speculation are permitted to spread too far, however, the ultimate collapse is certain to affect not only the speculators themselves, but also bring about a depression involving the entire country."

Not long afterward Secretary of the Treasury Mellon uttered his now memorable remark: "For prudent investment, now is the time to buy bonds." Those who looked beyond the direct statement could and did interpret this as merely another way of saying that stock prices were too high.

These statements were not made for the wanton purpose of destroying confidence. They simply showed an intelligent appreciation of the possibility that unrestrained speculation might ultimately injure business. The now famous warnings issued by the Federal Reserve Board in February were directed to the end of getting the banks to place their houses in order, realizing that funds that corporations, individuals, and others were lending in the call money market would doubtless prove unstable in an emergency, that their withdrawal would create demands upon banks which must be met to prevent a panic. In this respect the Federal Reserve Board has been vindicated. In one week of drastic stock market liquidation last October $1,300,000,000 of this non-banking money in the call money market was withdrawn and the New York banks were obliged to plunge approximately $1,000,000,000 into the call loan market to make up this loss. Had they not been in splendid shape to do so, the slump last October might have reached the proportions of a first class panic.

FEWER LUXURIES

AT THE LAST annual meeting of the stockholders of the Chase National Bank of New York, Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the board of this billion dollar institution, called attention to the tendency of the American people to sell their capital assets at a profit and to treat the profit as income. "Fortunately," said Mr. Wiggin, "they have recapitalized by investment a part of the profit, but not all has been recapitalized. A substantial part has been spent upon current consumption, partly luxury consumption, and the volume of the consumer demand has been increased thereby."

Mr. Wiggin laid the greatest stress upon

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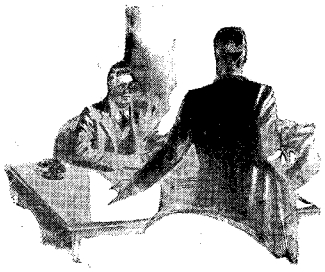
"But today he is building a reserve of sound securities"

LEO T. CROWLEY, *President of the State Bank of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin,* tells a very human story of a young man who tried the dangerous road of speculation . . . and then found a better way



"He sketched a whole series of doubtful investments in which he had risked 'just a little' each time."

LEO T. CROWLEY, *President of the State Bank of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin, takes a prominent part in the business and civic development of Madison. Before becoming President of the State Bank of Wisconsin, Mr. Crowley served as a director.*

"MR. B . . . was full of enthusiasm when he came to me," said Mr. Crowley.

"He had an opportunity to buy a considerable interest in a local merchandising corporation. To pay for his shares in the new venture, he wanted to sell a conservative bank stock.

"I was surprised. I knew that he had inherited a comfortable estate some years before, and he was supposed to be doing well in business.

" 'You ought to hold on to this bank stock, Bob,' I advised him. 'Haven't you got something else you could close out? How about your stock in that X . . . firm?'

"His face clouded. Hesitatingly he confessed that the firm in question had suffered great reverses. It was doubtful whether he could recover half his investment.

"Then he went on to sketch an amazing story of small misfortunes. A whole series of doubtful investments in which he had risked 'just a little' each time.

" 'This bank stock is all I've got left that's saleable. I've got to use it to come back,' he said desperately.

"I was unable to change his purpose. He went into the new corporation, and lost the remnant of his inheritance when the business failed for lack of capital.

"I have seen many others make the same mistake as Mr. B... Indeed, I have come to feel that *adhering to a plan* is the most important rule in conservative investment.

"Incidentally, Mr. B . . . has learned his lesson. Today he saves a definite part of every salary check, and he is gradually building a reserve of sound securities, according to a plan of investment we worked out together."

* * *

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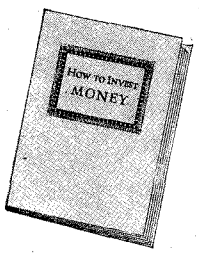

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Downtown

the relation between swollen profits and taxation, indicating that the Government was relying upon a species of non-recurrent income based upon the indefinite continuance of a rising stock market, for its revenue. But he did not ignore the possible effect upon the purchasing power of the people. It was clear that when people were using stock market profits as income they were obviously living upon their capital, and this was neither swelling the capital fund of the country, which went to support the level of security prices then current, nor was it creating a particularly desirable business situation.

At the start of the New Year this is a problem that is receiving the serious attention of business men. The sweeping liquidation in the stock market in recent months has deprived business of one source of purchasing power of the American public upon which it has relied to a considerable degree for sustaining the volume of industrial production in this country. Unless the stock market reverses its recent trend and advances once more it is more than unlikely that industrial production in 1930 can be maintained at anything like the rate that was maintained in 1929. Where stock market losses have been sustained luxury purchases are almost certain to be curtailed. Where standards of living have been forced to a lower scale by the stock market reaction even purchases that were regarded as necessities are likely to be affected to some extent.

THINGS MIGHT BE WORSE

But when this is said the biggest factor that is essentially new in the business situation has been exposed and the worst is known. In every other respect the background of business at the start of the New Year is favorable and conditions are not at all comparable to those obtaining after stock market debacles of other decades. In 1919 the break in the stock market was Wall Street's reaction to an unsound business situation. There was labor unrest. Transportation facilities were so utterly inadequate, due to the run-down physical condition of the railroads under the period of Governmental control, that the country's business could not be served. The congestion of freight cars resulted in a shortage of commodities at consuming points with the perfectly logical result that prices went soaring. High prices stimulated producers to greater efforts, but a glut of raw and finished materials accumulated at producing points. These conditions resulted in an abnormal expansion in bank credit: at producing points for carrying goods ready for shipment, but which could not be delivered, and at consuming points for

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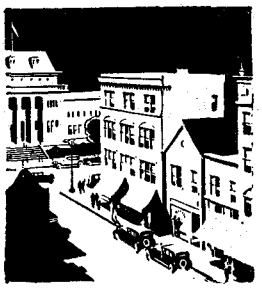

This is MAIN STREET'S *Day*

THE big parade of American industry is turning into Main Street.

The American consumer has rerouted the march by demanding style and individuality in the things he buys. His more exacting demands have caused changes within the factory. Mechanical monsters, built to turn out an endless stream of identical articles, are replaced with lines of simpler machines. Each machine is a specialist. Any one may be junked without affecting the usefulness of the others.

It is a logical next step when the huge central plant is supplemented by smaller plants, each located where it can best do its part of the whole task, or when the parts of the job are bought from specialized factories instead of being manufactured in a single huge establishment. Such an industrial set-up, instantly responsive to market changes, is in tune with the demands of today.

Producing in smaller units, business has an ever wider choice of locations. It can grasp the opportunity to get nearer to its raw materials or its choicest markets, or where workers' welfare will be best served, or where land is cheaper, or taxation more reasonable. Electrical energy being available anywhere, business has complete freedom to choose the sites which best meet its needs.

For the small community, this is a happy combination of opportunity and preparation. Industry under the new conditions looks to Main Street for more economical locations. Main Street is ready for industry because Main Street is electrified. Widespread electric transmission systems have placed the small town on an equal plane with the big city in power supply and in industrial opportunity.

▾ ▾ ▾ ▾

Provision of power supply to small communities on a scale equivalent to the service available in the great metropolitan centers is the achievement and responsibility of the Middle West Utilities System, a group of electric companies furnishing service to more than four thousand communities located in twenty-nine states.

MIDDLE WEST UTILITIES COMPANY

The strategic position of the small town in American industrial development is fully discussed in the booklet, "America's New Frontier," which the Middle West Utilities Company (20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois) will send upon request.

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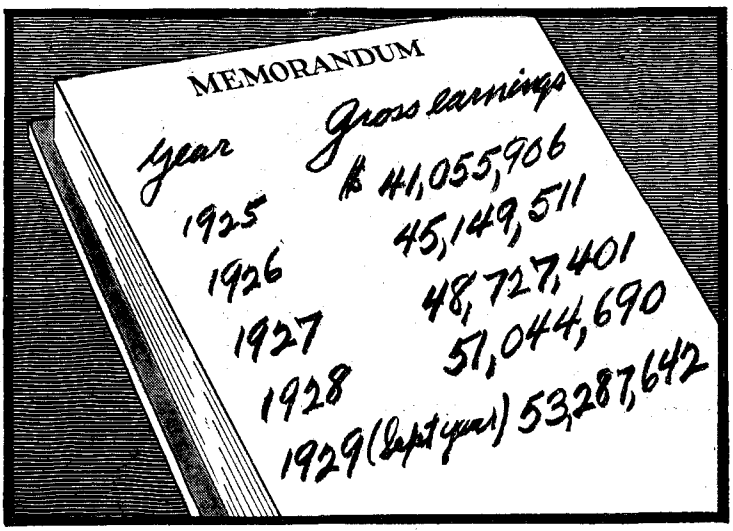
How to Figure the investment values behind the securities of the American Water Works and Electric Company



Take this Increase in Gross Earnings

One of the first measuring rods to apply to the values behind the securities of a company is a comparison of gross earnings over a period of years, for these figures, above all others, reflect growth.

This consistent and steady rise in the earnings of the American Water Works and Electric Company also helps to measure the growth in population and the increasing use of electric power, water, and transportation in the territories served.

AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY
INCORPORATED
50 Broad Street, New York

Send for Booklet "A Statement of Capitalization, Earnings and Dividends." © 1929

Downtown

carrying goods in an inflated market. Naturally the first sign of chill in the stock market and the first indication that confidence was waning brought an utter rout of commodity prices. Sugar tumbled from above 20 cents to below 2 cents, wheat from around three dollars a bushel to less than a dollar.

PROMPT REVIVAL LIKELY

CONTRAST that with the situation now. There is no labor unrest. The transportation facilities of the railroads were never more efficient than they are now. Commodity prices are stabilized within a narrow range, so far as essential raw materials are concerned. We have over half of the world's gold supply and commercial loans of the banks are not inflated. Most of the strongest industries have taken advantage of the great rise in the security markets to sell capital stock and to increase their cash reserves. Many of them have not been borrowers at the banks for several years. The experience of 1919 taught business men a lesson with respect to inventory control which has never been forgotten. It has led to a new technique in many cases whereby production is maintained as closely as possible at the actual rate of consumption, thereby preventing goods from accumulating in producers' hands and inventories from becoming too greatly expanded. The Federal Reserve System assures banks of a reasonable supply of credit for all legitimate business enterprises, even if it is not available for stock market purposes.

Practically the only really unsound factor in American business during the past year was the carnival of speculation in securities, not only on the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Curb, but in the score or more of exchanges in other cities of this country. The puncture in the bubble has not destroyed real values, as represented in such assets as our factories, mines, mills, fields, and seas. Admitting that stock market profits were a factor in sustaining the purchasing power of the American people in 1929, particularly of luxury goods, the loss of that portion of our total purchasing power need not and probably will not produce a serious business reaction.

Except that it involved more money and is on a larger scale, the comparison between the collapse of the stock market in the autumn of this year can best be made with the collapse of the Florida land boom, a contraction which was absorbed without a financial crisis or a commercial depression. Unlike the situation in 1919, when a reduction in purchasing power caused inventories to accumulate, bank loans to become frozen, and industry to become paralyzed, the drop in the stock

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market price level this year probably will be localized and limited largely to a moderate contraction in sales. With no other visible elements of credit or commercial distress it is entirely reasonable to assume that business activity will revive in comparatively short order, and that it will not be at all comparable to the severity and the duration of the 1919–21 recession.

THE "NEW ERA"

IN THE COURSE of the bull market in stocks last year much was heard about the new era in business; and since the collapse in stock market prices much has also been heard in derision of the new era. A good deal of the derision springs from a misunderstanding of just what was included in the term. If by "new era" we mean the dozen or more radical innovations in business policy, the tendency that is typical of America to adopt new methods and to strive perennially for higher standards of living, there is no question about this being a new era.

When Henry Ford put the five dollar a day minimum wage into effect in his factories he scrapped an old theory that labor costs should be pared down to enlarge profits. Five or six years ago Eugene Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, elaborated this theory, holding that high wages were a necessary concomitant of prosperity. Then the late Judge Gary gave the idea momentum by shortening the steel workers' day to eight hours without a proportionate reduction in wage scales. Then came Henry Ford with another radical suggestion. The working man needed more leisure. Having leisure he would have time to spend money. Spending money would help one business or another, tend to swell the cumulative purchasing power, and thereby aid prosperity.

This is but one manifestation of the new era. Not many years ago high commodity prices were thought essential to the maintenance of prosperity. To-day reasonable prices and sustained purchasing power are deemed more essential. Less than five years ago the installment purchasing plan was being condemned as unsound finance. We now recognize the immense value of installment finance to prosperity in general and to the automobile industry in particular. In these and many other ways the new era has been developing in industry.

But those who maintained that a new era was dawning in finance, an era when business cycles would disappear entirely, when good common stocks could be purchased as investments for appreciation without due stress upon the risk of depreciation, probably will have to modify their views in the light of the chastening administered in the security markets lately. In welcoming the new era prudent investors will not ignore the past.

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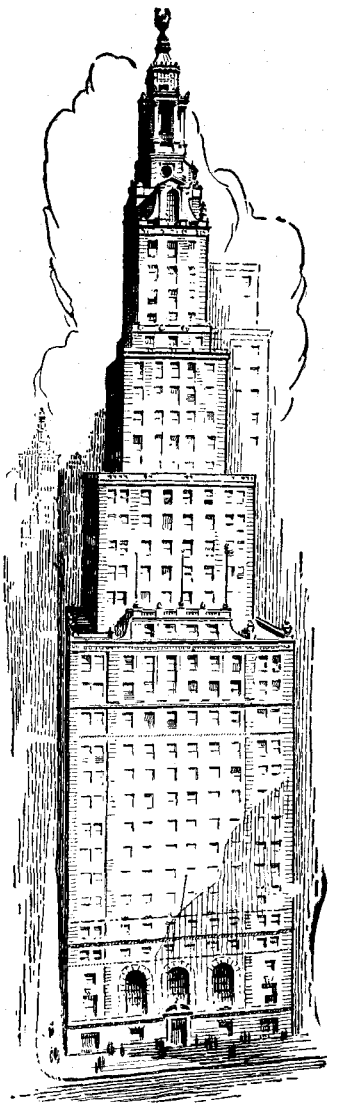

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We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

A STATEMENT OF CAPITALIZATION, EARNINGS AND DIVIDENDS OF THE AMERICAN WATER WORKS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY, INC. will be mailed upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WILLS AND PERSONAL TRUSTS. A booklet dealing with the various types of trusts, their application to individual needs; methods of handling estates; inheritance tax problems; and the services of the bank as executor, administrator, custodian, and guardian. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

INVESTMENT SUGGESTIONS. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

COMMON STOCK AS A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT. This booklet discusses the value of Common Stocks for investment, illustrating the possibilities of this type of security from the history of an 18-year-old stock which has proved extremely profitable to those who have bought in the past and which may still be purchased to yield over 7%. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

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Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

ANALYSIS CHART FOR THE DETERMINATION OF INVESTMENT POLICY AND POSITION. A chart designed to help investors analyze the structure of their bond account and plan their investment policy. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

THE KNACK OF CORRALLING DOLLARS. An instructive booklet pointing the way to financial independence through accumulation of guaranteed Prudence Bonds. Monthly payment plan with 5½% interest on investor's payments. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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FORUM MAGAZINE

441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK

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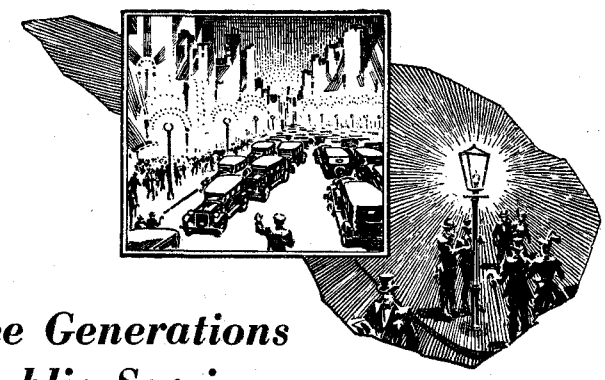
Founded in 1852



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TOASTS

IN TURN librarian, soldier, cost accountant, sales manager, and resident in Canada, England, France, and Germany, MAJOR THOMAS COULSON is naturally cosmopolitan. His tastes are catholic and his prejudices few. For real thrills, Major Coulson preferred — to his war experiences — the subsequent year, which he spent in breaking down unused ammunition in France.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES was born in Michigan and educated in the Universities of Wisconsin and Chicago. He has been, since 1925, Associate Professor of English at the University of North Carolina.

WILL DURANT'S education was gained first under the French Catholic nuns in North Adams, Mass., his birthplace, and later under the Jesuits in St. Peter's College in Jersey City. Dr. Durant is now engaged in a monumental task, *The Story of Civilization.*

THE DAUGHTER of a West Indian Negro from the Virgin Islands and a Danish lady, NELLA LARSEN prefers to follow the racial tendencies of her father. After having been graduated from the University of Copenhagen, Miss Larsen studied nursing and later entered the New York Library School. With this training she became an assistant librarian and then Children's Librarian in the New York Public Library. She is at present devoting herself to writing.

MARTHA BANNING THOMAS' verse — which she has been writing ever since she was fourteen — has appeared in many of the leading periodicals. Her favorite pastime is whipping the pages of the New York newspapers back to the shipping news to read the notices of departures of steamers bound for any port beyond Cape Cod.

A RECENT editorial in *The New York Times* said, "No one is better fitted than SEÑOR SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA, formerly of the Secretariat of the League of Nations, and now at Oxford, to make intelligent and genial, if somewhat cynical comments upon M. Briand's proposed United States of Europe." Señor Madariaga for more than a year has been describing various phases of "Our Muddling World" in FORUM pages.

A NIECE of the late President Roosevelt, ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was born in New York City in 1884. After having been educated abroad, she returned to this country and married her cousin — several times removed — Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Together with her husband, who is now Governor of New York State, Mrs. Roosevelt has been active in political, educational, and social circles.

FOR THIRTY YEARS C. E. MONTAGUE was so closely associated with *The Manchester Guardian* that it was almost impossible to think of one without the other. He was the author of a number of novels and essays, among them *A Hind Let Loose* and *Right off the Map.*

FORTY-FIVE years ago the North of Ireland sent one more son to Dublin. GEORGE RUSSELL was then a boy of sixteen, somewhat delicate in appearance, with a large frame and great tufts of black hair blowing across his forehead. He had a distinct turn for contemplative philosophy, but he took a job as clerk in Pim's dry goods store and at once showed a talent for business organization as well. He had a third talent: he was a poet. Originally he intended to publish his verses over a pen name which he had chosen, "Aeon." But in Russell's handwriting the last two letters of the word trailed off indistinctly. The printer drew a stroke across them and put a query in the margin. The author deleted the query and allowed the stroke across the "on" to stand. From that day he became known as "AE."

While still at Pim's, AE published a book of mystic verse which attracted the attention of Sir Horace Plunkett, who had just founded the coöperative movement among the Irish farmers. AE was asked to join Sir Horace and become organizing secretary, a position which he has retained ever since. AE is considered the busiest man in Ireland. He edits a weekly journal called *The Irish Statesman*, which deals with economics, politics, and literature; he has more time for spare talk than almost any other person in that land of supreme talkers; when he goes home at night he sits down before his easel and starts painting; and between times, on his way to business in the tram, or in the country trains when he is going about seeing to the coöperative movement among the farmers, he is writing poetry. AE is said to be the only public person in Ireland who has never made an enemy. He is everybody's friend.

JAMES MURPHY is another Irishman, with a cosmopolitan education. He is one of those people who is always on the spot when something exciting happens — which, probably, is the proverbial Irish luck. In a recent letter he says, "What I am doing at the present moment is this: I am arranging to bring out to America the whole Abbey Theatre Company from Dublin. The plan is to circulate them among the American universities and colleges. I have practically fixed the thing up with Willie Yeats and Lady Gregory, who are the directors of the company. Both of them are quite excited over the plan."

Dr. Murphy also describes the cartoon of Yeats and AE which accompanies this dialogue. "Miss Macnie's cartoon is a real work of genius for she has the dual soul of Ireland portrayed in Ireland's leading poets. AE is the earth mystic and Yeats is the sky mystic. There is a strain of tender pantheism about all of AE's poetry. He is an adorer of Mother Earth, the great goddess Diana that he writes so much about. To him the mystery of a blade of grass or of an egg is of a deeper portent than the stars; so he is always pondering on the earth. On the other hand, Willie Yeats always has his head in the clouds. He is dreaming of far away lands beyond the horizon and is peering into them in vision all the time. Yeats is always the dreamer and AE the man of affairs."

ALTHOUGH JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY, JR. had determined last year to take a vacation from students, when a call came from the University of Southern California, he temporarily postponed his writing on paleontology to accept a professorship there.

THE CREDIT for having made the most accurate forecast of any political writer in each of the last three presidential campaigns belongs to CARTER FIELD, who is now writing special newspaper articles in Washington. Mr. Field recently resigned from the managership of the Washington bureau of the *New York Herald Tribune.*

THE CHIEF literary work of WILLIAM RALPH INGE, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, is *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, but he has also published several volumes of collected essays on religion, theology, sociology, and miscellaneous subjects.

"MY WEIGHT is 135, my age is thirty," writes E. B. WHITE. "Once I was a reporter in Seattle, but for a couple of years I've been writing the first page of *The New Yorker* and also contributing over the initials E. B. W. I write a poem once in a while and this year I've collaborated with James Thurber on a book called *Is Sex Necessary? Or Why You Feel the Way You Do.* Whenever I try to write anything serious and belles lettery it comes out bad. So I raise tropical fish and in the summer I help run a boys' camp."

ANDRÉ MAUROIS is one of the best known of modern biographers, and has written, among others, the lives of Disraeli, Shelley, and Dickens.

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